5¢ a copy.
October 25, 1930

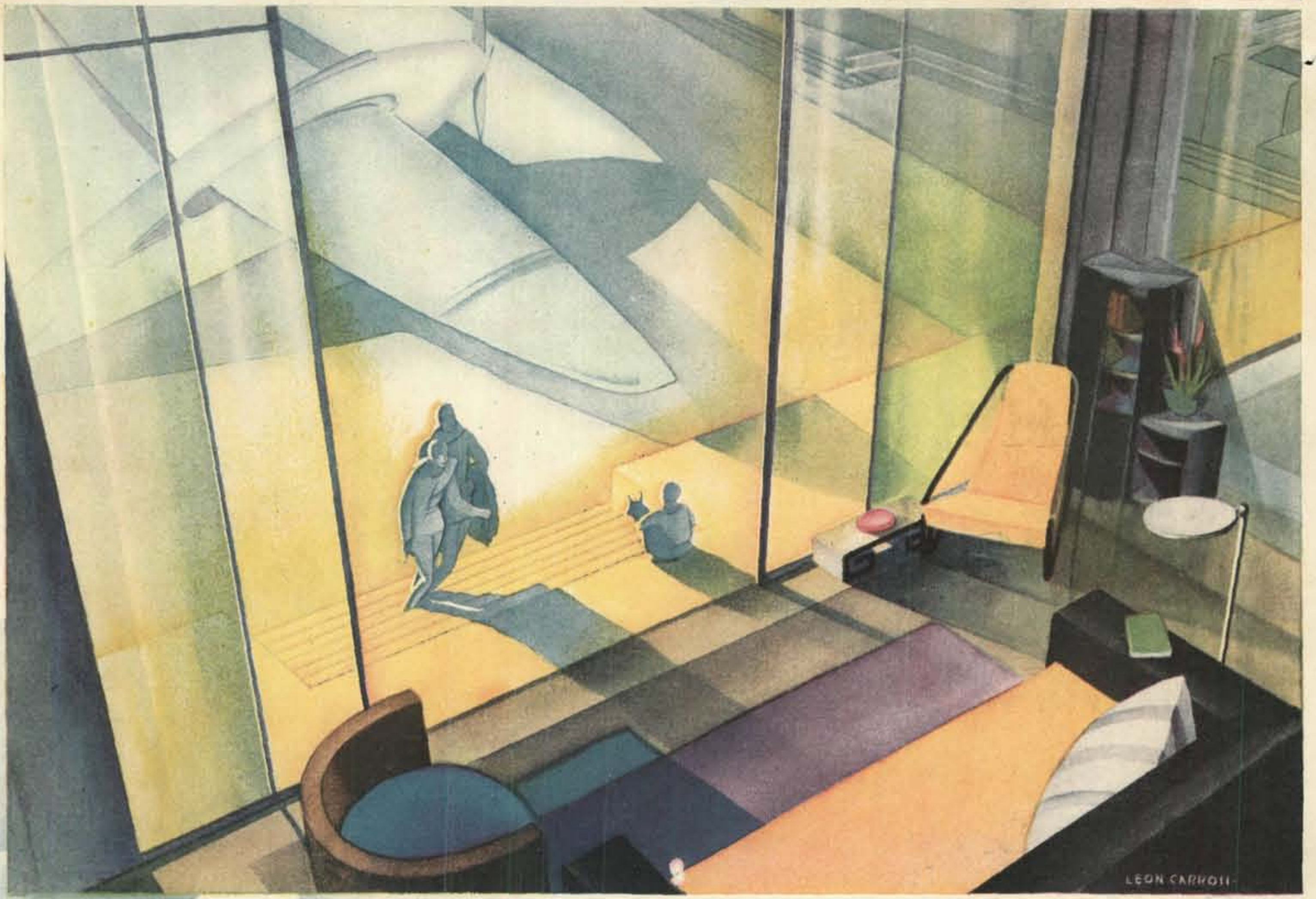
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Hugh MacNair Kahler
Winston Churchill
Knute K. Rockne
Jerome Beatty
Zane Grey

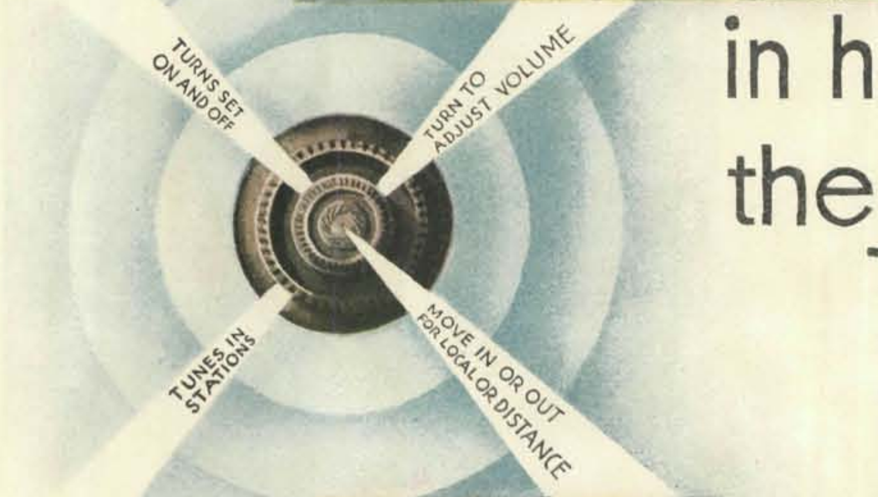
THEATR
ADOLPH TREIDLER

Oct. 25, 1930



ONLY BRUNSWICK HAS IT!

The year's most sensational advance in radio convenience—the UNI-SELECTOR, a single control to operate the set, as shown below. Takes the place of the unsightly, unhandy series of knobs on ordinary sets.



in homes of tomorrow—the Brunswick of today

TUNE in on Tomorrow with the new Brunswick Radio! Get set for years of enjoyment with a set that's years ahead of time in laboratory design!

In days to come you'll be as proud of your 1931 Brunswick as you are of your 1935 interiors . . . For the improvement in performance and musical fidelity that you may expect in future models of other sets, you will find NOW in Brunswick's Futura models for 1931!

Maximum ease of operation with the astounding 4-IN-ONE DIAL—absolute selectivity with the RIGID TUNING-SCALE—shielded from interference by the ALL-ARMORED CHASSIS—static reduced to a minimum by the TONE CONTROL—pulsing POWER and velvet TONE which experts predict will not be bettered for years to come . . .

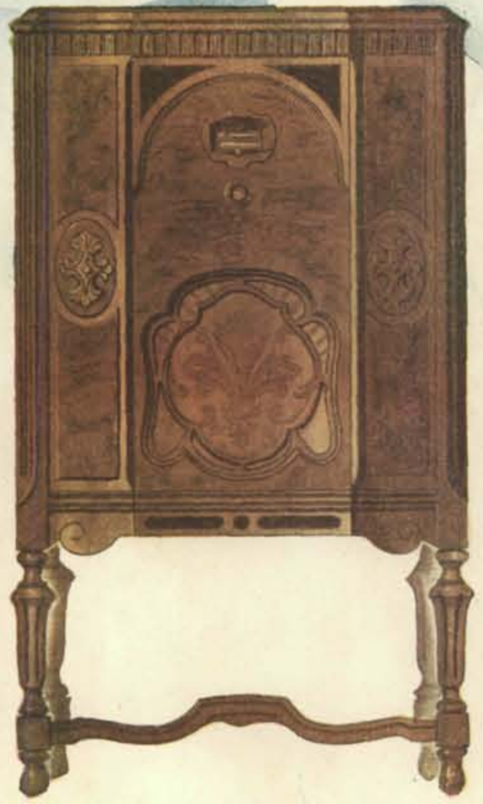
What more can you expect of the radio of the future? Yet you can expect all this in the Brunswick—and *only* in the Brunswick—*today!*

Here at last is a radio that you can "settle down" with . . . And you'll be surprised how little it will take to "settle up" with your Brunswick dealer!

BRUNSWICK RADIO CORPORATION—MANUFACTURERS OF RADIO, PANATROPE AND RECORDS—NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TORONTO—SUBSIDIARY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.

THE NEW 1931 · · ·

Brunswick RADIO FUTURA SERIES



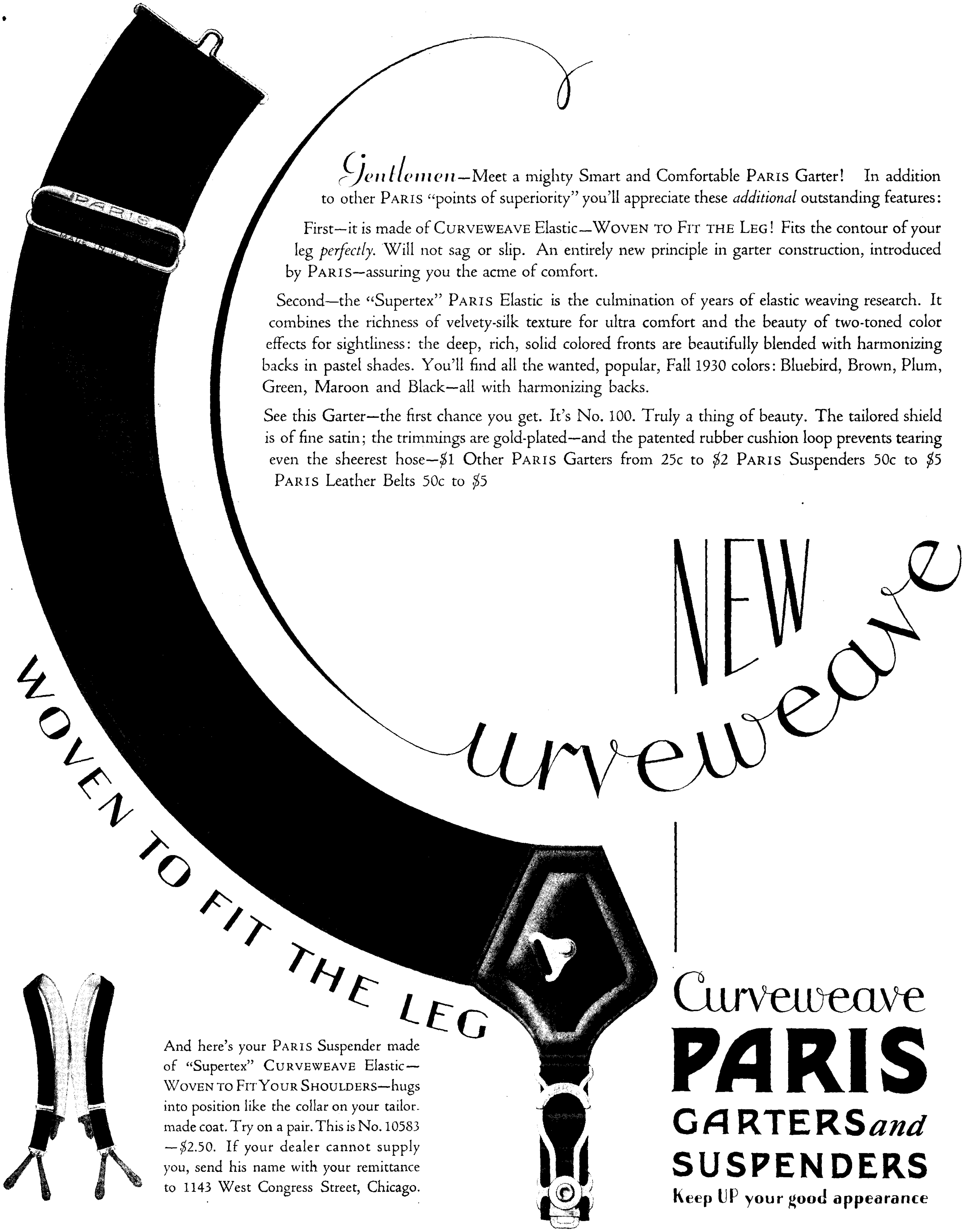
BRUNSWICK'S LOWBOY-MODEL 15

Cabinet of rich, carved walnut, formed and fitted with all the artistry and minute care that make Brunswick craftsmanship preeminent. **$139.50**

OR YOU MAY PREFER

the new Highboy, Model 22, at $170—the Radio-with-Panatrope, Model S-31, combined radio and record-playing instrument, at $185—or the Automatic Panatrope-with-Radio, Model 42, which plays 20 records without attention; price $480.

All electrically operated, with 4 Screen Grid tubes. All prices less tubes.



Gentlemen—Meet a mighty Smart and Comfortable PARIS Garter! In addition to other PARIS "points of superiority" you'll appreciate these *additional* outstanding features:

First—it is made of CURVEWEAVE Elastic—WOVEN TO FIT THE LEG! Fits the contour of your leg *perfectly*. Will not sag or slip. An entirely new principle in garter construction, introduced by PARIS—assuring you the acme of comfort.

Second—the "Supertex" PARIS Elastic is the culmination of years of elastic weaving research. It combines the richness of velvety-silk texture for ultra comfort and the beauty of two-toned color effects for sightliness: the deep, rich, solid colored fronts are beautifully blended with harmonizing backs in pastel shades. You'll find all the wanted, popular, Fall 1930 colors: Bluebird, Brown, Plum, Green, Maroon and Black—all with harmonizing backs.

See this Garter—the first chance you get. It's No. 100. Truly a thing of beauty. The tailored shield is of fine satin; the trimmings are gold-plated—and the patented rubber cushion loop prevents tearing even the sheerest hose—$1 Other PARIS Garters from 25c to $2 PARIS Suspenders 50c to $5 PARIS Leather Belts 50c to $5

NEW Curveweave

WOVEN TO FIT THE LEG

And here's your PARIS Suspender made of "Supertex" CURVEWEAVE Elastic—WOVEN TO FIT YOUR SHOULDERS—hugs into position like the collar on your tailor-made coat. Try on a pair. This is No. 10583—$2.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with your remittance to 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago.

Curveweave

PARIS

GARTERS *and* SUSPENDERS

Keep UP your good appearance

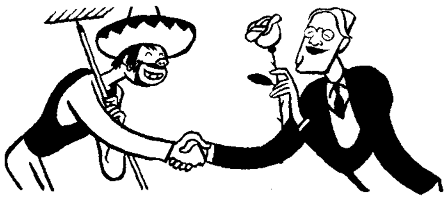
X4

© A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"FIVE times, no less, in one afternoon this amazing man shook hands with me, Pancho. And for what? Because the roses were good that day." The amazing man was Dwight Whitney Morrow and Pancho was the gardener at the Morrow home at Cuernavaca in Mexico. Pancho believes that Mr. Morrow will one day rule the world, and he is not the only Mexican to hold that belief, for the ex-ambassador, in addition to performing one of the most difficult diplomatic feats in the world, has captivated the heart of a nation. We sent Walter Davenport to Mexico to find out just how he had done it. Next week Mr. Davenport will give you a picture of this simple business man who shocked the embassy by his informality and created international understanding and good will by ignoring red tape. The article is called "With Morrow in Mexico."



WHEN Boadicea Mulligan ran off with the Lady Jane Grey dress from Clinton's Fifth Avenue store, where she worked, and decided to go to the Beaux-Arts ball she was following the counsels of despair. "After this," she said, "the deluge." But the chance was too good to miss—if only to get even with Miss Penelope Crosbie, who looked like a string of tomatoes and held the world's record for boredom. If she had known whom she was going to meet she would certainly not have dared go. But then what she would have missed! Richard Connell tells you just what in "The Duchess of Yorkville."

—

SLAGLE of Princeton had just nailed Crowley, star runner of the Four Horsemen. Between halves Crowley was apologetic. "I made a mistake," he told Coach Rockne. "I didn't know Slagle was that fast. I should have cut back."

"That wasn't the mistake you made," Rockne replied. "Slagle didn't know who you were. If you had shown him those clippings you've been saving, telling how good you are, he wouldn't have dared come near you." That's just one incident in the career of the most famous combination in football history. Knute Rockne tells you about them in "The Four Horsemen."

—

TO THOSE who think the racketeers are allowed to ply their trade unopposed on our Atlantic seaboard we are happy to introduce Angelo Loscaccio. He was very much opposed. There probably never was a more opposed racketeer than The Angel. Sam Hubbard did the opposing. Sam's family had lived at Hubbard's Cove for two hundred and fifty years. And so when The Angel suggested that Sam resign his business—and his wife—it was natural that there should be trouble. Don Marquis has described the battle that ensued. It merely strengthened Sam's belief that racketeers are "Not the Nicest People."

—

THERE will be stories and articles by Murney Mintzer, John B. Kennedy and Grantland Rice; and serials by Zane Grey and P. G. Wodehouse.

THIS WEEK

October 25, 1930

Cover—Adolph Treidler

Page 7—Jerome Beatty

A Bracelet for Maribell: A red-headed girl falls in love.

Page 10—George Creel

One Slip Too Many: Why Doreen didn't go to Mexico.

Page 12—Walter Davenport

Double-Cross Marks the Spot: Mr. Grundy upsets Pennsylvania.

Page 14—Gilbert Frankau

Five Bluebells: Hesitation at the altar.

Page 16—Winston Churchill

The Truth about the ex-Kaiser: On the road to Doorn.

Page 17—In One Ear

Page 18—Hugh MacNair Kahler

Just a Couple of Lambs: With wolves in hot pursuit.

Page 20—Knute K. Rockne

Beginning at End: Among the heroes.

Page 22—Zane Grey

Robbers' Roost, Part III: Plans—neatly laid.

Page 24—Glenna Collett

For Wearing on the Green: Comfortable, practical and chic.

Page 25—P. G. Wodehouse

Big Money, Part VI: Berry crashes a party.

Page 29—The Short Short Story

Medium Done: By David Thibault.

Page 30—Grantland Rice

Picking the All-America: Who does it.

Page 40—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

The Rising Tide: Wet and strong.

Page 46—Sol Metzger

A Rare Slice Off Tackle: Try it in your back yard.

Page 56—Word Hunt

Page 73—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

WE HEAR rousing cheers for the current Wodehouse novel, "Big Money." Mr. Wm. B. Watkins, of Baltimore, thinks a national holiday should be declared because of it, and Mrs. Paul Muller, of New York, enjoys it even though, in the first sentence, we spelled labor without a "u."

But for Mrs. Rose Andis, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, we have only deep sympathy. Mrs. Andis likes our serials but not the feeling of suspense that grips her heart when she contemplates the terrible jam the heroine, or hero, is in. How can justice and virtue be served in six or seven short weeks, she wonders, and opens each issue with trembling fingers fearful lest some new calamity befall her favorites.

Dear Mrs. Andis! That awful fascination you acknowledge brings only joy to the hardened hearts of Arthur Somers Roche, Peter B. Kyne and Kathleen Norris. Your sacrifice sweetens their lives and ours. May your tribe increase and may you, by some method which your ingenuity will discover, catch up on back sleep.

—

FIRST prize for "downright rot, bunk and asinine imbecility" is awarded us by Dr. B. C. Abernathy, of Sondheimer, Louisiana. It was our editorial "Time to Buy" that moved the doctor to write. Even so, we came off a great deal better than Mr. Hoover did, not that Mr. Hoover had anything to do with the editorial. He is on the doctor's mind and probably gets into most of his letters and, on bad days, prescriptions. "Misfit, opportunist, political truckler, issue-straddler, commission-appointer and Negro-lover," cries the doctor, warming up, and goes on from there.

If Charlie Michelson, who runs the Democratic publicity office, needs a good, enthusiastic name-caller, he can write to Doctor Abernathy.

A FEW days ago Owen White appeared in the office wearing a well-fed appearance in the neighborhood of his gun belt. "Where have you been?" we demanded.

"Aw, nowhere. Just eating lunch down at the Bankers Club."

That needed explaining, of course, and after much heckling we got the story. Some time ago Mr. White wrote a yarn about Captain Jack Hays of the Texas Rangers. Immediately after publication he received an invitation from the captain's grandson to have lunch with him. Not knowing how much animosity he might be cherishing for what had been written about his belligerent ancestor, Mr. White considered for some time before he accepted. He is now glad he did so. Mr. John Coffee Hays, grandson of the Texas Ranger, is one of the department heads of the Stone & Webster Engineering Corporation. "Everything you wrote about my grandfather is true," he told Owen, "but you could have gone a little farther. You could have said that before he died Captain Jack Hays owned practically the entire site of the present city of Oakland, California; that he laid out the town, and that he also donated to the city its very numerous parks and also the sites on which some of its important public buildings are located."

Mr. White, amazed, ate two desserts.

Volume 86, Number 17. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1930, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither antitoxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation must not be delayed.

More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the deathrates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

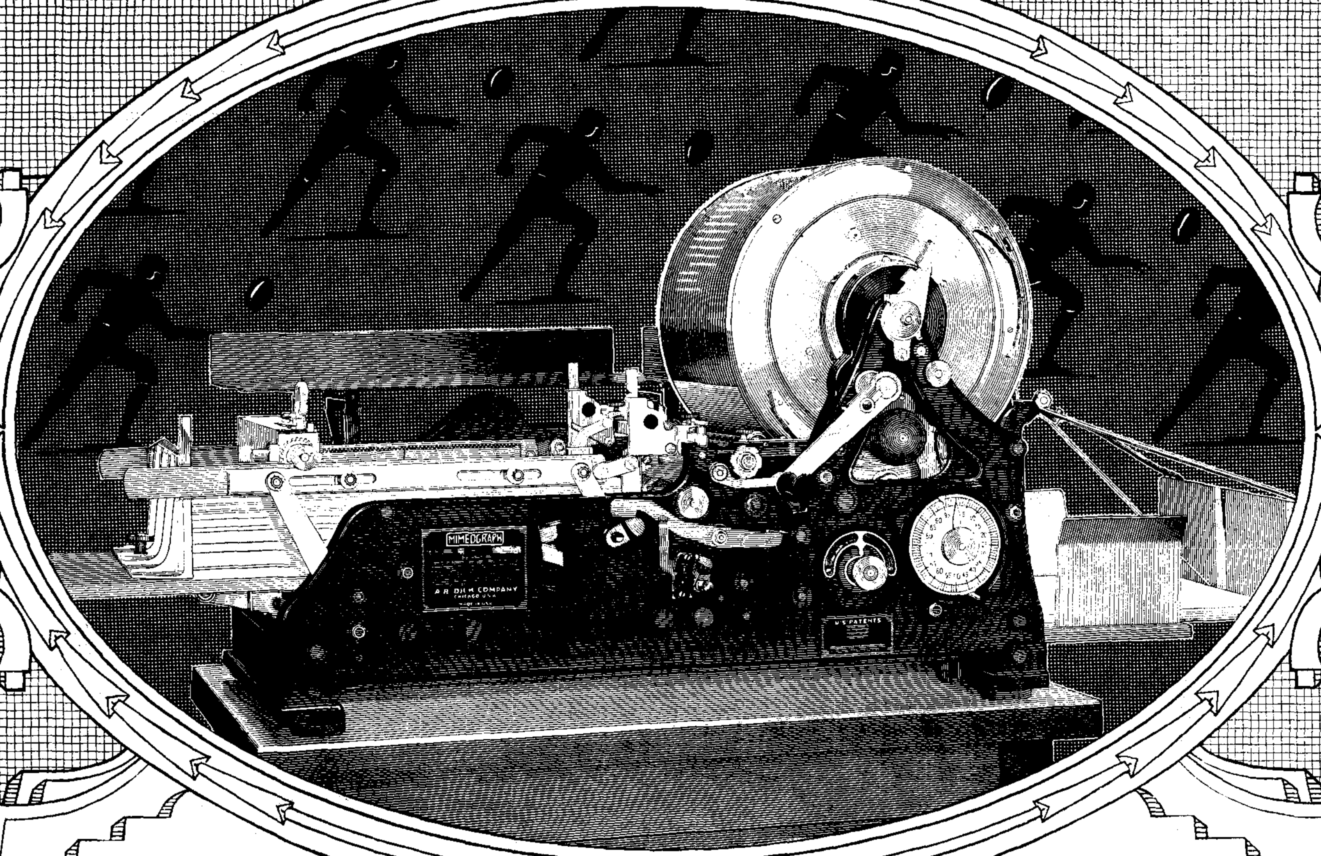
Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one of the anxieties from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



THE BETTER GAME

Modern football has become a glorious game of skill, through refinements and improvements. Yet it is essentially the good old game of the 'Nineties. This new model Mimeograph is a sharp advancement over all Mimeographs that have gone before. Yet it represents just a natural advancement of the basic Mimeograph idea. It still delivers neat duplicates of all kinds of typewritten forms, bulletins, graphs, charts, outline drawings, handwriting, etc., in hourly thousands and at small cost. But it does these important jobs better than they have ever been done before. Stand and machine are now a single unit. Controls are simplified and more automatic. The speedier positive feed-table takes a whole ream of impression paper at one time. The better Mimeograph! Substantial betterments of especial interest to present Mimeograph users! Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, today for further details, or consult direct branch in any principal city.

MIMEOGRAPH

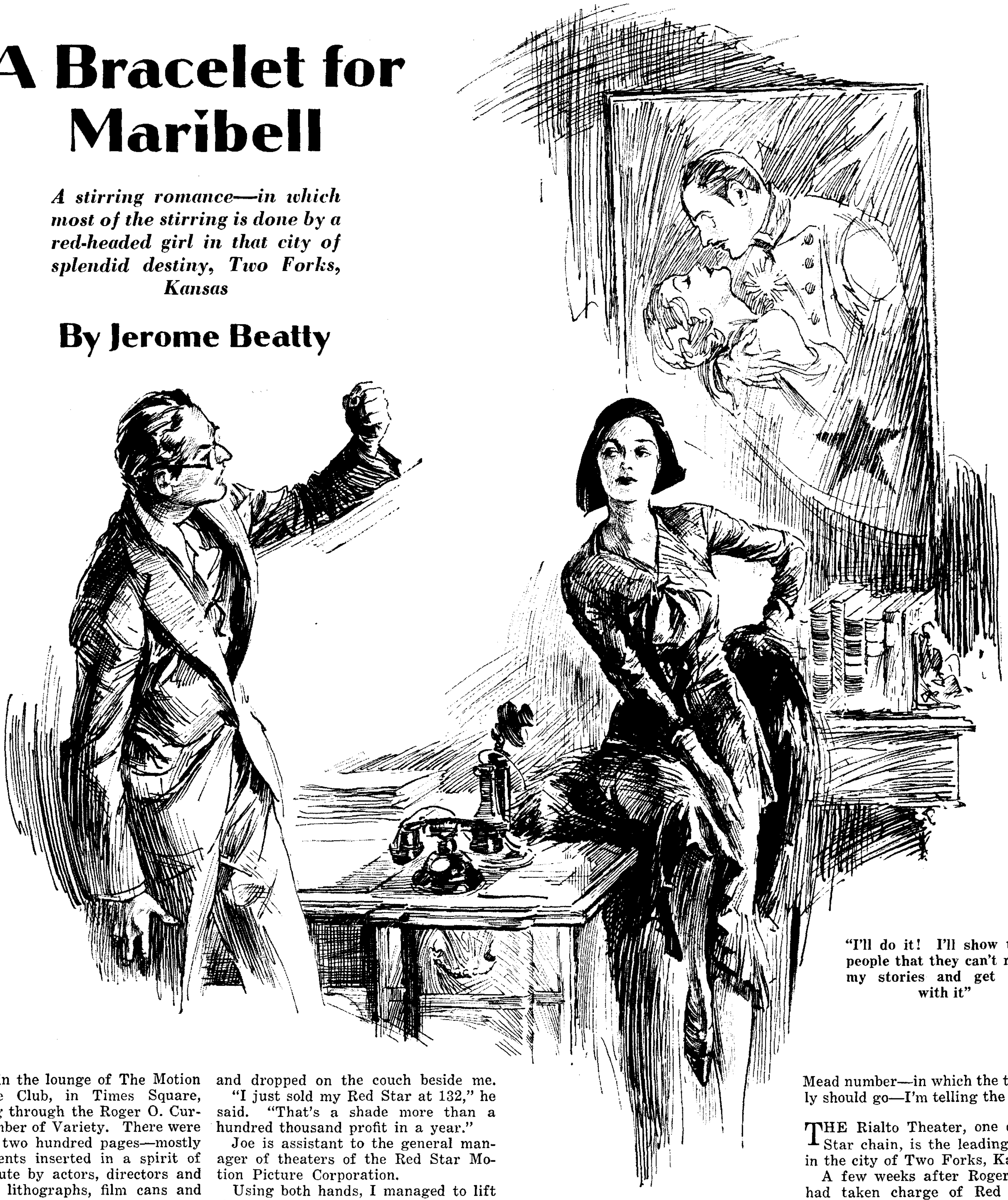
EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
CHICAGO

Collier's The National Weekly for October 25, 1930

A Bracelet for Maribell

A stirring romance—in which most of the stirring is done by a red-headed girl in that city of splendid destiny, Two Forks, Kansas

By Jerome Beatty



"I'll do it! I'll show these people that they can't reject my stories and get away with it"

I WAS in the lounge of The Motion Picture Club, in Times Square, looking through the Roger O. Curtis number of Variety. There were more than two hundred pages—mostly advertisements inserted in a spirit of loving tribute by actors, directors and venders of lithographs, film cans and theater seats.

The general trend of the copy was to the effect that Roger O. Curtis, president of the Red Star Motion Picture Corporation, was a mental giant of mental giants, a genius of geniuses and in general a swell fellow.

According to an editorial—it was right there in print—eggs who predicted that this Wall Street trained seal would do a nose dive when he tried to strut his stuff in the show business were eating their words and admitting that they were a lot of sappos. Roger, it seemed, had snatched the corpse from the undertaker's hands and turned a flop film company into one of the sockers.

Joe Shelby, all beaming, came over and dropped on the couch beside me.

"I just sold my Red Star at 132," he said. "That's a shade more than a hundred thousand profit in a year."

Joe is assistant to the general manager of theaters of the Red Star Motion Picture Corporation.

Using both hands, I managed to lift the Roger O. Curtis number of Variety.

"Did you see this?" I asked. "It's even more than anybody did for Lindbergh. I didn't notice any advertisement carrying best wishes from Joe Shelby. Where's your gratitude, boy?"

"He's a bag of wind," said Joe bluntly, after looking around cautiously to make sure that no one could overhear. "They'll throw him out of there in another year."

"He made you a hundred thousand dollars by running Red Star stock up eighty points! He"—I quoted—"'he turned a corpse into a socker.' And he's a bag of wind?"

"You heard me. They're giving him loving cups and diamond-backed watches because Red Star made forty million dollars last year. Ha! Him! You think I got no gratitude? Listen, kid. I'm going down right now to buy a diamond bracelet for Maribell Mead, a red-headed gal in Two Forks, Kansas. Good-by."

"Hey, wait!" I called. "What do you mean?"

"Come along and I'll tell you." I picked up the copy of Variety and followed him.

From what Joe Shelby told me, added to other facts that I picked up here and there, I learned about Maribell Mead of Two Forks, Kansas. Since the editor of Variety assures me that he has no intention of getting out a Maribell Mead number—in which the tale properly should go—I'm telling the story here.

THE Rialto Theater, one of the Red Star chain, is the leading playhouse in the city of Two Forks, Kansas.

A few weeks after Roger O. Curtis had taken charge of Red Star, Bob Hutchinson, the youthful manager of the Rialto, entered his little cubbyhole back of the ticket office, tossed his straw hat on a littered desk and said dully, "Morning, Maribell."

"Good morning, Mr. Hutchinson," smiled his secretary, a tiny person with red hair and saucy blue eyes.

He slammed into the wastebasket a newspaper that he had carried under his arm.

"So," said Maribell crisply, "you saw it."

She swung around in her chair and crossed her knees. The toe of a tiny slipper undulated slowly up and down, which was a habit she had when upset. No matter what the crisis, nothing else about Maribell Mead ever betrayed her.

They used to say that the theater could fall down and when they dug into the ruins Maribell Mead would be sitting there, quietly pushing a stray hair back into place and wondering why everybody was so excited.

Bob Hutchinson was tall and slender—a wiry person with a body charged with energy, as restless as a puppy in a new home. Such a person, they say, was Napoleon, except that Bob had it on Napoleon in height.

"I read it on the street car," said Bob, dropping into his chair. "Some day I'll knock that guy's block off."

"Remember Rule 14a of The Red Star Instructions for Managers," she smiled.

"What's Rule 14a?"

"Managers must not knock blocks off of motion picture critics, no matter how much they roast our shows."

"BUT this is serious, Maribell. This mutt Dewitt Marlboro pans every picture we play. And the folks in this town, just because he wears a funny tie and writes about 'good cinema' and what geniuses the Russians are, they think he knows something. Here we got a good show, a darn' good show." He pointed to the wastebasket. "But that criticism of his will cut a couple of thousand dollars off the week's business—and that's the difference between profit and loss."

"Maybe I don't know it."

"And he picks on Red Star particularly."

"Not entirely. He doesn't like Jeff Dillon or Mary Miller or Blossom O'Day, and they don't work for Red Star."

"Which is Red Star's tough luck," Bob observed.

"The reason he hates our company is that they turned down a couple of his scenarios. Especially the one laid in Iceland six thousand years ago. Here's a letter from Joe Shelby."

Bob reached over for the letter.

Dear Bob:

As an old friend, I'm tipping you. Mr. Delehanty is squawking about Two Forks again and says that if you don't get some profit out there in the next month, a new manager goes in. Now that we have a new president, we're tightening up.

I realize the situation, kid, and I've explained it to Mr. Delehanty, but he says other managers have to stand for tough critics and that you ought to be able to straighten out the jam.

I know that nobody else could do better but there's the way the thing stands. You're a smart fellow. See what you can do. I'll help in anything short of murder.

Will be around in a few weeks on an inspection tour. See you then.

Wishing you luck,
JOE SHELBY,
Assistant General Manager.

P. S.—Give my love to that red-headed secretary of yours. The only thing that makes me think you're a little bit dumb is that you don't ask her to marry you. JOE.

This was the same Joe Shelby who, months later, was to talk about buying a diamond bracelet for this red-headed secretary.

As he read the postscript, Bob reddened and glanced out of the corner of his eye toward Maribell Mead. That young lady was busily typing a letter.

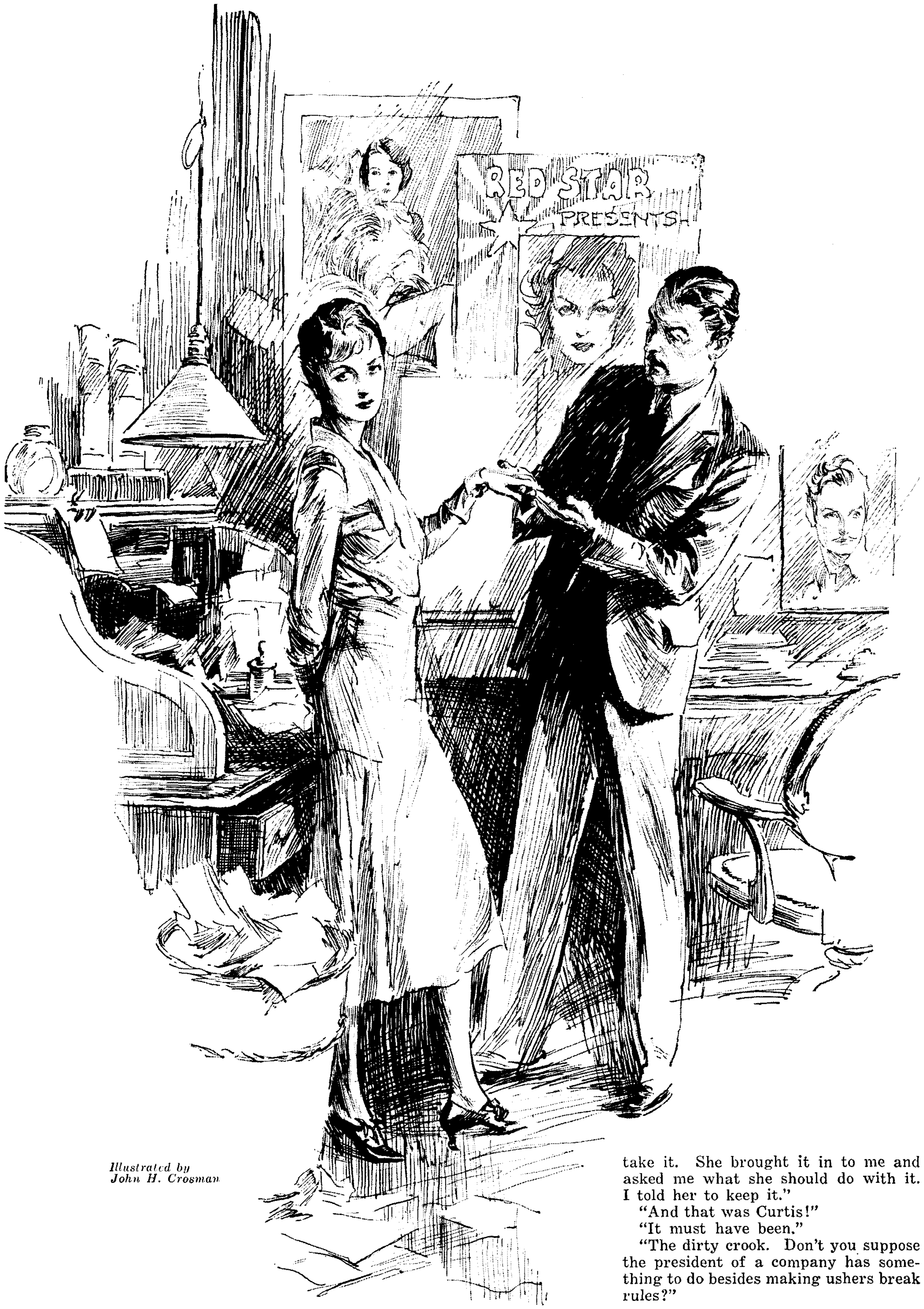
"Umm," said Bob. "Did you read it?"

She nodded.

"He, er—he sends his love to you."

"So I noticed." She turned toward him, her eyes unwavering, hoping.

He took a deep breath and swung back to his desk. "Well," he said, "well, I got to do something quick to fix business. That's a cinch."



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Maribell put her hands on her hips and gave a sigh of disgust. Wouldn't he ever stop worrying about this job and have sense enough to—

"What's this?" Bob picked a letter from the top of the heap. "Office of the President," he read. "From the Big Boss!"

"He's a low, mean, small insect," said Maribell. "That letter shows it. The first thing he did when he got his job was to go out and spy on people."

Bob read the letter:

Manager,
Rialto Theater,
Two Forks, Kansas
Dear Sir:

In my initial survey, incognito, of our properties, I visited your theater recently.

I find that your ushers are accepting tips. Please correct this situation at once.

Yours very truly,
ROGER O. CURTIS.

"Tips!" Bob exclaimed. "Nobody ever offered an usher a tip in this town."

"Mr. Curtis did."

"You knew all about this, all the time?"

"I didn't know all of it, until now. A week or so ago Mamie Radway came in with a dime in her hand. She said a fat old man with a white vest had asked her for a program and when she got it for him he stuck a dime in her hand. She tried to give it back and he wouldn't take it. She brought it in to me and asked me what she should do with it. I told her to keep it."

"And that was Curtis!"

"It must have been."

"The dirty crook. Don't you suppose the president of a company has something to do besides making ushers break rules?"

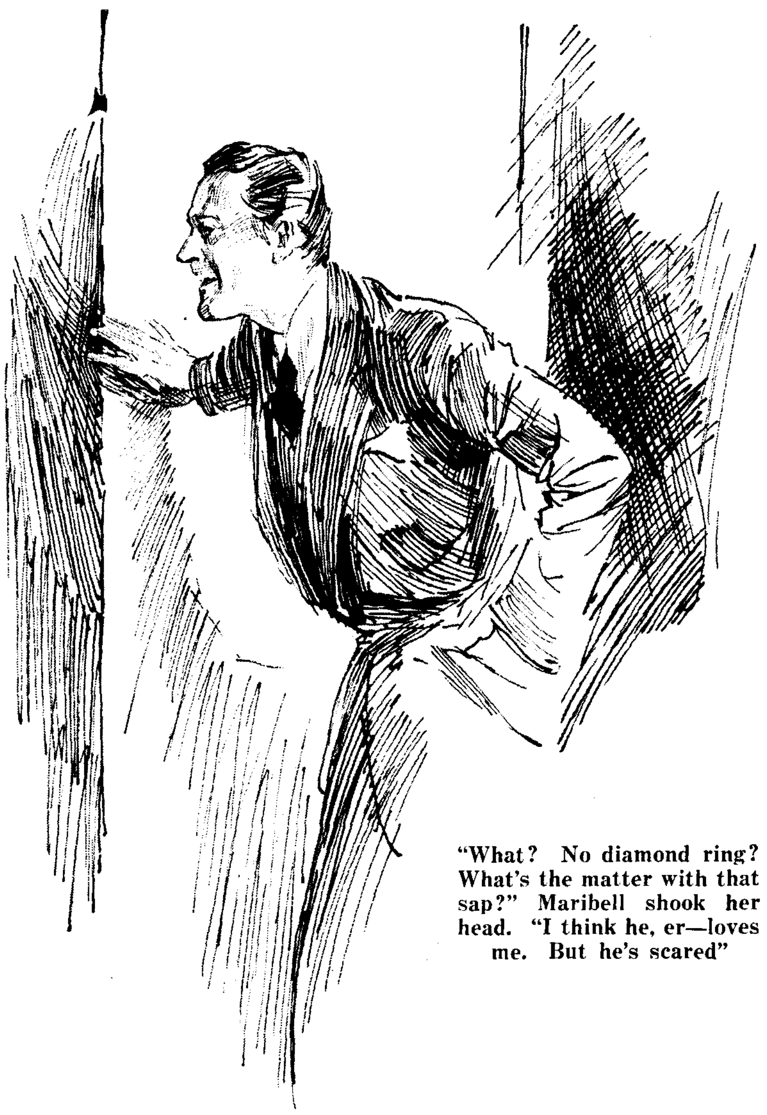
"MR. CURTIS," Dolan complained, "the whole show business is a guess. Ed Dirker's a darn good production manager. The reason we're flopping is because we haven't got the stars. Big names, that's what we need."

Old Man Curtis glowered. "Mr. Dolan, you are years back in your thinking—if you will pardon me. A new era has come into the amusement world. For the first time it has become a business."

"Maybe," said Dolan.

"Last night I conceived an idea that will correct the fault in Red Star Pictures!"

The members of the board sat up—all except Dolan, who slipped farther down into his seat and lighted a cigar,



"What? No diamond ring? What's the matter with that sap?" Maribell shook her head. "I think he, er—loves me. But he's scared"

expressing his contempt by snapping a burnt match into the air.

"I was discussing the problem with Mrs. Curtis. 'Daddy,' she said to me—she calls me 'Daddy'," he explained proudly, "'Daddy, why don't you find one person who represents the average motion picture patron, and just make pictures for him?'

"At once," Mr. Curtis held one finger in the air, "at once I saw the solution! We shall conduct a campaign through our theaters to find the average motion picture fan! A magazine once found America's average man and—"

"What'd they do with *him?*" Dolan wanted to know.

"Well, er—they just found him, that's all."

"What'd they do with him, then?"

"They left him there," said Old Man Curtis severely. "But we shall not leave our man. We shall send him to Hollywood. He will select our stories. The entire production department will function only to amuse him!"

ROGER O. CURTIS did have something to do besides giving dimes to ushers. And at that very moment he was doing it.

"Gentlemen," he was saying pompously to the members of the board of directors, in the red and gold board room in the Red Star building in New York City, "gentlemen, although I have been your president for only one month—lacking two days—I have put my finger upon the major weakness in our organization." He cleared his throat. "There are several minor weaknesses, such as the conduct of ushers, regulation of the volume of sound and other things which I have taken up with our theater department. Some of our theaters, for instance, are being managed by men much too young.

"But the weak spot in our structure is our studio. Our pictures are no good!"

"Walk out in the street and ask anybody, and they'll tell you that," muttered Dolan, the only veteran motion picture man on the board.

The other directors, placed there by the same Wall Street bankers who had nominated Roger O. Curtis as the man who must try to save their loans to this rapidly failing company, mumbled their admiration and amazement.

"As we showmen say," Mr. Curtis continued proudly, "as we showmen say—you see I even have mastered the vernacular—our product does not click. Not one of our pictures has been what we call a box-office smash. Why, gentlemen? Because our production department *guesses.* Out there in Hollywood our people do not know what the public wants!"

"You mean, Mr. Curtis," said Dolan, who could not believe his ears, "that we'll bet the resources of this corporation on the judgment of some yokel?"

"It will not be a yokel, Mr. Dolan. It will be a mind attuned to what the people want. He will not be influenced by this Hollywood hooey—as we showmen call it. Pictures that please him will please the world!"

"Revolutionary!" gasped one director.

"What a genius!" exclaimed another.

"Hogwash!" said Dolan.

"Gentlemen," scowled Mr. Curtis, "we shall now take a vote."

"Here," said Maribell, who was opening the afternoon mail, "is what Mr. Curtis says is an idea that will revolutionize the motion picture industry. It seems he thought it up himself."

"What is it?"

"A contest," she said, putting a sheaf of papers on his desk.

"Gee whiz! Another? What is it this time, bathing girls or funny faces?"

"Something about a trip to Hollywood."

Bob read the first page. "Of all crazy ideas! They're trying to find the typical motion picture fan and when they get him he gets five hundred dollars a week for a year and decides what kind of pictures Red Star will make. Picks the stars and everything! Oo!" He grimaced as if in pain.

"How do they get this smart fellow?"

"He writes essays about ten Red Star pictures and the winner is the gink whose criticisms square best with the box-office popularity of the pictures."

"ISN'T that silly?" said Maribell. "The only essay writer in this town is Dewitt Marlboro and anything he wrote about the movies wouldn't win him anything but a kick out the back door. Say!" For the first time in years Maribell Mead was excited.

"What's the matter?"

"If Dewitt Marlboro would win the contest! They'd ship him to Hollywood and we wouldn't have the nuisance around any more."

"Huh!" Bob deprecated. "What a chance he's got! He'd praise the flops and knock the successes. His grade would be minus 0, double 0, zero. Think of a better one, Maribell."

"That one's good enough," she insisted. "I'm going to write to Joe Shelby. He said he'd help in anything short of murder. Let's get going." She reached for the telephone.

"What's the idea?"

She did not answer.

"Hello," she said, finally. "Mr. Marlboro? This is Maribell Mead. I find that I haven't a date for tonight, after all. Do you still—"

"Hey," Bob interrupted. "You were going with me to—"

"All right then," she said into the telephone. "Eight-thirty. Good-by." She turned to Bob. "Your date is off," she said. "I have to spend a lot of time with this young man so as to train him to write the sort of piece that has a chance to win."

As a contest, it was not a bad idea—a careful analysis showed Bob Hutchinson that. The entrants had to see ten Red Star pictures. The local prizes, consisting of free tickets in quantities running from two to fifty, were sufficient to inspire interest.

It was a chance to get back some of the customers that Dewitt Marlboro's criticisms had driven away and he plunged into the job like an Alaskan seal who had to get to San Francisco by Monday. He addressed women's clubs and school children and spoke at Rotary luncheons. He interested the mayor and the fire department and the police force in the cause of better motion pictures and since every person outside a blind asylum thinks he could produce better movies than those he sees on the screen, Two Forks, Kansas, joined the national scramble for the job of putting Red Star right, at five hundred dollars a week.

LOOKING for ten pictures to criticize, they filled the Rialto Theater three times a day, and back in New York, as Bob Hutchinson's weekly reports rolled in, Joe Shelby grinned and pointed out to Mr. Delehanty that they wouldn't need a new theater manager in Two Forks after all.

"Uh, huh," Mr. Delehanty agreed. "This kid's showing a bigger increase than any other manager in the country. Business is good everywhere."

"Old Man Curtis," Joe Shelby admitted reluctantly, "maybe had a real idea."

"It's all right now," said Delehanty. "But wait for the crash when the contest ends. In the first place, the man they pick won't be any good. And in the second, when our pictures don't improve with a jerk we'll have a million disappointed entrants staying away from theaters and sitting around panning us and talking about how much better they would have done. Nobody can fix up that coast lot until we get some stars. And we'll never get 'em because Old Man Curtis, with his Wall Street efficiency, screams and froths at the mouth when anybody talks about paying an actor more than a thousand a week."

"You're probably right," said Joe. "But, anyway, this Hutchinson boy is showing you something."

"A flash in the pan, Joe. As soon as the contest is over that Two Forks business will be as bad as ever. We'll never make real money there until Hutchinson fixes up that critic situation."

"That's no joke," Joe agreed and went down the hall to the office of Mr. Dolan, the only veteran motion picture man on the board of directors.

"It isn't that I'm trying to frame the contest, Mr. Dolan," Joe Shelby explained. "I just want to be sure that this fellow's entry gets past the early readers and up to the final judges. With a million or so essays coming in, it might be lost."

"Right, Joe," said Dolan. "Who is this egg?"

"Dewitt Marlboro. A girl I know wants him to get a break."

"What a sweet name," Dolan mocked, writing it on a pad. "I can tell you right now, Joe, that if your friend wins the job he'll have his hands tied so tight in Hollywood that he won't be able to say anything but 'yes' for the whole twelve months of his contract. In spite of Old Man Curtis, I've fixed that. This may be an infant industry, but we don't want any infants running it."

"O. K., Mr. Dolan. Thanks."

THE contest closed at midnight. For an hour Bob Hutchinson and Maribell Mead had been searching furiously through the essays submitted by hundreds of hopeful patrons of the Rialto Theater. The whole lot would be sent on to New York for perusal by the judges.

"Well," Maribell said sharply, "it's not here!"

"Gee whiz!" said Bob. "Do you suppose it was lost?"

"Probably. He promised to enter. He even outlined to me what he was going to say and I gave him a lot of suggestions. I'm going to call him up."

The sleepy voice of Dewitt Marlboro answered Maribell's call.

"This is Maribell Mead," she said. "We're just shipping the essays to New York and we can't find yours."

"Oh, pshaw, Miss Mead," said the critic, "I should have told you. I decided not to enter. I really couldn't afford to, don't you know, because if I didn't win it would be rather humiliating, don't you think so? You told me yourself that I might have to alter some of my deepest convictions in order to present a successful essay. And besides, Miss Mead, frankly, the idea of working for Red Star is quite repugnant to me. So I'm sure you won't mind. May I see you soon?"

"Perhaps," said Maribell and hung up the receiver.

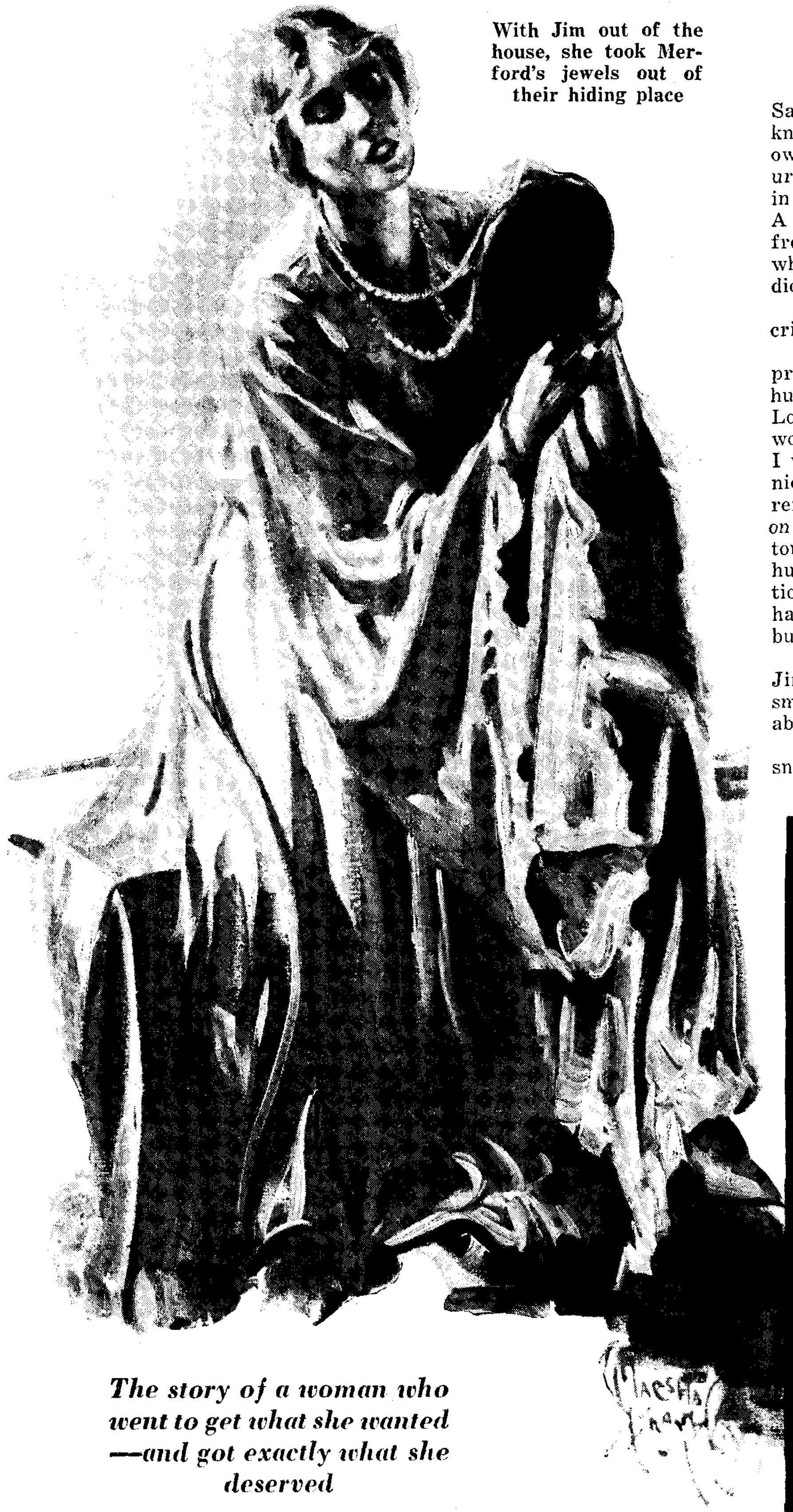
"Isn't that the darnedest break?" she said. "He didn't enter."

Bob Hutchinson moaned. "But he probably wouldn't have won, anyway," he said.

She opened the drawer of her desk and drew out notebook and pencil. "Well," she said, "let's get to work."

(*Continued on page 35*)

One Slip Too Many



With Jim out of the house, she took Merford's jewels out of their hiding place

The story of a woman who went to get what she wanted —and got exactly what she deserved

SAY, listen! How many times have I got to tell you I don't want anything more? Now go away and stay away!" The waiter, cringing before the big man's savage snarl, scurried to a distant corner, and Jasper Merford again leaned across the table, careless of the damage that his elbows threatened.

"I'm not laying down any ultimatum, Doreen," he said, the harsh arrogance of his voice reduced to a pleading rumble, "but we've simply got to have a showdown. You ought to be able to see that. Things can't go on the way they are."

"But why can't they, Jas?" Doreen Morel lifted the dark eyes that went so strangely with her ash-gold hair and wild-rose coloring.

"Because I don't like them, that's why!" Merford exclaimed violently. "I'm sick and tired of this hole-and-corner business, bobbing around all over the place for a luncheon or a tea, and you with one eye always cocked on a time-table. I want you all mine and all the time, not just for a stray minute now and then. Damn it, girl, I love you."

"I know, dear," she murmured, letting slim fingers rest for a moment on his hairy fist. "I've never doubted it."

"And unless there's been some tall lying," he continued roughly, "you love me."

"Jas!" The too-small mouth, sole flaw in her loveliness, pursed indignantly.

"I'M SORRY," growled Merford, not at all contritely. "But this backing and filling's got on my nerves. What's it about, anyway? I don't get it."

"My obligations, for one thing," she answered coldly. "You seem to forget them."

"Obligations?" He echoed the word contemptuously. "Who to? Jim Morel? Say, that's the bunk, Doreen, and you know it. Tell me one single thing you owe him? A bum home in a bum suburb, a cheap cook and a woman to come in and do the washing and rough work. A movie now and then, and the change from a dollar bill for pin money. Why, where would you be for clothes if I didn't slip you—"

"Don't be coarse, Jas." A wave of crimson stained the smooth cheeks.

"Aw, I didn't mean it like that," he protested. "I would have given you a hundred times as much if you'd let me. Lord knows I wanted to. And when you wouldn't, didn't I play square? Wasn't I willing to fix it so Jim could get you nice things? Of course I was. You remember when I offered to put him in on Amalgamated Copper and he wouldn't touch it. And look what it's done. A hundred and fifty points. And National Can? Time after time I've handed him hot ones only to have the bull-headed fool turn me down."

"Jim's funny that way," admitted Jim's wife, molding a brioche into small pellets. "He doesn't seem to care about money at all."

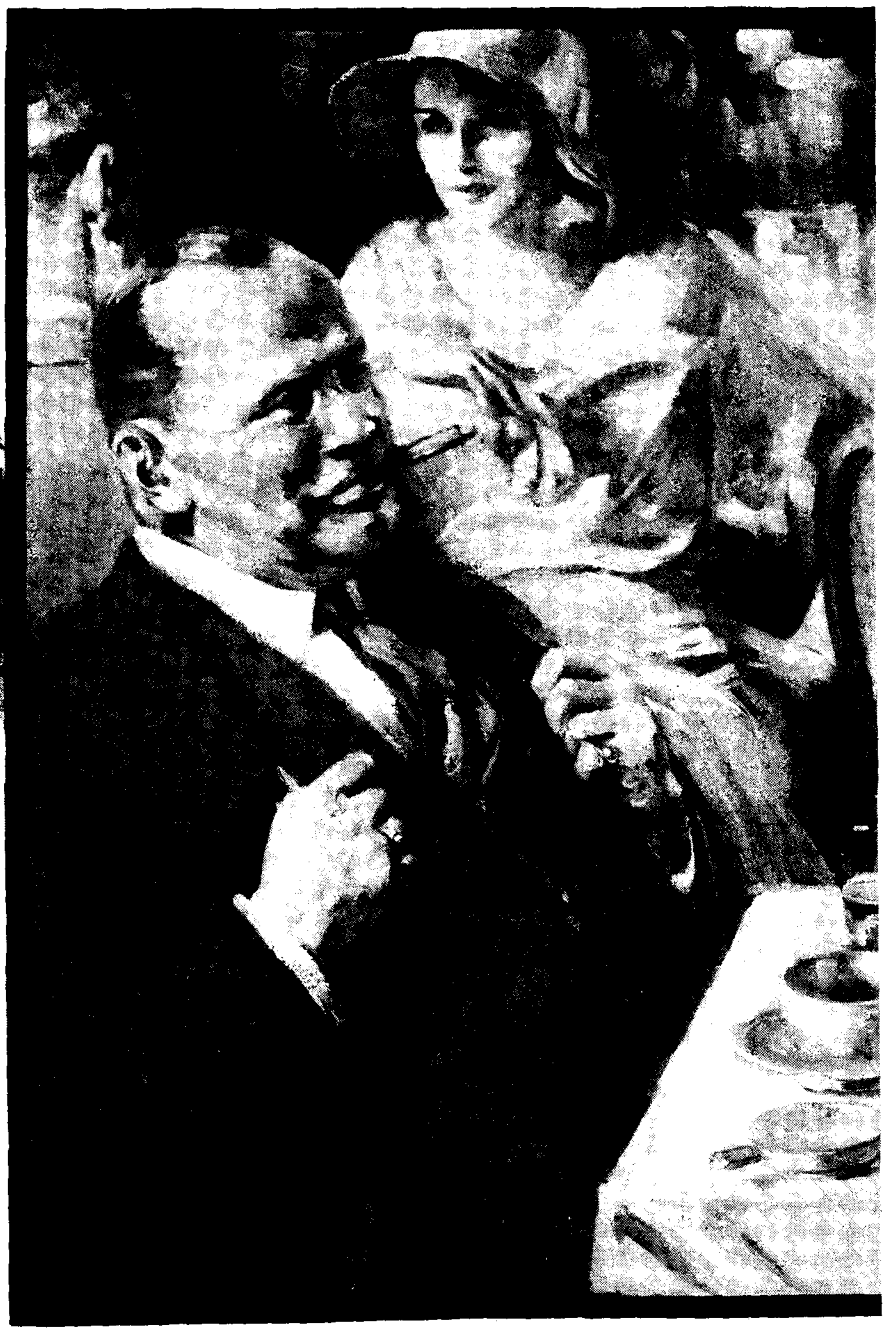
"That's because he can't make it," sneered Merford. "I never saw a failure in my life that didn't pull that alibi about not wanting to be a mere money grubber. I get a pain in the neck whenever I hear the line. Trying to cover up, that's all they're doing. Take it from me, when you see a man that isn't out after the coin, hell for leather, he's a dub. Now, I—for the love of Pete, stop monkeying with that roll, will you?" Flicking it off on the floor, he took the nervous fingers in his own. "I didn't mean to yell at you, sweetheart, but this continual sticking up for Jim gets my goat. What's the idea? It can't be you've got any love left for him."

"I don't know," murmured Doreen uncertainly.

"OF COURSE you know," Merford shrugged impatiently. "Every woman wants a man she can be proud of, and Jim's a dead one. That's all. Just a dead one. An out-and-out dope, pottering around over a lot of crazy inventions that don't amount to a hill of beans."

"Some very important people have a lot of confidence in them," she dissented feebly.

"That's what *he* says. Maybe I don't



"It's as good as in the pocket," he said, lolling coat. "A million!" Doreen's murmur was half

By George Creel

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

know books, but I do know people, and I'm telling you Jim hasn't the wallop to put anything over. Snap out of it, baby," he begged. "Come on down to earth and face facts. Jim's had his chance with you and muffed it. Don't you think it's time I got mine?" The red face took on a shade of purple, and the goggling eyes were more than ever protuberant. "I'm crazy about you, Doreen. Plain crazy. Cut loose and come on away with me, won't you? A divorce is easy these days."

"But why this sudden rush?" One less immersed in himself than Merford would have seen that she was struggling to evade the issue.

"Sudden rush be damned!" exploded the big man. "I've been begging you for months and you know it. Maybe I am bearing down a little hard today," he admitted grudgingly, "but there's a reason. A mighty good reason. I'm making ready to quit the game."

"Quit the *market?*"

"Just that," Merford nodded. "I'm no hog, Doreen. I always said that when I got a million I'd call it a day and leave the rest for somebody else."

"And you've got it?" On the instant an ugly covetousness took possession of the flowerlike face, tightening the soft lips and hardening the dark eyes.

"It's as good as in the pocket," he boasted, lolling back and tucking his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. "Something's cooking right now that'll put me over the top." The thick lips parted in a smile of infinite self-appreciation. "Not so bad for a man who was selling fake mining stock ten years ago, is it?"

"A MILLION!" Doreen's murmur was half awe and half ecstasy. "I never dreamed of so much money."

"That's because you've had a small-time partner," rejoined Merford, with a patronizing chuckle. "Wait until you've traveled with me for a while. And listen, girlie. I want the trip to start the minute I cash in. See? I'm forty now, and I mean to get some good out of my pile before the old arches fall."

"But how—"

"Simple. We'll beat it for Mexico. Paris is more class, but Mexico's easier and quicker. Down there you can get a divorce in the morning and marry the same afternoon. How about it? 'Mrs. Jasper Merford' sound good to you?"

"Of course it does," she exclaimed. Now the dark eyes held a very definite apprehension. "But, Jas, I simply *must* have a little time to think."

"A little time?" Merford took no pains to hide his exasperation. "Good Lord, you've had a year already."

"I've been awful, I know," she confessed, "but it's the last delay I'll ask. Please, Jas."

"Say, what are you trying to do?" There was an ugly rasp in the tone. "Play me for a sucker?"

"Don't be silly." The apprehension was now close to panic. "A woman can't make such a decision offhand. A week, Jas? And then I'll give you an answer. Honest."

"All right, but no more stalling. I just can't stand it any longer. And," he added heavily, "I don't mean to stand it."

Out in the sunshine of the Avenue, walking slowly to the Grand Central, Doreen swallowed the air in great gulps. Strange how Jas gave her an effect of suffocation. What a trial he was with his pop eyes, those awful jowls and his cushiony hands, always wanting to paw. And his brags! At least Jim had looks and manners. And was he such a dead one after all? Jas was right about her not loving Jim. Down in her selfish little soul, Doreen Morel had the honesty to realize that she was incapable of caring for anyone but herself. But she believed in Jim. That's the way he was.

Nobody could talk to him without getting the conviction that he'd make good. Something about his eyes and the way his chin thrust out.

It was this belief in Jim that lay at the bottom of her indecision. That and her shuddering dislike of Jas himself. Lacking honor, faith and loyalty, Doreen still possessed a certain fastidiousness, and against this the gross Merford had ever been a flagrant offense. His fat neck, surging over the collar in a pulpy roll, filled her with nausea, and at his touch it was all she could do to keep from screaming. If only Jim had money! Money for ropes of pearls, Paris models and the thousand and one similar desires that were her one approach to passion.

The train to Lakedale was jammed with sweating, pushing commuters, vastly different from the private car of her daydreams, and on alighting Doreen found that the last taxi had just been taken. What a hole of a place! The walk up the hill through the hot sunshine did little to dull self-pity, and as if to accentuate her feeling of injury, the little cottage reeked with a smell of cooking cauliflower.

"WHAT on earth are you doing?" she demanded sharply, rushing out into the kitchen where Minnie, a slatternly colored girl, fussed over the gas stove. "Haven't I told you I *hate* cauliflower?"

"Yessum," grinned Minnie, "but Mr. Morel, he done brought me some this afternoon and told me to fix it for dinner."

Doreen was throwing open windows and doors when her husband came in from the workshop that he had built with his own hands in the back yard. A tall, slender figure, curiously boyish despite the touch of gray in his hair, he smiled in loving apology as he saw what she was doing.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart, but Jennings had some of the finest heads I ever saw, and I just couldn't resist them."

"You know the odor makes me ill," she replied peevishly, turning away from his kiss.

"None of that," he commanded gayly. "Bring your face back within range or I'll not tell you the great news."

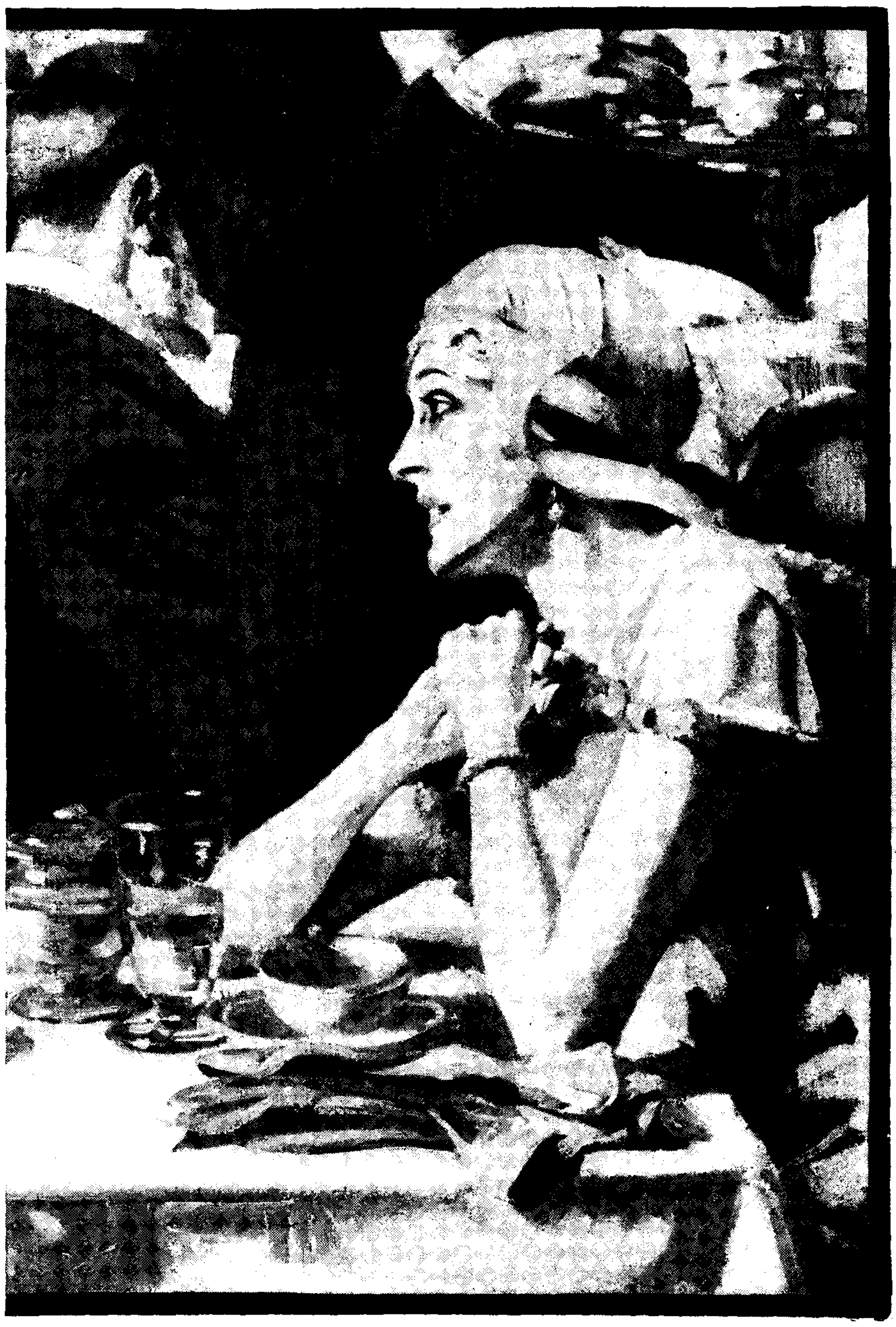
"*Jim!* You don't mean—you *can't* mean the airplane thing?"

"Ouch!" he cried. Jim Morel winced visibly at hearing his great invention called a thing, but—

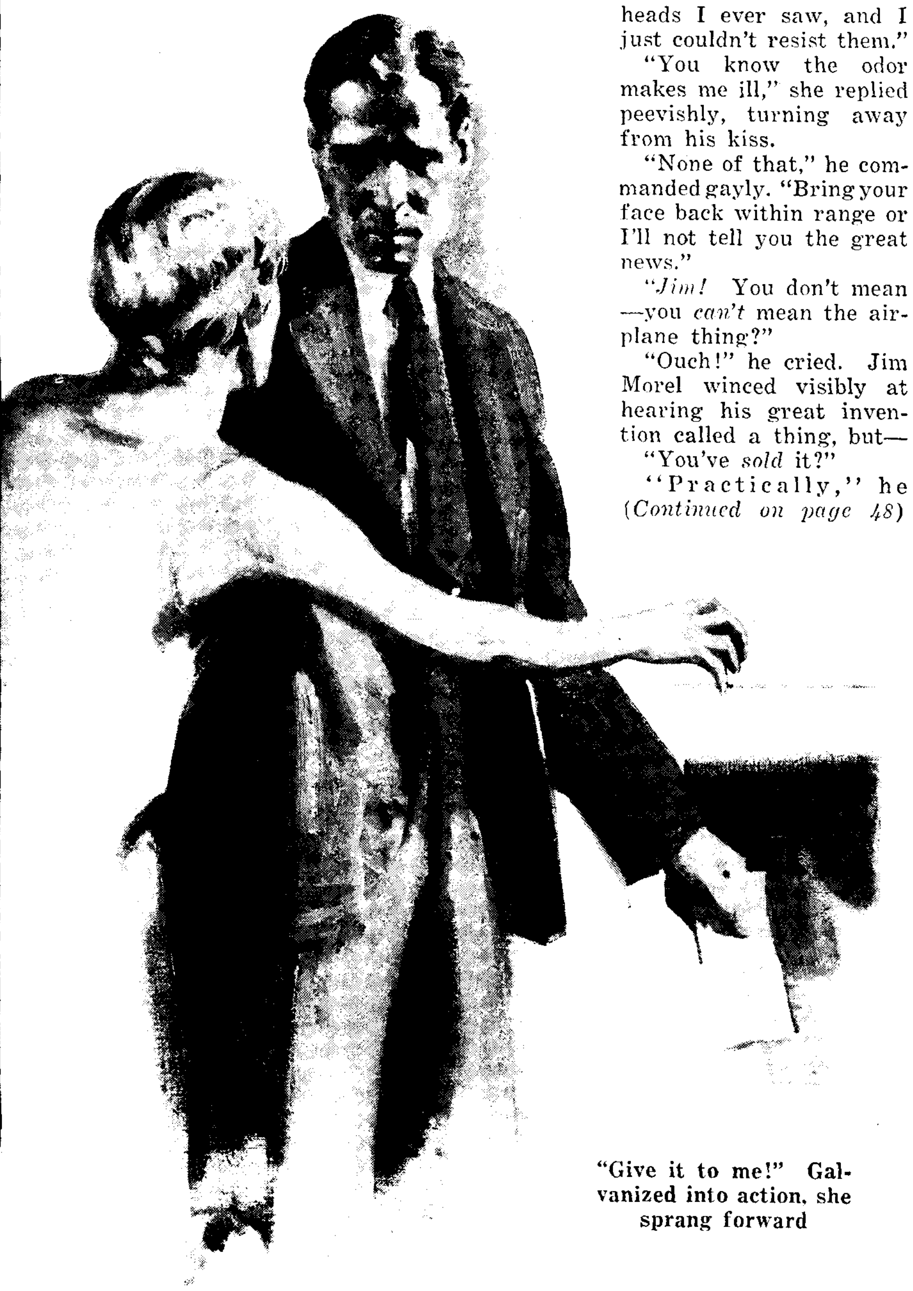
"You've *sold* it?"

"Practically," he

(*Continued on page 48*)



back and tucking his thumbs into the armholes of his waist-
awe and half ecstasy. "I never dreamed of so much money"



"Give it to me!" Galvanized into action, she sprang forward

Double-Cross Marks the Spot

Mr. Grundy started the trouble. He expressed himself. The result was an explosion in the West and ominous silence in the East. In that silence gentlemen from Washington journeyed to Pennsylvania, and a new alignment of political forces took place. The idea was to ditch Mr. Grundy. He was defeated but was he eliminated? Hardly. Everybody was surprised

By Walter Davenport

IT WAS just after Senator Joseph R. Grundy uttered his scorn for those modest states which did not agree with him on tariff schedules. You may recall that, in effect, he questioned their right to have opinions or to share in the great material profits derived from trade protection. In Senator Grundy's opinion they were thin caudal appendages of such vast manufacturing states as Pennsylvania and, had they a sense of decency, they'd admit it. They were, he said, backward states—the Phillies of our great national league of commonwealths—and he, for one, hadn't any desire to include them in his calculations.

Oddly enough, these non-manufacturing, parochial states did not take kindly to the senator's remarks. Far from bowing their heads in shame and tearfully begging the senator to teach them the way to go, they countered with hairy language, only the very mildest of which could possibly appear on the printed page. In shrill chorus they demanded that President Hoover or somebody do something about Senator Grundy, and to their sides came such rich and Republican states as Nebraska, Iowa, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Minnesota, whose representatives in Congress had but a little while before been called sons of the wild jackass—not by Senator Grundy but by Senator George Moses of New Hampshire.

It may be that President Hoover suggested to Senators Grundy and Moses that they stifle an opinion now and then —we don't know. But we may be pretty certain that he made no direct attempt to silence Mr. Grundy, who has never borne that reverence and love for Mr. Hoover which Senator Simeon Fess insists is universal. In short, Senator Grundy does not love Mr. Hoover at all and, being a practical and stubborn man, would not be above saying so were he bedeviled much.

But we do know that just after Mr. Grundy aroused all that furor a small but select group of Republican senators met and began to estimate the health of their party. Things had not been going so well. Mr. Hoover's administration, owing largely to acts of God and other circumstances over which he had no control, had not caught up with the preëlection promises and the predictions of his zealous management. No use to enumerate them further than to mention the disappointment of the professional drys that he had not conjured up a miracle; the resentment of the farmers over the failure of legislation to lift them clear of the ditch; the collapse of an over-inflated stock market and the deep doldrums into which business had fallen.

Moreover, the methodical Mr. Hoover, having the successful engineer's love for the uttermost decimal of fact, declining to move an inch until he had captured it and lacking all of the crashing spectacularities which endear Presidents to the great American audience, was not a popular hero.

What with all this, plus the disconcerting disposition of the Southern Hoover states to return enthusiastically to the party of their fathers, plus the persistent waywardness of Mr. Moses' sons of the wild jackass who wouldn't be ridden or roped or branded, joy was scarce.

A Hint from Washington

The apprehensive senators met as aforesaid and talked of ways and means of healing the party's self-inflicted wounds and, insofar as they were able, of preventing further hara-kiri. Mr. Moses had subsided with the veteran's smile of cynicism. Anyway Mr. Moses, like a bad conscience, is not to be got rid of so easily.

But as for Joseph R. Grundy—single-minded, round-headed, fearless and undiplomatic Mr. Grundy, who, the late Senator Penrose said, was "the best money collector and the worst politician since Julius Cæsar"—as for him, the least the apprehensive friends of Mr. Hoover could do would be to ask Pennsylvania not to return him to Washington. He had never won the popular vote anyway, being a governor's appointee to fill the chair of the undesired Mr. Vare.

From then on, matters grew more complicated. Pennsylvania, which is about to elect a senator for a two-year term, and a governor, was approaching the primaries. Washington wasn't immediately concerned in the governorship, but it was mightily desirous that Joseph R. Grundy should not remain in political office to lend aid and comfort by his presence to the Democrats in 1932. Already the Western Republicans were waxing indignant over that mysterious policy called Grundyism and, whether they liked it or loathed it, Mr. Grundy was bent upon spreading it—whatever it was. A purposeful man, Mr. Grundy, as careless of public opinion as a stuffed buffalo, as fearless and direct as a silver dollar. In fact the round Mr. Grundy looks like a silver dollar.

Mr. Davis Goes Shopping

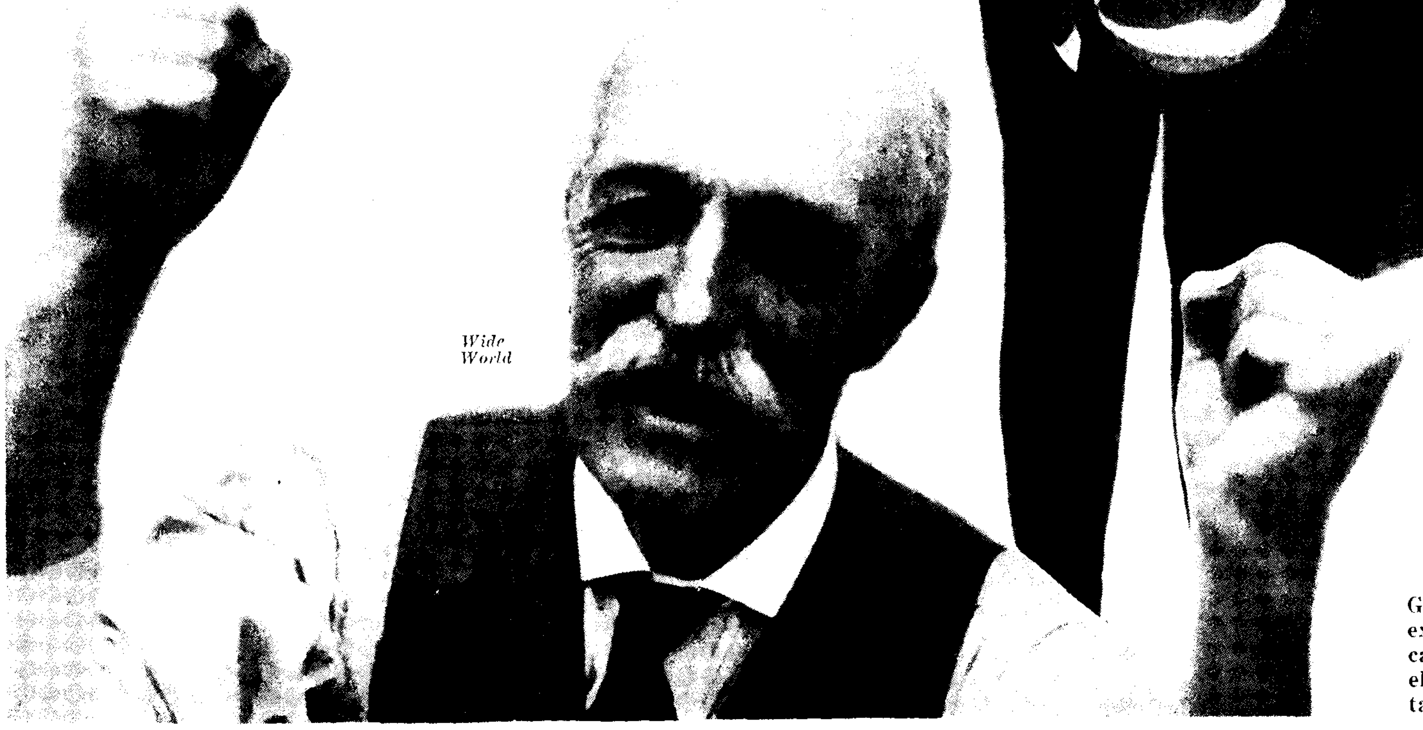
That they might know just how the elimination of Mr. Grundy might best be effected, representatives of the Hoover administration and the Republican National Committee went to Pennsylvania. They talked long and earnestly to the baronial Mellons in Pittsburgh and to that lusty young Republican offshoot, the Kline organization. To their entire satisfaction they learned that western Pennsylvania bore no love for Mr. Grundy and that all-important factions in Pittsburgh were willing to reject him for—well, James John Davis, for example.

Western Pennsylvania did not insist upon Mr. Davis, the perennial Secretary of Labor, founder and chief of the Loyal Order of Moose, self-made banker and exceedingly adroit politician; but the scouts learned that Mr. Davis had been shopping around a bit. Having got about all the honor and glory that a hard-working and ambitious politician has a right to expect of a Cabinet job, Mr. Davis ("Just call me Puddler Jim, boys") had made it clear he was in a receptive mood for either the governorship or senatorship.

The committee from Washington warmed at the mention of Mr. Davis. In fact they had come to Pennsylvania hoping to sell him. The secretary was precisely the sort of man the National Republican Committee wanted in the active campaign of 1932—an ingratiating greeter, a clean man, a man's man, a man of

Times-Wide World

James J. "Puddler Jim" Davis, perennial Secretary of Labor and founder and organizer of the powerful Moose Order, is Pennsylvania's Republican nominee for senator


Wide World

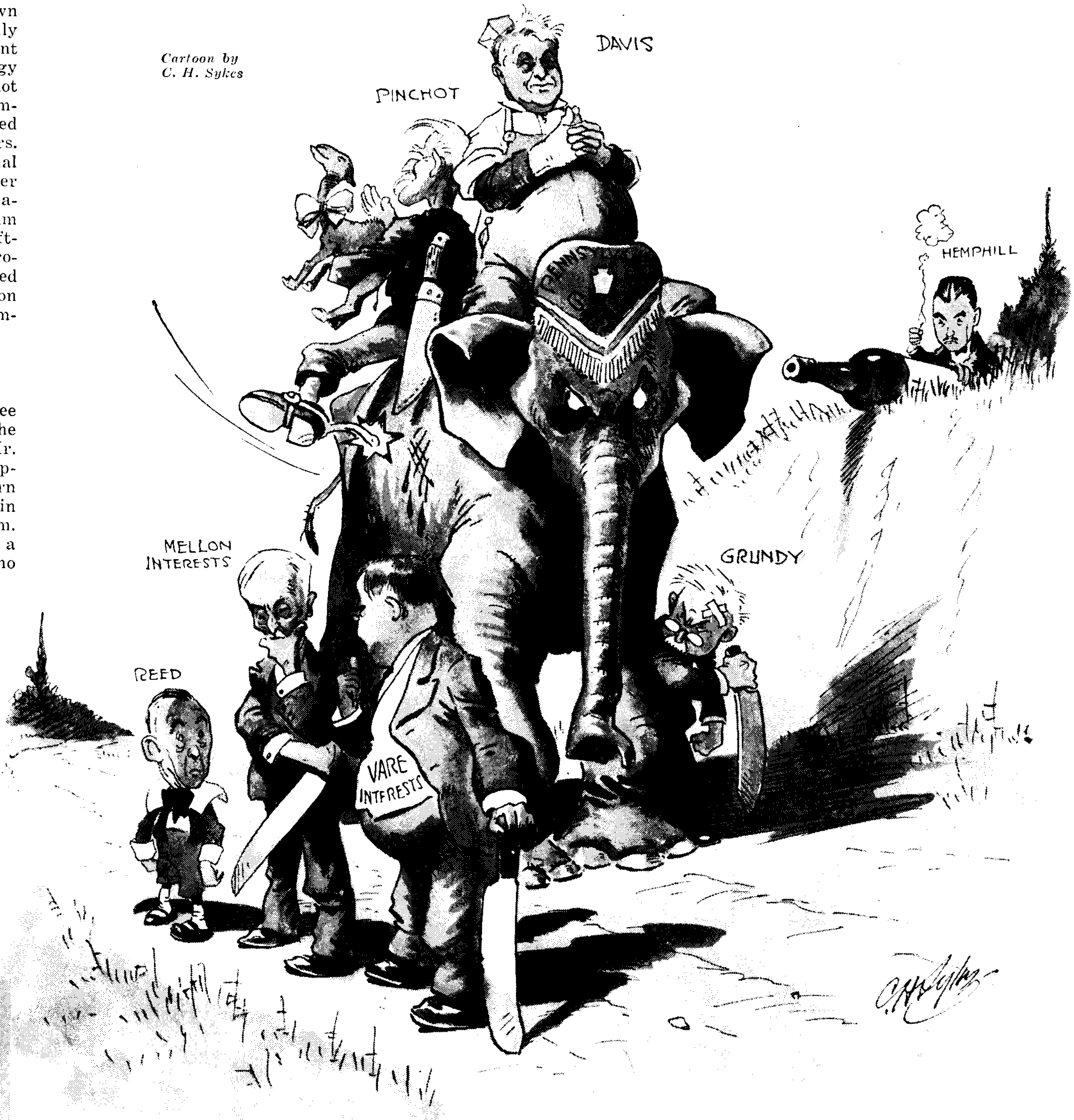
Gifford Pinchot, the impeccable ex-governor of Pennsylvania, a candidate whose imminent reelection will be extremely distasteful to Hoover Republicans the people who had carved out his own career in a big way. He had, politically speaking, everything—a large, pleasant and good-looking family, huge energy and enthusiasm, a party regularity not exceeded by that of Simeon Fess himself, the favor of conservative organized labor and a cheerfulness under orders. And above all he carried no factional banner nor any axes to grind. He never gave offense by word or deed. If declaration of policy threatened the calm serenity of the moment, Mr. Davis deftly avoided declaring himself. On prohibition, for example. Lighter-minded Pennsylvanians, declining his invitation to call him Puddler Jim, speak of Amphibian Jim.

Philadelphia Makes a Deal

Just the man the National Committee longed for in its fight to retire the militant, outspoken, money-minded Mr. Grundy. Additional complications appeared instantly. Mr. Davis, a western Pennsylvanian, would doubtless insist in 1932 that he be elected for a full term. But western Pennsylvania already had a man in the Senate—David A. Reed, who was even more intimate with the Hoover Administration than Mr. Davis and with whom Mr. Hoover and the party would be more than loath to part.

That obstacle, said Pittsburgh, would be something to discuss with William Scott Vare, Charlie Hall and the other members of the Philadelphia war board—a small and not too cohesive band which is doing its best to control the state's largest city. Its efforts to control itself have not been distinguished by success.

Philadelphia viewed Mr. Davis without enthusiasm. At the same time the secretary's name provoked no unkindly comment. The war board was not half as interested in the senatorship as it was in the governorship. One thing must not happen: Gifford Pinchot, who had already announced his intention to seek the governorship a second time (he had been governor from 1923 to 1927) must be frustrated. And the reason was made clear.



Pennsylvania reaches the crossroads in its amazing political muddle, with plenty of dirty work in the offing

International Newsreel

Senator Joseph R. Grundy will still be a power in Keystone State politics despite his defeat in the primaries by Davis. He is backing Pinchot for the governorship

Mr. Pinchot, relict of the Bull Moose, had made it plain that were he elected, nothing would be left undone to destroy the Philadelphia machine—not that the announcement was necessary. Also Mr. Pinchot, the much-avowed enemy of large public utility programs, was promising to legislate these fat corporations into humility. He was promising lower gas, power, water and transportation rates. He was, in brief, a Friend of the People—and the horrid part of it was that the people believed it. This, obviously, was not comforting to Messrs. Vare, Hall, Cunningham and others of the Philadelphia war board. If Pittsburgh wanted Philadelphia's vote for Jim Davis, Philadelphia would insist upon help from Pittsburgh in the defeat of Gifford the Good.

All of which was satisfactory to the Washington delegation, which viewed Mr. Pinchot with even less enthusiasm than did Mr. Vare. Incidentally Mr. Vare secretly hoped that everybody would be defeated for the Senate. If Mr. Vare had his way the whole Senate could go jump in the Potomac. And Washington promised Philadelphia that nothing reasonable would be overlooked in assisting her to defeat Mr. Pinchot.

If Mr. Pinchot, a gifted and experienced politician, should again become governor of Pennsylvania for four years, there would be little doubt that he would be the state's boss and as such might easily go to the Republican National Convention in 1932 with Pennsylvania's forty-five delegates pledged to him, via the unit vote system. It certainly is no secret that Mr. Pinchot would like to be President.

Pinchot for President?

With a shudder the Washington scouts considered the ripe possibilities. With Mr. Grundy's backward states in active resentment and the constituents of Mr. Moses' sons of the wild jackass collaborating in rebellion against the Fess-Smoot-Watson brand of antique Republicanism, the convention might readily degenerate into a riot the like of which not even the Democrats could hope to produce.

The combined delegations of the rebellious states could dictate if not nominate. Political plans laid on the foundation of a second term for Mr. Hoover might be destroyed within the hour. It was possible even that out of the chaos a third ticket led by the clever and militant Mr. Pinchot might emerge, as in 1912 when Mr. Taft's stalwarts kicked Mr. Roosevelt's progressives out, thereby accomplishing the Democratic victory of Woodrow Wilson.

Moreover, Mr. Pinchot is a dry. Not merely a law champion, but an Anti-Saloon League dry. Mr. Hoover's friends from Washington needed no further urging to lend assistance to the anti-Pinchot forces. Mr. Hoover might go into the convention still talking about the noble experiment. Or, if Mr. Wickersham's council had by that time arrived at a conclusion, Mr. Hoover might appear with what he believed a logical solution of the tormenting problem—new laws to enforce old ones or even modifications of old ones. All of which

(Continued on page 32)

Five Bluebells

In which Deirdre Summers has a strange experience at the altar—the story of a girl who thought she had stolen a husband

By Gilbert Frankau

ALMOST all her conscious life Deirdre Summers had been terrified of matrimony. And now, within hardly more than five hours, she would be the wife of Valentine Hardcastle—whom she had known for hardly more than five weeks.

It was five minutes past nine, too—by the little gilt clock on the wall of this room in which her aunt's maid had awakened her. And there were to be five bridesmaids. And Derek's plane—couldn't she, wouldn't she ever forget Derek?—had had three fives painted on its fuselage.

"Five. My lucky number," Derek had said.

Lucky! Dear God!

The maid knocked; reëntered the luxurious room; placed the breakfast tray on the little walnut table at Deirdre's elbow; went out again, leaving her alone with thought.

"And, "Why am I still terrified?" she thought. "Valentine loves me. He'll be decent to me. And we'll never have any money troubles."

But she wasn't marrying Valentine Hardcastle for his money. She was marrying him—as she had always told Derek she must marry some day or other—for children. Yes. But why had she chosen, for father of those children, this Valentine Hardcastle, whom she had known for little more than five weeks?

Her mind went back to their first meeting, at one of those few parties to which she had dragged herself after Derek's airplane, with those three fives painted on its fuselage, had crashed, and all happiness with it, into the fog-bound sea.

That night Derek—for all that he had been dead nearly a year—had seemed very close to her. Sitting down to the long, rather solemn table, she had almost heard his voice saying, "You can't be more scared of double harness than I am, darling. So let's go on as we are—we couldn't be much happier than we are, could we?—till you're twenty-eight."

SOMETHING about the man beside her, too, had recalled Derek. Not his appearance, though—for Derek had been dark and stocky, with the toothbrush mustache of the soldier, and this man was tall, fair-haired, clean-shaven. Could it, then, be the voice? But no—the voice in no way resembled Derek's.

"Yet somehow or other," Deirdre had decided, "he reminds me of him." And all through that dinner memory, puzzling over its problem, had made her just a shade more affable to this "Sir Somebody Hardcastle' than she had been to any man since death had taken the one.

"But it isn't because he reminded me of Derek that I chose him," went on her thoughts. "And he doesn't remind me of Derek any more. Not now that I know him better. Derek was like I am. Things scared him, too—even though he did them. And Valentine isn't scared of anything—except giving himself away."

A queer trait, that, in Valentine's character. And once, during their short engagement, she had taken him to task about it, chaffingly, asking him, "But surely there must have been some other girl you thought of marrying before you met me, my dear?"

To which he had answered, "If there was, I've forgotten her;" and stifled discussion with a kiss.

Recollection of that kiss, of Valentine's other kisses, came to Deirdre Summers as she finished her breakfast; as she rose, tall, wide-hipped, narrow-breasted, in her silk pajamas; as she went—catching just a glimpse of her face, thin and serious under its casque of blond hair, in the door-mirror—to the elaborate bathroom.

But the recollection of those kisses did not trouble her. Nothing about this Valentine now troubled her—except that first elusive reminder of Derek. Her trouble lay deeper; and a sentence, overheard in childhood, had started it.

Funny how that sentence echoed in one's mind now, after all these years, as one lay in this perfumed water, "I could have stood an ordinary infidelity, Arthur—most wives have to, I suppose—but not this, not this clandestine intrigue with one of our own people."

AND after that, for Mother, there had been the years of loneliness; for oneself those years when one had thought, over and over again, "But what's the sense of it, what's the use of it, what's the happiness of it? Why should one get married—even if one does want children so—when men are like that?"

Slowly, her careful ablutions finished, Deirdre Summers climbed out of her bath; dried herself; scented herself; went back to the bedroom; slipped on a house frock; and crossed the wide landing to her mother's door.

Her mother, still in bed, greeted her cheerfully, saying, "Aren't you glad you're not being married from our own house, dear?"

"Yes. I think I am," answered Deirdre; for all that country house of theirs—the very garden about which he had so loved advising them—was still redolent of Derek.

But today—today of all days—one mustn't think about Derek. "And I won't," Deirdre said to herself. "I simply won't."

Her mother's breakfast came, brought by another maid. She stayed talking with her while she ate it. Poor Mother—with her gray hair and those tired eyes of hers. She would be lonelier still after today. Father might have thought of that. But he hadn't. Father had never thought of anything except himself, of his own pleasures.

Not that it would have mattered today. Since Father, like Derek—but she mustn't, she simply mustn't, think any more about Derek—was dead.

Her mother finished her breakfast; lit herself a cigarette; decided, "It's about time I was getting up, too, dear." Thoughtful, Deirdre wandered downstairs.

"Colonel and Mrs. Thorogood"—the butler, whom she encountered in the big hall, told her—"have had to go out. They will be back at about eleven."

There were other men in the hall—florists carrying flowers, waiters carrying trays of glasses, the detective in charge of the wedding presents. Idle, she wandered in to look at the wedding presents; stood for a moment, wondering why it should so attract her, before one of them—a little picture, in rather an ugly frame, of a road through a snow-mantled wood.

"To Valentine and his bride," read the card on that picture, "from their cousin Raymond."

Another instance, that, of Valentine's secretiveness. For when she had asked him who Raymond might be, he had answered, "Oh, a relative of sorts. We had to invite the whole pack of them," and veered their discussion to another present which had arrived at the same time.

She turned away from the picture, continued her aimless inspection of the glass, the silver, the china, the various trinkets and ornaments which crowded the three long tables. But presently the picture attracted her again.

Wasn't there something—something rather familiar about that curving road; about the triangular patch of snow-covered grass, blue in the sunlight, beyond it; about those trees, leafless, with the upslope of fields showing through their branches?

"What does it remind me of?" she thought. But again memory proved elusive; and again that terror of matrimony which had been with her almost all her conscious life gripped Deirdre by the throat.

Almost, in that moment, she could have dashed upstairs, thrown a few necessaries into one of her suitcases, and dashed from the house.

"I don't love him," she thought in that moment. "I can't make myself love him. It's only children I want. Children! It was only for them that I'd have married even Derek. And Derek's dead. Dead. Smashed to bits. In the sea. In the cruel, beastly sea."

"Deirdre darling!"

With a great effort the girl who was only marrying for children controlled herself; turned again from the picture at the sound of Alys' voice.

Alys was her friend; almost her only friend. But even to the dark-eyed, dark-haired Alys she had never confided her terror of getting married. In all the world only Derek had known of that terror—as only Derek had known the real Deirdre. . . .

"Alys, you're frightfully early."

"I know I am. But I'm so excited I simply couldn't keep away."

The two girls, arms linked, went out past the detective, and up the stairs again to Deirdre's bedroom. Already, the bed had been made. But the wedding gown was still in its wardrobe.

"We're having a sort of scratch meal at twelve," said Deirdre. "I shan't dress till afterwards. Where are your things?"

"I brought them with me. Mrs. Thorogood said I might. What about your packing?"

"It's all done, except the dressing-case. Don't fuss so, Alys."

"Sorry. But I can't help fussing. We can't all be as calm as you are."

"Calm," thought that real Deirdre whom only Derek Haughton had known. "Calm! I?"

EVERY nerve in her body was still quivering from that last effort at self-control. But she knew, now, that she could go on controlling herself; that she must go on controlling herself.

"Because I haven't got the pluck to break it off at the last moment," went on her thoughts. "Because I never have had any pluck, except when I was with Derek."

For after all, since one couldn't succeed in forgetting him, it was better that one's thoughts should cling to Derek—asking him, even dead, for the strengthening comfort he alone had been able to give.

She had promised him—long ago, when they had first fallen in love with each other, while his invalid wife yet lived—that if ever she married another man she would burn his letters on her wedding day. And her mind, while she kept that promise—turning the astonished Alys out of the room, and locking the door till the last scrap of paper had shriveled to ashes in the wood fire which her rich aunt's lavishness had kept burning even though it was already May—seemed quite clear.

But after that her mind blurred, and nothing registered there. Time passed—and that was all. Time brought her aunt, her uncle, a belated present, food, some telegrams, the dressmaker's assistant.

"So you'd better go up and be getting ready," said her aunt.

And here she was, with the clock showing five minutes past two, ready, actually ready, to marry somebody who wasn't Derek—with Alys, in her big hat and her "picture frock," saying, "But, my dear, you look simply too gorgeous," and her mother, "Mind that train—mind that train on the way downstairs, Alys;" and Colonel Thorogood calling up to them, "The car's here, and we ought to be off in about another five minutes."

Five again! And there had been three fives on that mounting fuselage over which Derek had waved to her, waved to her. . . .

With one last effort, Deirdre's icy little hands picked up the flowers of Valentine's sending, Deirdre's icy little feet carried her down the stairs.

As she came down the stairs her mind cleared again. But the face of her had gone white as the wedding satin at her trembling knees.

Her uncle—gallant with white boutonnière and a gray top hat—helped her and her mother into the car. The car moved away, noiselessly, from Upper Brook Street toward the Park.

"Happy the bride," quoted her uncle, for the sun had come through the clouds; and in the Park tulips were blazing gay.

"Feeling pretty happy, eh?" he went on. "You ought to. Valentine's one of the very best."

Deirdre did not answer, but she managed to smile at him. She flushed, too—for the icy cold about her heart which had seemed to impede all her movements while she was coming down the staircase had melted. She felt hot, now—feverish—with the blood beginning to thrum at her temples.

"I'd—I'd like the window open," she said suddenly.

"Sure you won't catch cold?"

"Of course I shan't."

The colonel wound down the window.

"That better?" he asked.

"Yes."

THE blue eyes under Deirdre's thin brows, which had been staring straight ahead, turned to the window; looked out through it. The Park slid by. Now, they were at the corner; held up by a policeman, and a cyclist with them.

The cyclist, a mere boy, must have been in the country, for behind his saddle he had tied a huge bunch of bluebells.

"Poor bluebells," thought Deirdre. "It's a shame to pick them. They die so quickly."

Then the boy smiled at her; and before she could divine his intention he had slipped his hand to the back of the saddle, plucked at the bunch of flowers, and tossed a handful of them through the window.

"The good fairies be with you," he called as the policeman signaled them on again.

"Wasn't that sweet of him!" said her mother.

But this time Deirdre could not even manage to smile, far less to answer. For of all that generous handful five bluebell stems—just exactly five bluebell stems—had fallen on to the lap of her frock.

She knew that there were five even without counting them. Yet she counted them twice, to make utterly certain. And as she did so her face paled again, and again all her veins went cold.

She wanted to brush away the stems. But her gloved hand, though her brain ordered it to get rid of them, would not move.

"Something borrowed and something blue," quoted her uncle—and even while he spoke it seemed to Deirdre as though, in that paralyzed brain of hers, some picture tried to form itself.

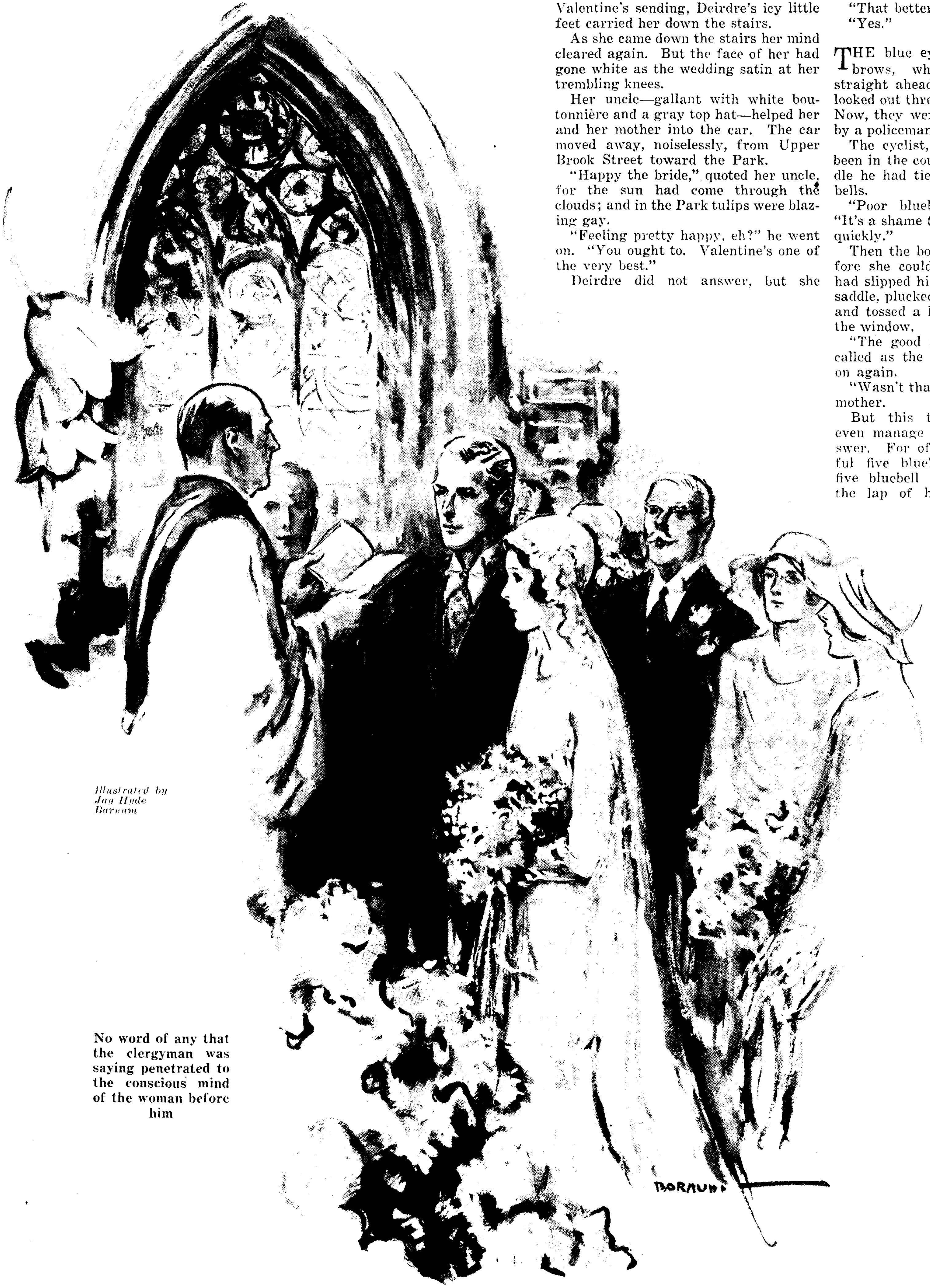
But all her eyes could see were those five thin stalks of blossom, patterned on the white satin of her frock.

Five again. Always five. Ever since she had first looked at that little gilt wall clock this morning. And she had imagined, accepting Valentine, that there might yet be good luck, yet be happiness for her.

"But there can't be any happiness," went her panicked thoughts. "There can't be any good luck for me. I'm still Derek's. All Derek's."

For queerly—and not only by their number—the bluebells reminded her of Derek; of some day, some place, some

(Continued on page 60)



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

No word of any that the clergyman was saying penetrated to the conscious mind of the woman before him

The Truth about the ex-Kaiser

"If you are the summit of a volcano the least you can do is to smoke." And that's just what the ex-Kaiser did—until the explosion. Here, through the acute eyes of a British statesman, you see the imperial sham strutting his way to catastrophe

By Winston Churchill

P. & A. Photos

Exiled at Doorn, the former Kaiser has lived to find himself scorned, pitied, an exploded sham

NO ONE should judge the career of the Emperor William II without asking the question, "What should I have done in his position?" Imagine yourself brought up from childhood to believe that you were appointed by God to be the ruler of a mighty nation and that the inherent virtue of your blood raised you far above ordinary mortals. Imagine succeeding in the twenties to the garnered prizes in provinces, in power and in pride of Bismarck's three successive victorious wars. Imagine feeling the magnificent German race bounding beneath you in ever-swelling numbers, strength, wealth and ambition; and imagine on every side the thunderous tributes of crown loyalty and the skilled unceasing flattery of courtier adulation.

"You are," they say, "the All-Highest. You are the Supreme War Lord, who when the next war comes will lead to battle all the German tribes and at the head of the strongest, finest army in the world will renew on a still greater scale the martial triumphs of 1866 and 1870. It is for you to choose the Chancellor and Ministers of State; it is for you to choose the chiefs of the army and navy. There is no office great or small throughout the empire from which you cannot dismiss the occupant.

"Each word you utter is received by all present with rapture, or at least respect. You have but to form a desire and it is granted. Limitless wealth and splendor attend your every step. Sixty palaces and castles await their owner; hundreds of glittering uniforms fill your wardrobes.

"Should you weary of the grosser forms of flattery, far more subtle methods will be supplied. Statesmen, generals, admirals, judges, divines, philosophers, scientists and financiers stand eager to impart their treasured knowledge and to receive with profound gratification any remark upon their various spheres which occurs to you. Intimate friends are at hand to report day by day how deeply impressed this or that great expert was with your marvelous grasp of his subject.

"The General Staff seem awed by your comprehension of the higher strategy. The diplomats are wonderstruck by your manly candor or patient restraint, as the case may be. The artists gather in dutiful admiration before the allegorical picture you have painted. Foreign nations vie with your own subjects in their welcomes and on all sides salute the 'world's most glorious prince'."

Importance of the Empire

And this goes on day after day and year after year for thirty years.

Are you quite sure you would have withstood the treatment; are you quite sure you would have remained a humble-minded man with no exaggerated idea of your own importance, with no undue reliance upon your own opinion, patiently seeking the virtue of humility by personal example and striving always for peace?

But observe—if you had done so, a discordant note would instantly have mingled with the chants of praise: "We have a weakling on the throne. Our War Lord is a pacifist. Is the new-arrived, late-arrived German Empire with all its tremendous and expanding forces to be led by a president of the Y. M. C. A.? Was it for this that the great Frederick and the great Bismarck schemed and conquered? Was it for this the glorious leaders of the War of Liberation built round the citadel of Prussia the gigantic fortress of Teutonic power?

"The German states so long divided, so long the sport of cross-currents, have at last come together, and their strength is overwhelming. With one blow they have humbled Austria, with another they have smitten France. In all the continent we have no equal. Not any two countries combined together could overcome us. And are we then to be limited to Europe? Is the old gray sea-wolf England to enjoy the dominance of the world and of the oceans? Is decadent France, so long our persecutor, now cowering beneath our united force, to enjoy, gather and expand a splendid colonial empire? Are we to be barred from the Americas by a Monroe Doctrine, warned off North Africa by an Anglo-French agreement, and rigidly excluded from China and the East by international concert? Is Holland to thrive upon its rich East Indies? Is even little Belgium to sprawl disreputably upon the vast Congo?

Turn Socialist?

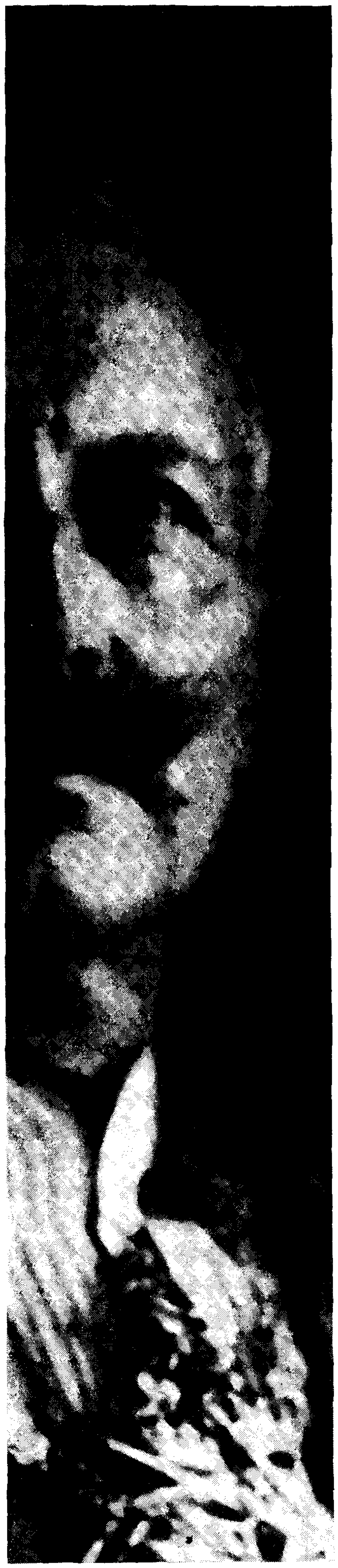
"Granted we are late arrivals, granted we have been the drudge and mercenary of Europe for centuries, now we stand erect in all our strength. Hard work, hard thinking, organization, business, science, philosophy—where is our equal? And behind all, if you wish it, there is steel and flame and the trampling of innumerable hosts, who await but a signal from on high. Are we to be denied our 'place in the sun'? Are our expanding industries never to rest upon German-owned oil, tin, copper, rubber and the like? Is all this to be purveyed to us by the English, the Americans, the French and the Dutch?

"Is there to be no temperate region in which Germans may found the schools of a more learned Stuttgart, the exchange of a wealthier Berlin, or the well-crunched parade ground of a new Potsdam? We are late, but we are going to have our share. Lay a place at the table for the German Empire, now at last by the grace of God and its own strong army risen in its splendor, or if not we will thrust you from your seats and carve the joint ourselves!

"At this supreme period in our history, this bright dawn of our advancing power, is our War Lord to be a softie, 'with bated breath and whispering humbleness'? Not so; he has sons. In one of these perchance God has implanted the spirit of a warrior king." All this expressed by gleaming eyes and tightened lips under a barrage of bows, salutes and clicking heels!

If the first lesson which was inwrought into the fiber of the young Emperor was his own importance, the second was his duty to assert the importance of the German Empire. And

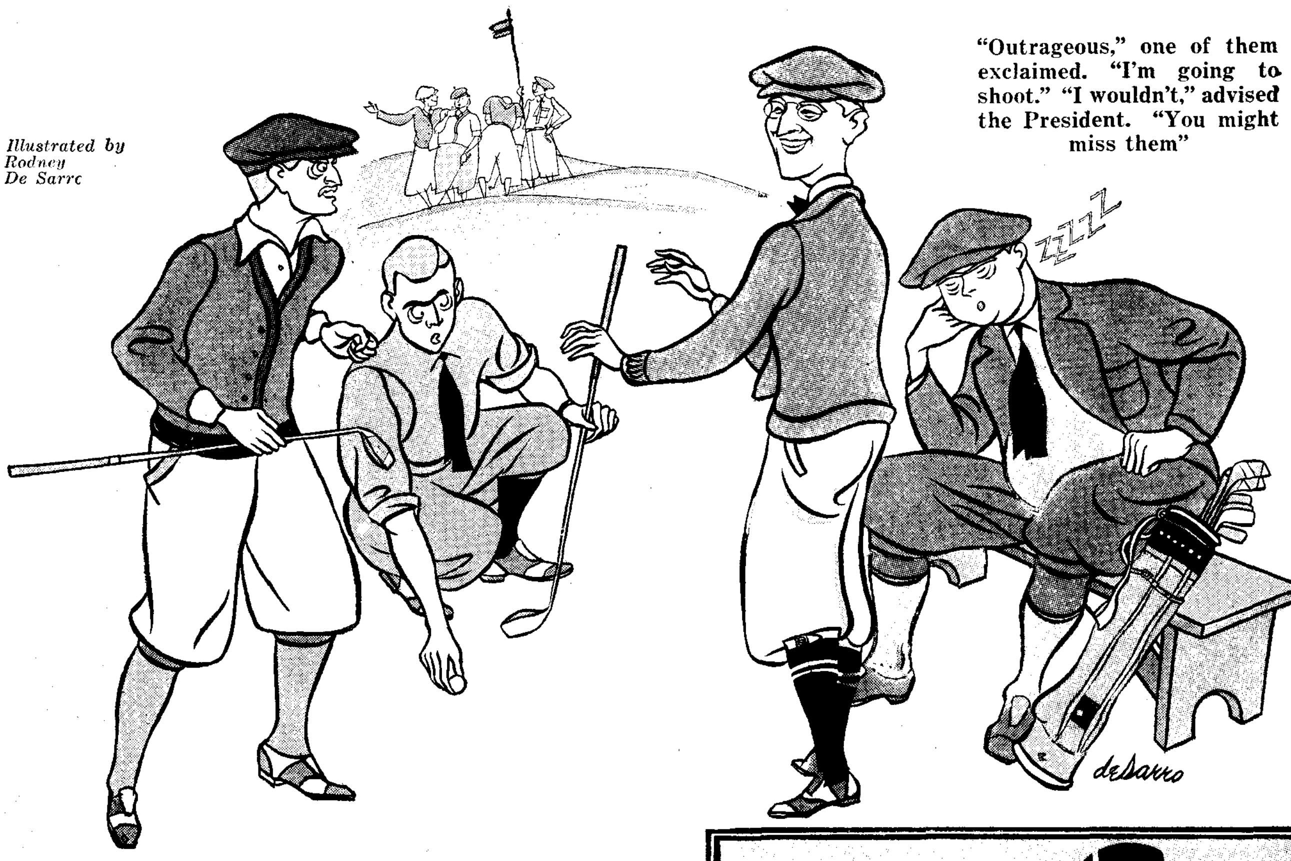
(*Continued on page 42*)



Keystone View

Emperor William II at the height of his glory, flattered by courtiers, applauded by loyal crowds

Illustrated by Rodney De Sarro



"Outrageous," one of them exclaimed. "I'm going to shoot." "I wouldn't," advised the President. "You might miss them"

In One Ear

Collier's reporters, hurrying to and fro across the country, hear many stories that, we feel, it would be selfish of them to keep for themselves. Here are some samples

WOODROW WILSON, playing golf one day with three friends, followed a particularly slow foursome with a habit of holding long and intimate discussions on every green. Coming to a short hole, the confab lasted for a full ten minutes, and the Wilson group reached the last stages of nervous exasperation.

"Outrageous," one of them exclaimed at last, stepping out on the tee. "I'm going to shoot."

"I wouldn't," advised the President. "You might miss them."

A Too-Fervent Prayer

One summer during a record-breaking drought in Georgia the colored brethren and sisters coagulated for the purpose of praying up a rain.

The parson was on his knees reasoning with the Almighty in the following words:

"Good Lawd, dis kentry am dried up! She sho' am pahched! De crops am done cooked en de watah supply am runnin' low! Yo' people am sufferin' scandalus. Sen' a rain, good Lawd! Sen' a RAIN! Not none o' dem drizzle-drazzle rains dat don't do no good noh get nowhah! Sen' a big rain; a gully-washeh; a trash-lifteh . . ."

"Hol' on dah, pahson!" shouted an old lady in the back of the church, rising excitedly from her knees. "Hol' on whah yo' is at! Don't yo' go prayin' foh no trash-liftin' rain! I done buried mah son-in-law jist yistiddy!"

He Got a Hundred

Some time after the Secretary of the Navy had promulgated the order that any Annapolis midshipman found under the influence of alcoholic drink could just figure that he had discharged himself from the academy, Capt. Pryor, medical man of the institution, conducted an examination on hygiene.

One of the cut-and-dried questions was regarding the effect of alcohol on the human system.

One midshipman gave the correct answer to the question, and appended this practical paragraph:

"Also, alcohol's effect on the human system is to cause a sudden, permanent change of address, occupation and method of living, in a midshipman."

He Couldn't Win

The late George Brennan, Democratic boss of Chicago, gave Chicago its one reform administration of recent years, that of Mayor Dever. Brennan, who never was greedy for money, making plenty of it in his own insurance business, could afford to go in for reform. Anyway, he had to. Being the leader of a minority party in his city, his only chance came when the city was disgusted with Republican rule and the better element turned to George to furnish them votes enough to kick the gangsters out of power, purify the police force, shut down somewhat on the bootleggers and give a lawless city an unaccustomed taste of law and order. But a reform administration is like a New Year's resolution, the people repent of it a week after the January 1st on which it takes effect. So George had the painful duty of being responsible for an unpopular administration.

In due course the administration of Mayor Dever came to an end and in his place Big Bill Thompson occupied the city hall. The day after Mayor Dever quit office George was hurrying in his automobile to the Dearborn Street station a little faster than the city ordinance allowed, to catch a train for somewhere where he could forget the ingratitude of city democracies. A motor cop drew up alongside the boss' car, blowing his whistle shrilly. George knew that the resentful policeman was bent on showing him that he was nobody now that Big Bill was in power and the wide-open town was restored. Instantly he drew from his pocket a ten-dollar bill. Extending it toward the policeman, he said, "Bet you ten dollars this is an arrest."

"You lose," retorted the copper, seizing the bill and riding off.

The Democracy of Taft

One day along about midwinter Joseph Tumulty, former secretary to President Woodrow Wilson, was taking his constitutional across the million-dollar bridge on Connecticut Avenue, when he saw a well-known and gigantic figure strolling ahead of him. Before Mr. Tumulty had a chance to quicken his own stride and catch up, as he usually did, a stranger in a muddy Model T Ford bearing an Ohio license drew up beside the huge figure ahead:

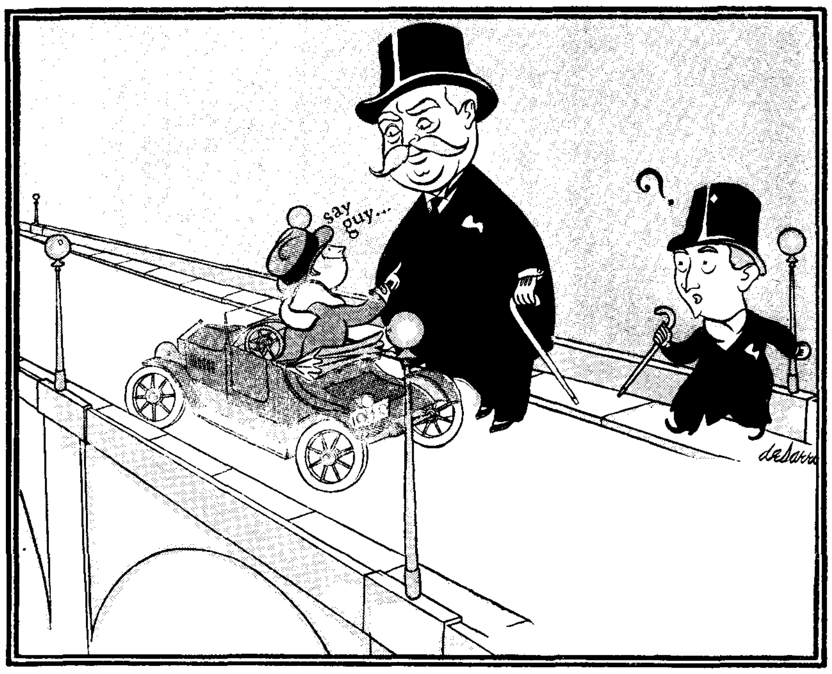
"Say, guy! Could you tell me how to get to 700 California Avenue?"

The large man stopped, smiled, went to the side of the muddy flivver and explained carefully and in detail how the stranger could reach the desired destination.

As he finished, the man from Ohio started his engine and called gratefully to the polite Washingtonian:

"Thanks, Chief!" and drove away.

Little did the stranger know how nearly he had hit at the truth when, in his impersonal gratitude, he had called the late Chief Justice William Howard Taft "Chief."



A stranger in a muddy Model T drew up beside the huge figure ahead

From A to Z

When James J. Montague, poet and newspaper man, was a political correspondent, some years ago, it was his custom to travel to Albany each Monday, when the New York State legislature was in session, in a compartment with a group of Democratic leaders who devoted much of the 150-mile trip to reminiscing about the Old Country whence they or their parents had come. As a native American, who, at that time, had never been abroad, he felt rather "out" of some of these conversations, until one week-end he hit upon an idea for belittlin'.

He took down the atlas and carefully memorized the names of all the counties of Ireland until he could reel them off at the drop of a hat.

The following Monday on the train when the conversation turned to Ireland, Montague joined in.

"Here's a funny thing," he said. "Here are all you good Irishmen talking about the Old Country and I bet there isn't one of you who can name as many of the counties of Ireland as I can."

Well, they weren't going to let a newspaper man, and an American, put that over on them, so they got together and bet him that he was wrong. All except the late Senator Tom Grady, who just sat smoking over in a corner.

The first man named half a dozen, floundered about a bit and quit. Another took up the task and added one or two names. Finally when all had tried and quit long before the list was complete, they turned to Montague.

Glibly he reeled off the whole group of counties.

Amazed, they paid off their bets and then asked him how come.

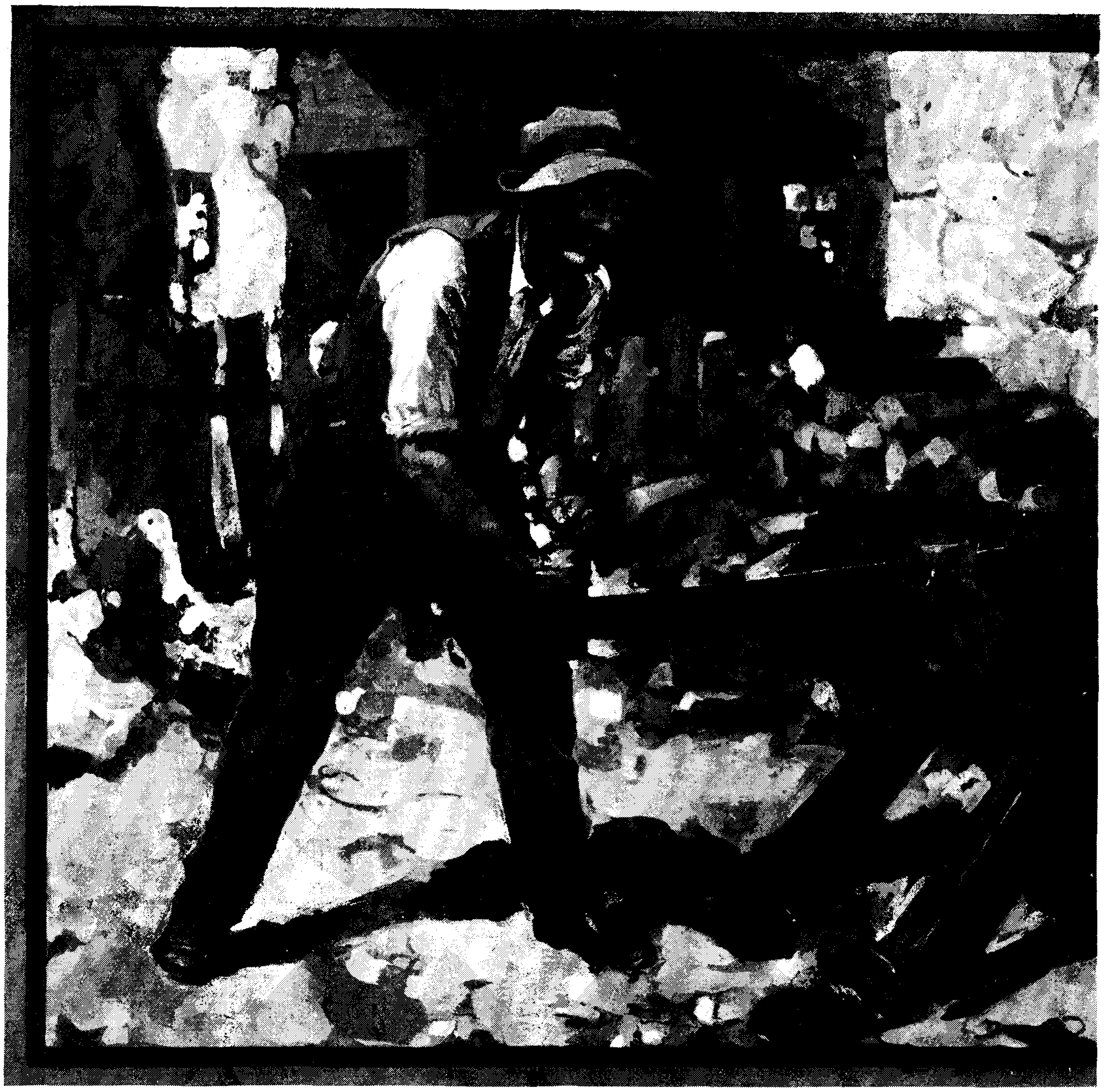
"Well," said Montague, "when I traveled through Ireland some years ago, naturally I was interested and as I passed through each county, I'd remember its name. I'm a better Irishman than any of you."

Senator Grady said nothing until the next day when he encountered Montague walking up Capitol Hill.

"Jimmy," he called, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, Senator."

"When you were traveling through *all* the counties of Ireland—how did it happen that you traveled through them in alphabetical order?"



"Well, maybe—" He paused. Again his eyes consulted Clem's above the rhythmic, dogged gliding

Just a Couple of Lambs

The wolves were after Clem and Bert. And everybody knew that Clem and Bert were easy prey

BY THE time he arrived at the second-floor offices of the firm of Finn & Dorner, Mr. Peter Finn, senior and slicker member of that prosperous partnership, had recovered his normal mood of self-approval. Although his journey back and forth over nine miles of frozen-rutted hill roads had not been pleasant for a person of his soft bulk, his red, fat face was cheerful with the cheerfulness of the tomcat who comfortably contains a fat canary. Dorner, looking up quickly as Finn entered, instantly placed this interpretation upon his aspect.

"Signed her up, did you?"

He snickered, showing wide-spaced short teeth. He was thinner than Finn but his lesser bulk conveyed somehow the same suggestion, the same hint of those traits and qualities by which some men contrive to prosper and stay soft in a lean, hard, hungry country.

"No," said Finn, "she wouldn't touch it." He chuckled. "Just as good as told me she wouldn't trust either of us. As for giving us a power-of-attorney, not a chance! Found that out before I'd talked to her five minutes."

He chuckled. Dorner glowered at him.

"Funny, isn't it? You know what we stand to lose on this, and you sit there laughing your fat head off, as if it was a good joke!"

"Well," said Finn, "it isn't such a bad joke, at that, George. There's more than one way to handle these hill-billy women. You can't always drive 'em, but you can generally manage, if you've got brains and know how to use 'em. If you'd gone over there you'd be busy right now, trying to talk Nellie into signing that power-of-attorney."

"I wouldn't be here, laughing about it, anyhow," snapped Dorner.

"Well, I am." Finn chuckled as if by way of illustration. "Because, as soon as I saw how Nellie felt about trusting you and me I quit trying to make her do it, and started in to get her to trust somebody else. She's smart enough to see she can't hope to sell that place without there's somebody up here empowered to handle it for her. So, when she wouldn't take a chance on us, I just up and talked her into trusting a couple of other boys. The Lebbeter twins were right there, helping her pack up. So she—"

Bert

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

Dorner sat up. "You don't mean to tell me she appointed those two lunkheads!"

"Scratched out our names on that power-of-attorney I took over and wrote theirs in, right while I was there."

Finn suffered Dorner to shake his hand in fervent congratulation. His little eyes dwelt approvingly upon the contortion of his partner's foxy face.

"I told you that you'd get a laugh out of it," he said. "Nellie's going back to Syrchester the first thing tomorrow and all we've got to do is handle the Lebbeters. Think we're smart enough to do it, George?"

Once more, even more fervently than before, Dorner shook hands.

THE lean, work-bitten bodies of the Lebbeter twins swung back and forth in perfect rhythm and there was between their minds the same accordance as between the muscles that dealt with their long cross-cut saw. They did their thinking as they did everything else, in step and chorus.

"Car climbing the hill," said Clem.

"Dorner," said Bert.

"Or Finn, maybe," said Clem.

They finished their cut, moved the saw, began again, Bert drawing toward him on the first stroke, as always.

"Either of 'em's smart enough to get the best of us," said Clem.

"That's what Finn was figuring on, I guess," Bert agreed. "Acted real pleased when Nellie wrote our names in that paper."

"He had a right to be pleased," said Clem. "We aren't smart enough to deal with a couple of slick ones like him and Dorner."

"Well," said Bert, "we know it, and that's the next best thing to being smart, Pa always used to say. Long as we know we're dumb we aren't so bad off. And seven hundred isn't such a big price to get for Nellie's place, either. All we got to do is hold out for it."

They started another cut.

"Holding out's one thing," said Clem, presently, "getting the money's another. Nellie's got to get that seven hundred pretty quick or she'll have to quit college and go hunting a job."

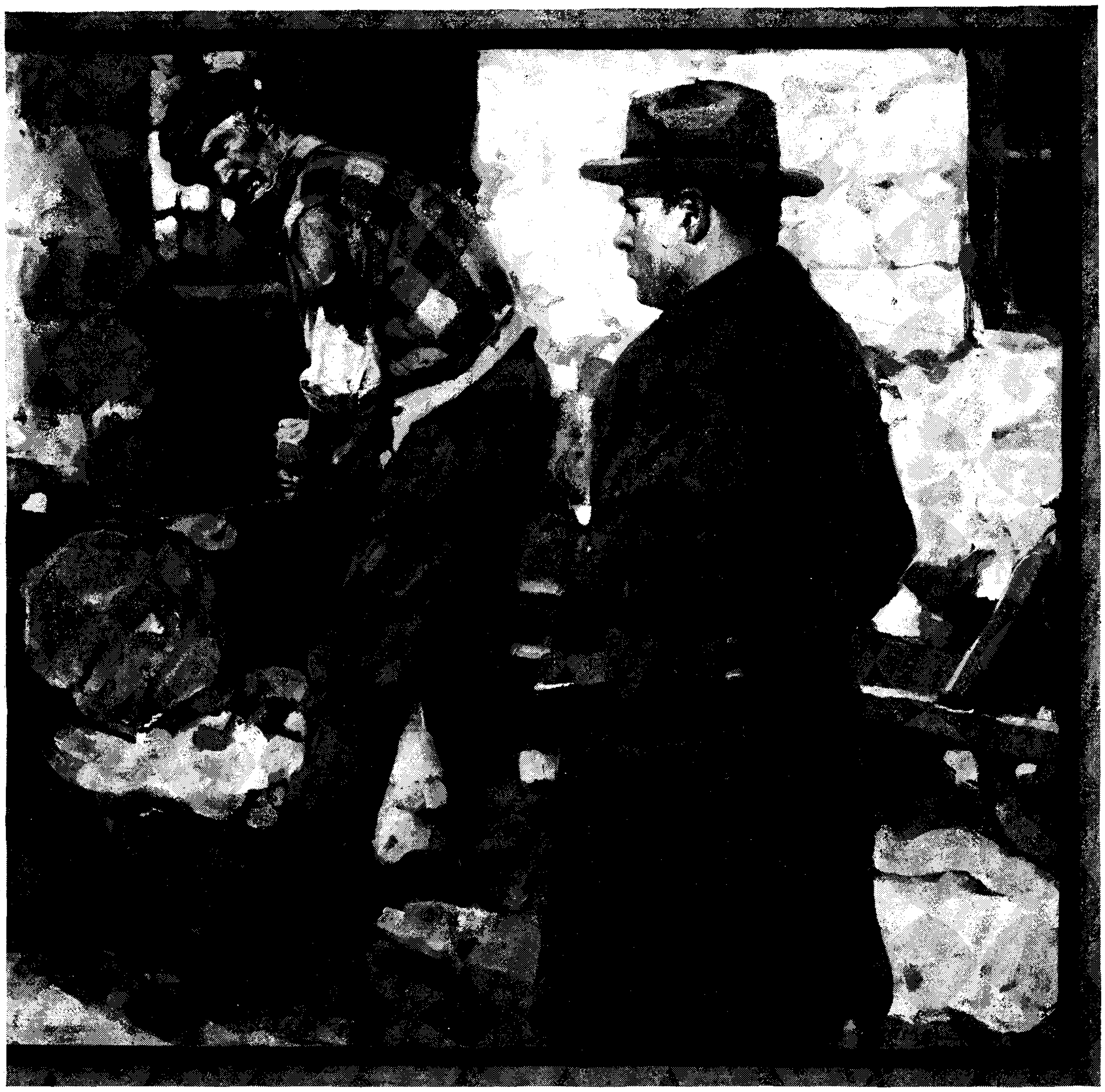
They meditated in silence for a dozen strokes.

"Maybe," said Bert, "Nellie isn't the only party that's in a hurry. Come to think it over, it's kind of funny for Pete Finn to drive clean over here that way. There's a sight of land for sale between here and Canastego, without him traipsing all the way up here just to get the sale of Nellie's place."

Clem did not speak, but his brow furrowed, as if his mind were taking its turn at thinking.

"Finn and Dorner must have some special reason for wanting Nellie's place," he decided, after a long silence. His forehead smoothed and Bert's wrinkled.

"Only reason I could think of would be that timber of Treadway's, up back of the Notch. It'd be real handy to own Nellie's place if a body was figuring on cutting that timber—save five-six



of the saw. His face cleared; his voice found stubbornness. "A thousand dollars," he said

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

miles of mean hauling if you could draw your logs down through the Notch instead of round the back road through the Corners. Suppose Finn and Dorner aim to buy the woods from Squire Treadway—"

Clem straightened.

"I bet you they've bought it already," he said. "If they were just figuring on doing it Pete Finn wouldn't have been in such a sweat to get over and talk to Nellie! I bet you they either own that timber right now or else they've got an option on it."

"Wouldn't wonder," said Bert. "Either way, it's a good thing we studied it out. Now we know why Finn's after the place we can handle him easier."

"We figured it out pretty slick," said Clem. "Maybe we're kind of smart after all, Bert."

"We ain't," said Bert decisively. "It took the two of us to figure this thing out. Couldn't either of us have done it alone. We won't be able to talk things out in front of Pete Finn; we'll be thinking separate as long as he's here, and if we go getting the notion we're as smart as he is he'll get the best of us in no time. No, sir. Before he gets here we got to get settled on just one thing and keep thinking about that all the time. We're asking a thousand dollars for Nellie's place and we won't take a cent less."

"But we only got to get seven hundred," urged Clem.

"We stand a sight better chance of getting it if Pete Finn thinks it's his figure instead of ours," said Bert. "Leave him climb up to it. All we got to do is remember just one thing: A thousand dollars. We ain't smart, but I guess we can make out to do that. Yonder he comes."

BUT it was neither Finn nor Dorner who climbed the snake fence and crossed the wood-lot. It was a stranger to the twins, a brisk, wide-mouthed young man of genial aspect and fluent speech. He made himself known in the voice of one bearing glad tidings, and the twins, without interrupting their labors, nodded in their choral habit. They were familiar with visitors of this type. They had developed a defensive ritual for dealing with the canvassers who, for some mysterious reason, chose to traffic in the lean and hungry hills.

Briefly, above the steady-swinging saw, this ritual now took place between them. Bert's head moved half an inch to right and left; Clem's, in answer, moved the same distance down and up

Clem

and his face assumed that look of worried determination with which, invariably, he took up his appointed duty as spokesman. Reluctantly he accepted the burden of speech.

"Morning," he said.

As usual the remark, in combination with Bert's silence, served to center the caller's eloquence on Clem. Under the swift, smooth flow of words the anxious, upright line between his eyes grew deeper. The salesman was shuffling a pack of small envelopes in hands almost as nimble as his tongue.

"Pick one, brother," he was urging. "You can't lose and you might win. It isn't gambling—it's just our way of advertising. Instead of spending money in the papers we give it to our friends and customers. Pick out the lucky envelope and you get one of our life-size oil portraits absolutely free, gratis and for nothing. You can't lose and you stand to win a prize that'll be a pride and pleasure to you and your family, a tasty ornament for your home and a comfort to your dear ones when you're gone. Here—pick your lucky envelope—pick any one at all."

THERE was a momentary pause during which the twins repeated their ocular consultation. Clem spoke regretfully:

"I guess not. We're much obliged, but—"

"Why, you can't lose, can you? And look at what you stand to win, a genuine, life-size portrait, hand-painted in oils, without its costing you a cent! Come on, brother—try your luck! Go ahead and pick!"

"Guess not," said Clem, after another pause.

"Don't feel lucky this morning, eh? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: If you're afraid to draw for yourself, I'll draw for you. I guess that's fair enough, isn't it? Look here. You hold 'em and I'll pick one for you."

"Guess not," said Clem.

The salesman had begun, in spite of the November air, to perspire a little, but his resolute benignity remained undimmed.

"All right. I'll pick one for you, anyhow. Watch."

He closed his eyes, extended both hands and chose, at ostentatious random, an envelope which he proffered so urgently that Clem's hand, forsaking the saw handle, rose to accept it and was withdrawn just in time.

"Go ahead and open it!"

"Guess not," said Clem. There was, however, a quality of wistfulness in his voice that a trained ear could not mistake.

"Okay. I'll open it for you. There! Whadduyuh know about that! You win! Look at that, will you! First prize! A life-size, hand-painted portrait absolutely free, gratis and for nothing! Well, well, well! I had a hunch you couldn't lose, brother. That's why I kept right after you. Now if you'll gimme a photograph for the artist to work by we'll be all set and sitting pretty."

HE TURNED, some of the good will departing from his countenance, at the sound of an approaching footstep. The Lebbeters also twisted their heads in the direction of the sound. Another brief exchange of glances passed between them. The portly bulk of Peter Finn came waddling toward them.

"Morning, boys." Mr. Finn spoke kindly. His little eyes twisted briefly to the canvasser and comprehension dawned in them, the tolerant, contemptuous look with which a successful forger, say, might watch a pickpocket at his humble trade.

"Don't let me interfere," he said. "Go right ahead and finish your talk. I'm not in a hurry."

The canvasser's distrustful glower relaxed. His grin returned. In his nod toward Finn there was something of the admiring gratitude with which the pickpocket would acknowledge the presence of the greater artist and give thanks for permission to resume his lowly toil.

(Continued on page 70)

Beginning at End

By Knute K. Rockne

Here the famous football coach tells about his first experiences in the big-time game and describes the introduction of the aërial offense which carried Notre Dame to glory in the East

ALEXANDER trampling the Persians, Napoleon smashing the Austrians at Jena, and One-Eye Connolly crashing the gate at Toledo are faint, carbon-copy thrills compared to the beat and jump of a young man's pulse when he is sent on the gridiron for his first big-league performance.

Mine came in the game against Pittsburgh in 1911. Notre Dame had played four games that season before meeting Pittsburgh. Our record was 182 points against 6 by our opponents. True, the opposition was not strong—although Ohio Northern and Butler, two on the list of four, were never exactly push-overs. Really, my début was against Ohio Northern. An almost disastrous début. Charlie Dorais, our quarterback, threw a forward pass at me, but I was so high-strung and tense that I met the ball with frozen fingers and dropped it—and at the same time learned that loose hands and relaxed fingers are the only effective tools for making the soft, non-resisting catch essential to a forward-pass receiver.

Against Pittsburgh we were rather cocky. The Panthers were a powerful outfit under Coach Duff. They had beaten some of the best in the East. But we had been so used to piling up points that when the first quarter ended with only zeros on the scoreboard, the experience was so novel it flustered us.

What seemed like a big crowd watched the game—about ten thousand; and the local press had spoken much, perhaps too much, about the brains and speed of Dorais, our steersman. Dorais, a 140-pounder, had both; but Pittsburgh had its quota. To break the scoreless tie after the first half we tried desperately to show the cagy Panthers that we could outguess them. We did, catching them napping with an onside kick by Dorais which I scooped up and raced to make a touchdown. But the officials outguessed us and decreed no score and a penalty of five yards against Notre Dame.

To offset this disappointment and to give the crowd another sample of the tricks in the Notre Dame bag, Dorais—always a quick thinker—decided to drop called signals. The plan was to play our right and left halfbacks—Berger and Bergman—without further notice, depending upon which side, right or left, our opponents aimed their punts.

This was new and smart stuff. Wagner, Pittsburgh's 190-pound ace, kicked a long ball to Bergman's side. After the runback and first down we went into scrimmage. Dorais called no signals. But our center, a big, husky chap who, up till then, had been eminently satisfactory, failed to snap the ball back.

Will-o'-the-Wisp

Precious seconds passed and our chance for a surprise play was lost. Officials cautioned us to hurry; Dorais prodded the center, linesmen yelled at him.

"All right," he barked back. "What's the signal?"

Dorais calmly called one of our routine plays, and the game went on. In a huddle he berated the defaulting center, reminding him how it had been agreed to have a surprise play around end without signals.

"Next time you plan a trick," the center said, "don't whisper it. I'm half deaf."

Failure to discover that fact before the game cost us a chance to score against the great Panther team. But Wagner's play had something to do with it. He was a big, strong, speedy man, and he seemed to have made it his life's work that afternoon to stop the even speedier Dorais. Anybody who saw him play will agree that Dorais had the best open-field legs in football. The news lads, who were digging into dictionaries for labels at that time, called Dorais the Will-o'-the-Wisp. Usually he was, but not against Mr. Wagner.

It was impossible to tackle Dorais, like all small, fast men, in the orthodox way of diving at his legs. But Wagner, an All-America player, had All-America brains. Instead of diving at Dorais' legs, he ran at him and threw his arms around his neck, stopping him dead. If I had to curb Mr. Albie Booth's enthusiasm in a match against Notre Dame, that's how it would be done. It's the only way to stop the nimble-footed speed kings.

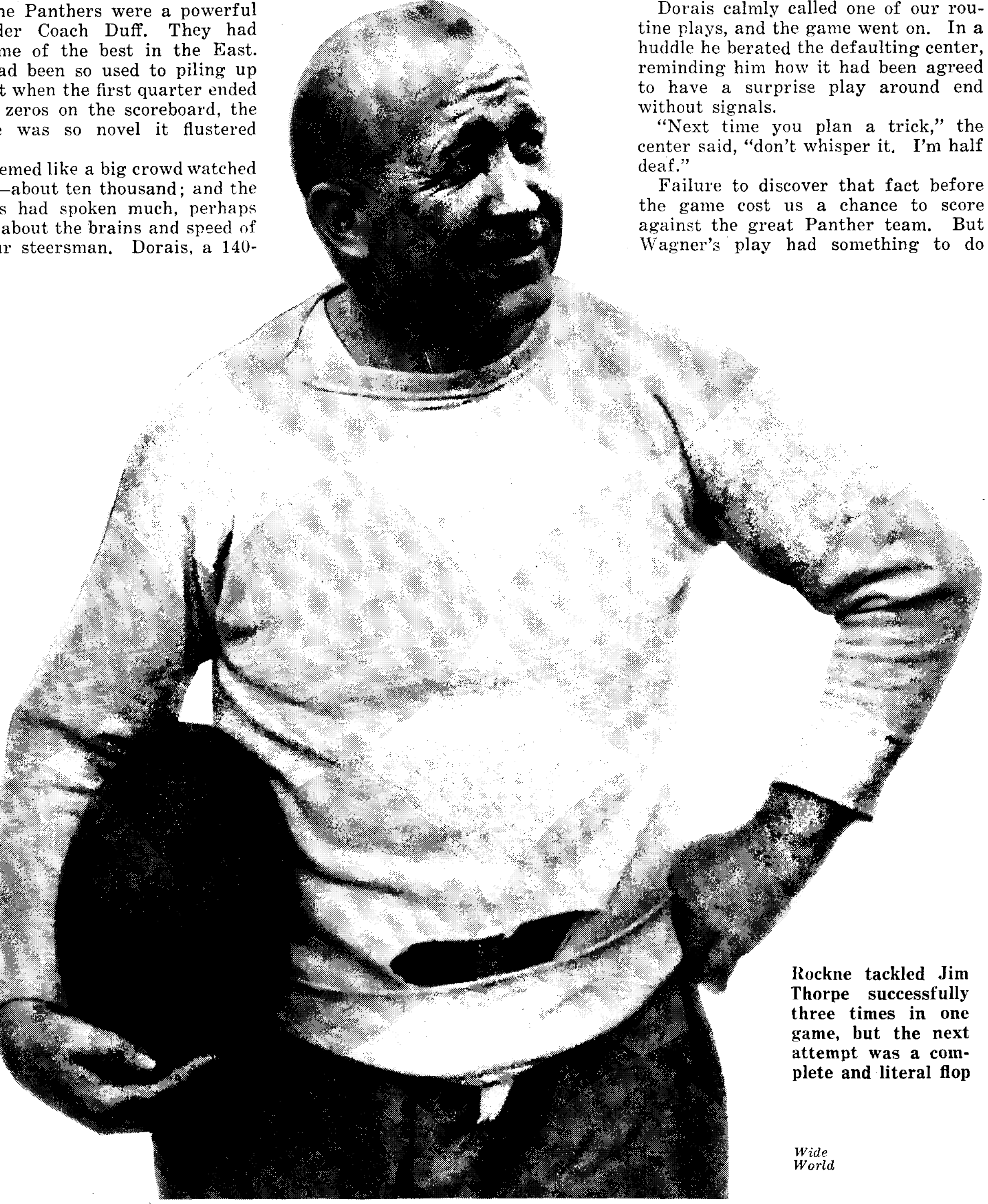
That evening a disappointed bunch left Pittsburgh after a scoreless tie; but I had learned three things in that initiation into big-league football. Most important was the high Wagner tackle; second was the fact that when you catch your opponents napping and put over a fast one—as with the onside kick that should have won the game—officials may also be napping and call offside what was onside; third, that a large crowd meant no thrill to me. Overawed by what looked like assembled millions as we ran on the field for the kick-off, the moment the ball went into play I had promptly forgotten that anybody was looking on. It was all a valuable part of football education.

Puzzling to me was not only that we were disappointed, but that the crowd, as interpreted by the news-writers, felt that we had failed to pull off any miracles of forward passing, the new and then little-understood aërial game.

It Came to Pass

There have been so much guessing and dispute as to where this aërial game originated, and so many have thought that Notre Dame held and holds the patent, that a little research should settle the question. As with most revolutionary movements in established practice, the forward pass came in quietly, almost obscurely. Eddie Cochems, coach at St. Louis University circa 1907, enrolled a few boys with hands like steam shovels who could toss a football just as easily and almost as far as they could throw a baseball. St. Louis played and defeated several big teams—using the forward pass. One would have thought that so effective a play would be instantly copied and become the vogue. The East, however, had not learned much or cared much about Mid-West and Western football; indeed, the East hardly realized that football existed beyond the Alleghenies. Old-fashioned line plunges, mass plays and the monotonous kicking game, waiting for a break, were the stock in trade. The pass was a threat which heavy teams disdained. Warner of Carlisle and Stagg of Chicago were just behind Cochems in evolving the open game.

In all, with the pass as a versatile weapon, there are only about ninety possible plays on attack. Since a football team is no stronger than its weakest player, the number of practicable plays mastered by a team is rarely more than twenty. The pass complicated matters too much for old-fashioned technicians, who preferred to rely upon bull strength and Lady Luck. This accounts



Rockne tackled Jim Thorpe successfully three times in one game, but the next attempt was a complete and literal flop

Wide World

for the slowness of its general adoption.

We took it up the instant we saw it. Dorais—the name, by the way, is pronounced like the first two notes of the tonic sol-fa scale—and I spent a whole summer vacation at Cedar Point on Lake Erie. We worked our way as restaurant checkers and what not, but played our way on the beach with a football, practicing forward passing. There was nothing much else for two young fellows without much pocket money to do, and it made us familiar with the innovation that was to change the entire character of football.

Jack Marks, our coach, had tried a quarterback-to-end pass combination in several games. Against Wabash in 1911, our first year with the pass in full play, Wabash had us beaten on a long and perfectly executed pass from Lambert to Howard. But the officials measured it. It was thrown more than twenty yards beyond the line of scrimmage and therefore illegal. Wabash was penalized. Also, had that pass been thrown within five yards on either side of center there would have been another penalty. If you can figure out the sense of those rules, you're much better than I.

International Newsreel

Pritchard of Army got credit as a gridiron fox for a trick two other stars had used previously

An Indian was the greatest football player of all—Jim Thorpe of Carlisle

McEwen, the Army center, was an All-America star

Paul Thompson

Brown Bros.

Ray Eichenlaub, spearhead of the attack, ripped the Army line to pieces

International Newsreel

In football, technically, there are three kinds of forward pass: First, the spot pass, thrown to a spot where the receiver is supposed to be; second, the pass which is thrown to one definite individual; third, the choice pass, in which the passer, dropping back for protection, selects whichever of his eligible receivers is uncovered. This is the best pass in football, but the most difficult to execute.

The Barefoot Booter

About the time of which I'm speaking, Wabash had a clever exponent of the choice pass named Skeets Lambert. He was responsible for an extra restriction eventually being put on the forward pass by the rules committee. For instance, when we played Wabash we would rush Lambert and chase him sometimes twenty to twenty-five yards beyond the line of scrimmage and it looked as if we were about to throw him for a big loss. However, he fooled us by purposely grounding the ball when there was no teammate uncovered to whom he could pass. The ball was returned to the spot at which the play had started, with loss of down but not of yardage. Dorais promptly borrowed this trick from Lambert. In turn, Pritchard of Army copied it from Dorais, but Pritchard got credit as a gridiron fox for this quarterback ruse, which a subsequent rule penalized. Many football tricks of offense and defense have had similar genealogy—the player who performs them before the most newspaper witnesses being usually credited as the originator.

Perfection of the forward pass came to us only through daily, tedious practice. I'd run along the beach, Dorais would throw from all angles. People who didn't know we were two college seniors making painstaking preparations for our final football season probably thought we were crazy. Once a bearded old gentleman took off his shoes to get in the fun, seizing the ball and kicking it merrily, with bare feet, too, until a friendly keeper came along to take him back where he belonged.

But the fruit of our summer work was evidenced in the fall. In the first three games before meeting the Army for the initial game of a now historic series, Notre Dame piled up 169 points to its opponents' 7, South Dakota being the scoring foe. This was all done on forward passing. Although we were not the first to use the forward pass, it can be truthfully said that we were among the first to learn how it should be used.

In the early days the players threw it and caught it much like a medicine ball. A football weighs fourteen ounces and a medicine ball about fourteen pounds. When you catch the latter it's in a hugging grab. We mastered the technique of catching the football with hands relaxed and tried to master the more difficult feat of catching it with one hand.

Naturally, we had pointed all this aërial practice for the Army game. The West Point boys were the background for Notre Dame's first big Eastern appearance, and while the game was not all-important to them, to us it was the supreme test of our playing careers. The Army had a marvelous line, with two All-America stars, McEwen at center and Merrilot at end, while Pritchard, at quarterback, also had All-America rating.

The morning we left for West Point the entire student body of the university got up long before breakfast to see us to the day coach that carried the squad to Buffalo—a dreary, all-day trip. From Buffalo we enjoyed the luxury of sleeping-car accommodations—regulars in lowers, substitutes in uppers. There was no pampering in those days. We wanted none of it. We went out to play Army like crusaders, believing that we represented not only our own school, but the whole, aspiring Middle West.

West Point, as always since our meetings have become famous, treated us most hospitably. We were housed in Cullum Hall and given the freedom of the Officers' Club. There was a fair crowd to see the game on the Plains, and the New York newspapers were interested enough to send second-string football reporters.

An Old Army Game

The cadet body and most of the other spectators seemed to regard the engagement as a quiet, friendly work-out for Army.

For the first part of the first quarter it looked that way. An Army line outweighing ours by about fifteen pounds to the man pushed us all over the place before we overcame the tingling realization that we were actually playing the Army. I recall Merrilot shouting:

"Let's lick these Hoosiers!"

So I asked him, in a lull, if he knew how the word Hoosier originated.

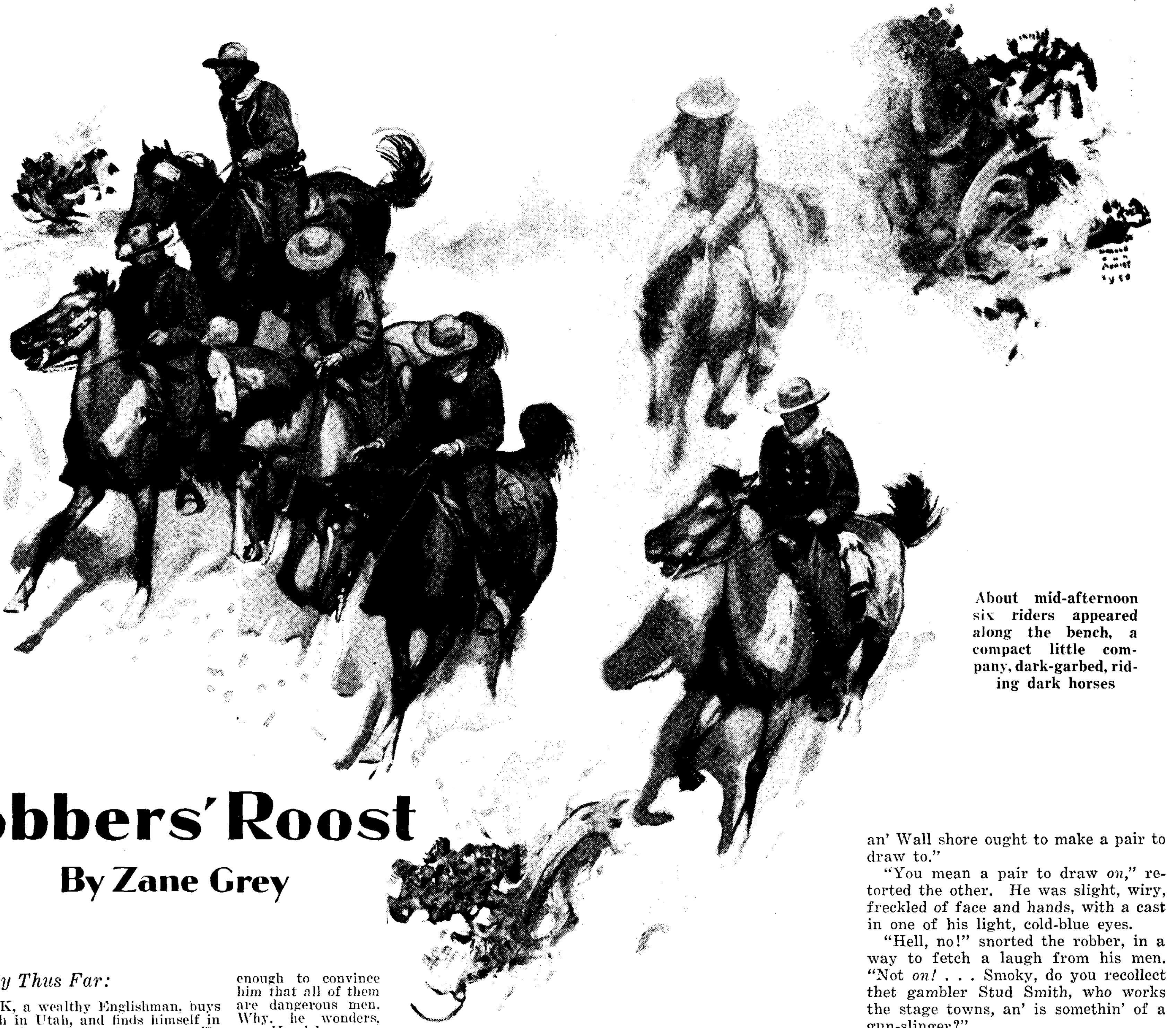
"We started it at South Bend," I informed him, John Markoe and what others of the Army team would listen. "After every game the coach goes over the field, picks up what he finds and asks his team: 'Whose ear is this?' Hence, Hoosier?"

The gag didn't work so well. Something else did. After we had stood terrific pounding by the Army line, and a trio of backs that charged in like locomotives, we held them on downs. Dorais, in a huddle, said: "Let's open up." It was amusing to see the Army boys huddle after a first, snappy eleven-yard pass had been completed for a first down. Their guards and tackles went tumbling into us to stop line bucks and plunges. Instead, Dorais stepped neatly back and flicked the ball to an uncovered end or halfback. This we did twice in a march up the field, gaining three first downs in almost as many minutes.

Our attack had been well rehearsed. After one fierce scrimmage I emerged limping as if hurt. On the next three plays Dorais threw three successful passes in a row to Pliska, our right halfback, for short gains. On each of these three plays I limped down the field acting as if the thing farthest from my mind was to receive a forward pass. After the third play the Army halfback covering me figured I wasn't worth watching. Even as a decoy he figured I was harmless.

Finally, Dorais called my number, meaning that he was to throw a long forward pass to me as I ran down the field and out towards the side lines. I started limping down the field and the Army halfback covering me almost yawned in my face he was that bored. Suddenly, I put on full speed and left him standing there flat-footed. I raced across the Army goal line as Dorais whipped the ball and the grandstands roared at the completion of a forty-yard pass. Everybody seemed astonished. There had been no hurdling, no tackling, no plunging, no crushing of fiber and sinew. Just a long-distance touchdown by rapid transit.

(*Continued on page 67*)



About mid-afternoon six riders appeared along the bench, a compact little company, dark-garbed, riding dark horses

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

HERRICK, a wealthy Englishman, buys a ranch in Utah, and finds himself in a nest of cattle rustlers and gunmen. To insure himself against robbery and other outrages, he tries a novel experiment: he hires the desperadoes!

Among the new employees are Hank Hays and one Heeseman, dead shots and bitter enemies. Herrick makes the former his superintendent. . . .

While riding near the town of Green River, Hays meets a mysterious young stranger, who gives his name as "Jim Wall" (which it, obviously, is not) and confides that he has fled from Wyoming, where he is wanted—on various charges.

The two ride together, and Hays is delighted when, having boldly held up a casual acquaintance, he notes that the young man is not shocked, but merely amused.

Convinced that Wall is both unscrupulous and game, Hays informs him, guardedly, that he is planning to rob Herrick on a gigantic scale when the opportune moment arrives. He then invites the newcomer to join his gang.

Wall is not a cattle-rustler; he has never been guilty of stock-stealing. But, being penniless and in need of a job, he accepts the invitation; and almost at once he has a chance to prove his mettle.

In Green River, Hays becomes engaged in an altercation with one "Stud," a card-shark. Heated words are exchanged, and a tense moment finally arrives when it looks as though the gambler—who is amazingly quick on the draw—is on the verge of shooting Hays. Then, to the surprise of the onlookers, Wall steps forward. With the utmost coolness he accuses the gambler of cheating and dares him to fight.

Stud, thoroughly bluffed, does not draw; and those who witness the drama realize that the man from Wyoming is what he appears to be: a fighter.

A trying horseback journey to Herrick's ranch follows.

Arrived, Wall notes the border-hawks with whom he is to work. One glance is enough to convince him that all of them are dangerous men. Why, he wonders, was Herrick ever so foolish as to hire them? And why did the Englishman deliberately pick Hays as his right-hand man?

What a strange fellow, Hays! As Wall goes to sleep that night he reviews all his new boss' actions. The fellow has courage of a sort. But when a real test comes can he be trusted? Wall resolves to take no chances.

III

NOT until the following morning did Jim Wall get a satisfactory scrutiny of the four members of Hays' outfit.

His first impression was that not one of them had ever been a cowman, which gave their presence there such incongruity. Nor would any of them ever see their thirtieth year again.

Before breakfast, at the table, and afterward, out on the porch, it was give and take between Wall and this quartet. His lot had never been cast with just such men, but he knew how to meet them.

The eldest, who answered to the name of Mac, was a cadaverous-faced man, with a clammy skin and eyes like a ghoul. He was always twisting and squeezing his hands, lean, sinewy, strong members.

"Whar you from?" he had asked Wall.

"Wyoming, last," replied Jim, agreeably.

"An' before thet, Texas, I'll gamble."

"Funny how I'm taken for a Texan, for I'm not. I never was in that state."

"Not funny at all," replied the other, with a laugh. "Leastways not to Smoky hyar. Haw! Haw! You shore have the look of a Texan."

"Hope that's not against me here in Utah."

"Jest contrary, I'd say," rejoined Mac.

Jeff Bridges, a sturdy, tow-headed man of forty or thereabouts, probably once had been a farmer or a villager. He had a bluff, hearty manner and seemed not to pry under the surface.

"Glad Hank took you on," he said. "We need one cattleman in this outfit, an' thet's no joke."

Sparrowhawk Latimer, the third of the four, greatly resembled a horse thief Wall had once seen hanged—the same beaked nose, the same small, sleek head, the same gimlet eyes of steel.

"Jim Wall, eh, from the Wind River country," he said. "Been through thar, years ago. Must be populated now. It wasn't a healthy place then."

"Lots of ranchers, riders—and sheriffs," returned Jim, easily. "That's why I rode on."

"Wal, them articles is scarce hyar. Utah is wild yet, except over east in the Mormon valleys."

Hays had said to Slocum, the fourth member of this quartet: "Smoky, you an' Wall shore ought to make a pair to draw to."

"You mean a pair to draw *on*," retorted the other. He was slight, wiry, freckled of face and hands, with a cast in one of his light, cold-blue eyes.

"Hell, no!" snorted the robber, in a way to fetch a laugh from his men. "Not *on!* . . . Smoky, do you recollect thet gambler Stud Smith, who works the stage towns, an' is somethin' of a gun-slinger?"

"I ain't forgot him."

"Wal, we set in a poker game with him one night. I was lucky. Stud took his losin' to heart, an' he shore tried to pick a fight. First he was goin' to draw on me, then shifted to Jim. An' damn if Jim didn't bluff him out of throwin' a gun."

"How?"

"Jim just said for Stud not to draw, as there wasn't a man livin' who could set at a table an' beat him to a gun."

"Most obligin' an' kind of you, Wall," remarked Smoky, with sarcasm, as he looked Jim over with unsatisfied eyes. "If you was so all-fired certain of thet, why'd you tip him off?"

"I never shoot a man just because the chance offers," rejoined Jim, coldly.

THERE was a subtle intimation in this, probably not lost upon Slocum. The greatest of gunmen were quiet, soft-spoken, sober individuals who never sought quarrels. They were few in number, compared to the various types of would-be killers met with on the ranges and in the border towns. Jim knew that his reply would make an enemy, even if Slocum were not instinctively one on sight. There was no help for these things, and self-preservation lay solely in being able to instill doubt and fear. Respect could scarcely be felt by men like Slocum. Like a weasel he sniffed around Jim.

“You don't, eh?” he queried. “Wal, I work on the opposite principle. Reckon I'll live longer. . . . Wall, you strike me unfavorable.”

“Thanks for being honest, if not complimentary,” returned Jim. “I can't strike everybody favorably, that's sure.”

Hays swore at his lieutenant: “Unfavorable, huh? Now why the hell do you have to pop up with a dislike for him?”

“I didn't say it was dislike. Just unfavorable. No offense meant.”

“Smoky,” said Hays, “I won't have no grudges in this outfit. I've got the biggest deal on I ever worked out. There's got to be harmony among us.”

“Hank, you're in your dotage. Harmony among a bunch of grown men, all hard, bitter, defeated outlaws? Bah!”

“Smoky, because you're an outlaw doesn't make me one, or Happy or Brad or Mac, or any other of us, unless Jim here. He hasn't confided in me yet.”

“I'm no outlaw,” declared Jim, coolly.

“It's a little matter thet'll soon be corrected. This Englishman has money enough to fetch the law out on this border. There's your mistake, Hank. I've been agin this deal an' I'll stay agin it.”

“Same here,” interposed Lincoln.

“WAL, we don't agree,” said Hays, calmly. “An' thet's nothin'. But Smoky bobbin' up agin my new man—thet's serious. Now let's lay the cards on the table. . . . Jim, do you want to declare yourself?”

“I'm willing to answer questions—unless they get nasty,” replied Jim, frankly. He had anticipated some such circumstance as this, and really welcomed it.

“Will you tell the truth?” queried Slocum, bluntly.

“I'll agree to—if I answer at all,” rejoined Jim slowly. “Shoot away.”

“You got run out of Wyomin'?”

“No. But if I'd stayed on I'd probably stretched hemp.”

“Rustlin'?”

“No.”

“Hoss-stealin'? Thet hoss of yours is worth stealin'.”

“No.”

“Hold up a stage or somebody?”

“No. Once I helped hold up a bank. That was years ago.”

“Bank robber! You're out of our class, Jim.”

“Hardly that. It was my first and only crack at a bank. Two of us got away. Then we held up a train—blew open the safe in the express car.”

“What'd you get?” queried Slocum, with an intense interest which was reflected in the faces of his comrades.

“Not much. Only sixty thousand dollars in gold. It was hard to pack away.”

Smoky's low whistle attested to his admiration, if no more. The others stood spellbound. Mac rubbed his suggestive hands together.

Jim turned to them: “That, gentlemen, is the extent of my experience as a robber. I was never caught, but the thing dogged. Still I don't want to give the impression I left Wyoming on that account. As a matter of fact, both deals were pulled off in Iowa. Something personal made Wyoming too hot for me.”

“Women!” grinned Hays, his face lighting.

“No.”

“Guns?” flashed Slocum, penetratingly.

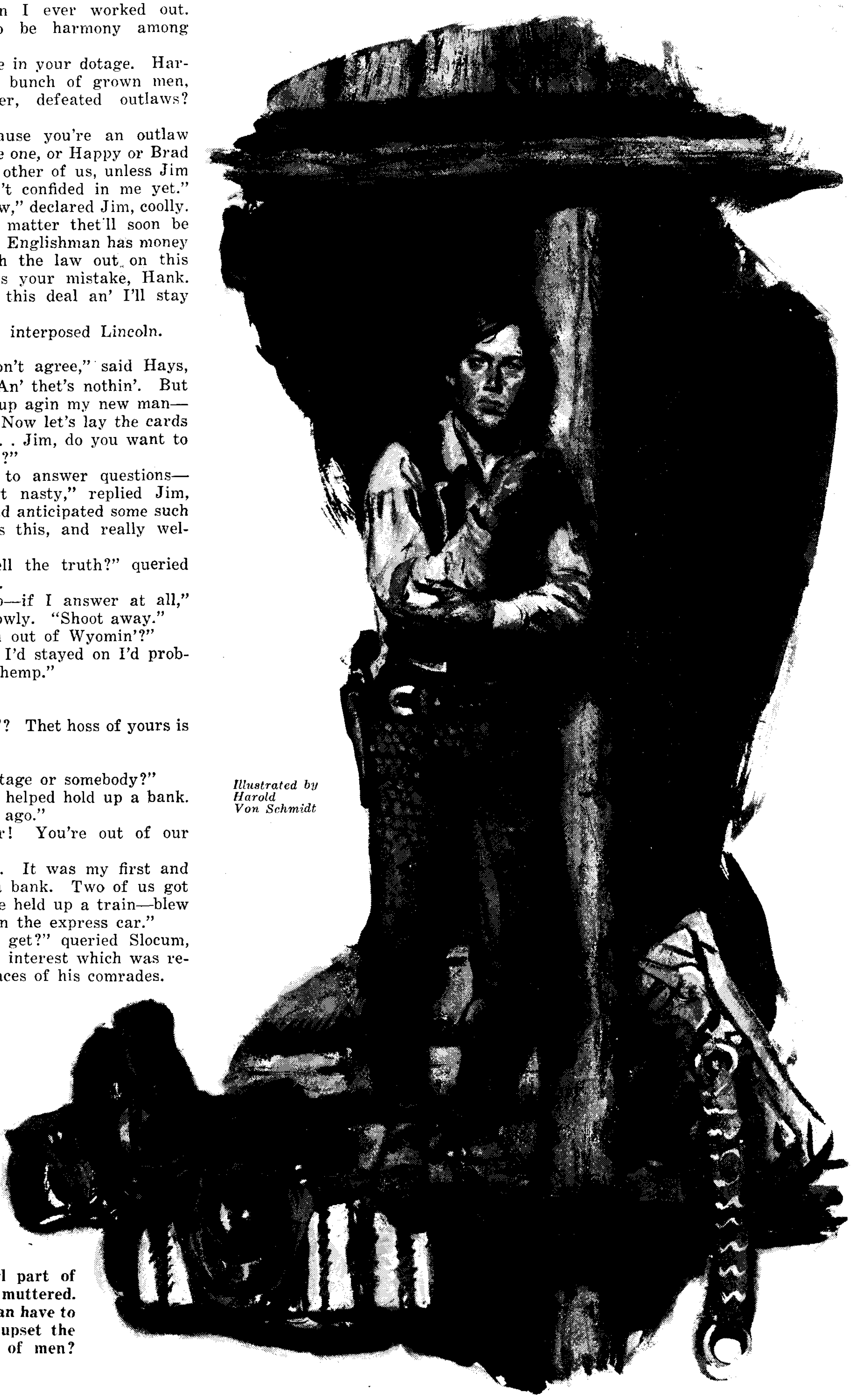
Jim laughed. “One gun, anyhow.”

They all laughed. The tension seemed released.

“Smoky, I call it square of Wall,” spoke up Hays. “He shore didn't need to come clean as thet.”

“It's all right,” agreed Slocum, as if forced to fair judgment.

Hays plumped off the porch rail with boots ringing his relief and satisfaction. “Now, fellers, we can get to work. Herrick puts a lot of things up to me, an' I ain't no cattleman. Jim, do you know the cattle game?”



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

“Damn the girl part of it, anyhow!” he muttered. Why did a woman have to come along to upset the best-laid plans of men?

“From A to Z,” smiled Wall.

“Say, but I'm in luck. We'll run the ranch now. Who's been boss since I left?”

“Herrick. An' thet shore made Heeseman an' his outfit sore. There's trouble brewin' with him, Hank. We got to get rid of him an' his pards before we can pull any deals.”

“Listen, I've only one deal in mind,” replied Hays powerfully. “Thet'll take time.”

“How much time?” queried Lincoln.

“I don't know. Ought to have a couple of months. . . . Shore Heeseman sticks in my craw. We'll have a powwow tonight. I'll go see the boss. Rest of you get to work. Haw! Haw!”

“What'll I do, Hank?” asked Jim.

“Wal, you look the whole diggin's over.”

JIM lost no time in complying with his first order from the superintendent of Star Ranch. What a monstrous and incredible hoax was being perpetrated upon some foreigner! Jim had no sympathy for him. He was just curious.

Evidently there had been ranchers here in this valley before Herrick. Old log cabins and corrals adjoining the new ones attested to this. The barns, the pastures, the pens teemed with ranch life. Jim did not recall ever having heard so much of a clamor. Burros were braying all over the place; horses whistled and neighed; turkeys gobbled, pigs squealed, roosters crowed, sheep baaed—it was certainly a farm scene, and, despite the overcrowding, the disproportion to the natural effects of a normal ranch, it was colorful, bustling, thrilling in the extreme.

He would have been willing to wager something that no Westerner had ever seen a barn like the one newly erected. Jim did not know whether to proclaim it a monstrosity or a wonderfully new and utilitarian structure. Probably it was English in design. If Herrick did not mind expense this sort of improvement was all right. There were fences new and puzzling to Jim, as in fact were all the peeled-log constructions.

JIM passed cowboys with only a word or a nod. He could get along with that breed, here or anywhere, because he had developed his own range life with them. He made unobtrusive effort to espy ranch hands of another type—that which was giving Hays concern. He talked with a stableboy who proved easy to make friends with, and to an old man who said he had owned a homestead across the valley, one of those Herrick had gathered in.

Jim gleaned information from this rancher. Herrick had bought out all the cattlemen in the valley, and on round the foothill line to Limestone Springs, where the big X Bar outfit began. Riders for these small ranches had gone to work for Herrick. They were Mormons. Jim concluded this was a desirable state of affairs, because it might account for the natural antagonism sure to arise between the real cowboys and the older employees of uncertain vocation. He was told, presently, that Heeseman, with ten men, was out on the range.

Presently Jim encountered Hays, accompanied by a tall, floridly blond man, garbed as no Westerner had ever been. This, of course, must be the Englishman. He was young, hardly over thirty, and handsome in a fleshy way.

“Mr. Herrick, this is my new hand I was tellin' you about,” announced Hays, glibly. He was absolutely shining of eye and face. “Jim Wall, late

(*Continued on page 63*)

For Wearing on the Green

By Glenna Collett

Real sports people look their parts, says Glenna Collett, and tells you how she does it as a golfer. Did you ever think of having your skirt measured to your stance? Golfing clothes should be just that practical

JEAN DES VIGNES

Sweaters and skirts play an important rôle in the sports wardrobe of our most prominent woman golfer. Comfort, practicality and chic feature the newest creations of the designers

Drawing by Jean des Vignes

BASEBALL, at the freckled age of ten, brought me my first sport clothes and my first knowledge that, above all, these should be comfortable—a good old loose middy blouse and bloomers. I still hold to that belief: comfort, first, last and always in sports clothes. But added to the practical, and surely a certain amount of the chic. These three things, to me, make the well-dressed sportswoman.

Because golf is my real passion among the sports, and since I dress for golf more than for any of the other games, it is better for me to try to define what, over a period of several years, I personally have found best to wear while playing golf.

If the costume is to be a skirt, a blouse and a sweater, these are the things I think about in choosing them: The skirt should be wide enough to afford an unhampered stance, but not so wide that it blows annoyingly around one's legs. Some golfers, when having their skirts made, are measured to their own particular stance. I think this is a very good idea. The skirt with inserted godets and front lacing has been a most successful one for me. It is easy to get into; it is graceful; and it is just the right width. I have had this particular skirt in woolen tweeds, in cotton crash tweeds, in flannels, in linens and in homespuns, and I have never been disappointed in it. It is an all-round golfing skirt.

As to blouses—in summer, I like a square-necked affair of silk or linen, preferably a tuck-in. And I like a lot of these, for a fresh blouse can put new life into my golf swing any time. In winter, a polo shirt of lisle and wool with long sleeves is worn by many smart sportswomen, but personally I have never cared for shirts. I dislike for myself a mannish collar. My face is too round for that. In cold weather I may wear, instead, a cashmere slip-on, or a light wool blouse, but with these I want a cleaning and dyeing establishment at my front door in order to afford frequent changes. Even under a one-piece sleeveless dress, a fresh blouse to me is the ideal arrangement. I feel so much neater that way.

I am told sweaters are returning to favor—but they have never been out of favor with me. They have saved me so often from so many perils: sore muscles, sore throat, in fact sore everything. They have guarded me like a good old kindly grandmother in the most vile weather. I like to collect them as some people like to collect pewter mugs, and in my collection these are some that are real friends to me: There is that lovely cashmere slip-on, in any of the pastel shades, that is so soft to the skin; or that smart striped pull-over; or those cardigans of finest wool, made in simple jacket style, that are both beautiful and warm at the same time.

I have seen a most attractive imported model of white wool, lined in bright yellow and orange striped wool. Really stunning along with the rest of a smart white costume.

If it is extremely cold weather, there is nothing more comforting to me than a natural chamois jacket. I stress the "natural," because in cleaning dyed chamois does not come out so well. It is apt to streak. This, along with a heavy pull-over angora sweater underneath and a woolen blouse, can make almost any dry but cold weather bearable.

The Ideal Golf Dress

Until I saw the new jumper dress, I always said I would not wear a sleeveless dress in tournament play. But now things are different, for this new model is irresistible. It is to be had in smartest wool and crash tweeds and in jersey. Its design is simple—a V-neck large enough to slip over the head, or made large enough with a zipper opening; the dress itself of natural line with two waistline pockets and a leather belt. Then, to make for me the ideal sleeveless design, each dress has a blouse of softly blending colors to wear under it. This means that one may both vary and freshen one's costume with the aid of numerous blouses. In hot weather, these may be of silk, linen or cotton; in cold, of wool or lisle and wool. Yes, I would make this model serve me even in tournament play—my first concession to any dress for that momentous period.

As to hats, on the golf course one has to think of weather particularly, and as a weather defier I choose the hat with a brim. Not too wide a brim, because that is apt, in wind or rain, to become floppy. But a natural width, slightly flexible to avoid too stiff an appearance. This hat with a well-fitted crown protects me from rain in my face, from sun in my eyes and from burn on my nose. It is strictly unadorned except perhaps for a striped hatband or a buckle fastener on a plain band. I can get this model in soft felt, in linen and in closely-woven panama. Then, when I am ready to leave the golf course, if I want a more formal hat, I can roll the golf hat up, stick it in my golf bag and go my way.

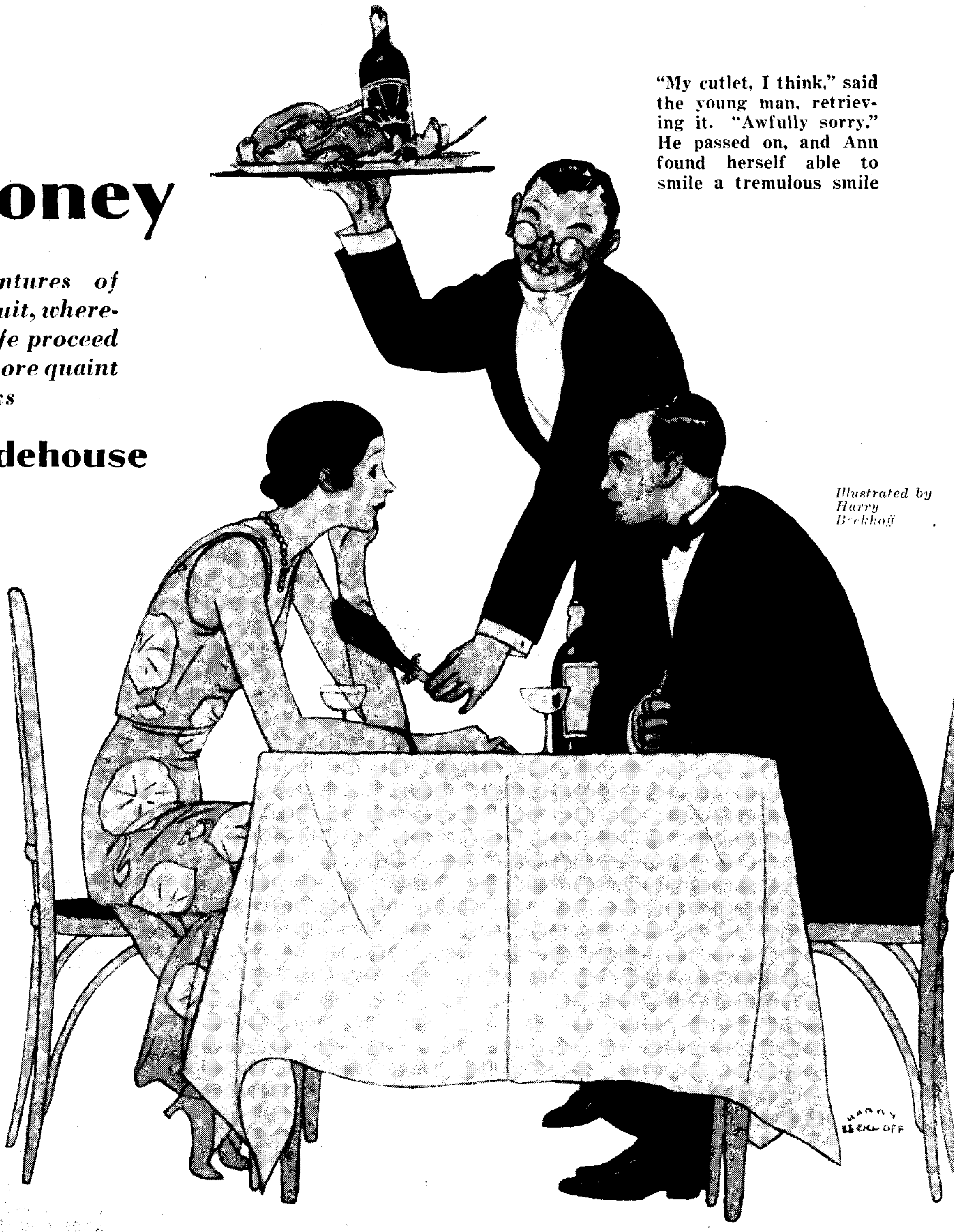
Berets for me have never seemed practical, because they do not guard

(*Continued on page 69*)

Big Money

Further adventures of Berry and Biscuit, wherein Love and Life proceed to play some more quaint pranks

By P. G. Wodehouse



"My cutlet, I think," said the young man, retrieving it. "Awfully sorry." He passed on, and Ann found herself able to smile a tremulous smile

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING got himself engaged to the lovely Ann Moon, niece of T. Paterson Frisby, American financier residing in London, Godfrey, Lord Biskerton (known to his irreverent intimates as the "Biscuit"), is confronted with a serious problem. He must evade his creditors and the bailiffs until after the marriage. But how?

"Berry" Conway, his lordship's closest friend—who, due to a paucity of funds, has become T. Paterson Frisby's secretary—makes a grand suggestion. Why not leave London, take a house next to Mr. Conway's in Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields, near the city, and pretend to be suffering from a severe attack of the mumps? . . . The Biscuit follows the suggestion—with joy.

Meanwhile the fair Kitchie Valentine, another American heiress, has appeared on the scene. Kitchie, engaged to a gentleman at whom her family turns up its nose, has been banished to England, there to do penance by visiting her uncle, the bellicose Major Flood-Smith, neighbor of Berry Conway.

Safe from the bailiffs, for the time being, in his new country residence, the Biscuit looks for excitement. He has not long to look. The lovely Kitchie is close at hand. He sees her, meets her, likes her. . . .

Let us now consider, for a moment, Mr. Conway's affairs. He, too, has an eye for beauty. And, having seen and conversed with a most fascinating young female (name unknown to him) he is deeply, and secretly, in love. The object of his affections is none other than Godfrey, Lord Biskerton's, fiancée—Ann Moon!

In need of ready cash, Mr. Conway seeks Mr. Frisby's advice. He owns a copper mine—"The Dream Come True," apparently worthless. Should he sell it? "Yes," says Mr. Frisby, who has learned that the mine is very valuable and wants it. Whereupon the young man prepares to sell the property to one J. B. Hoke (secretly in the employ of Mr. Frisby) for the princely sum of five hundred pounds. . . .

The Biscuit's impecunious father, Lord Hoddesdon, and Lord Hoddesdon's sister, the stalwart Lady Vera Mace, who is Miss Moon's chaperon, are much perturbed by the Biscuit's antics. Mumps! Pooh! If he stays away from London much longer, he may lose his Ann. More, he may lose a fortune! . . . But what does the Biscuit care? He is quite content to remain in the country—near Kitchie.

Meanwhile has Godfrey, Lord Biskerton's, affianced love been slowly pining away, due to his lordship's absence? She has *not!* On the contrary, Miss Moon seems quite chipper. . . . For somewhere in the great city is a young man. A very nice young man. So nice, indeed, that, having conversed with him, without knowing his name, our little heroine is—well, she is hoping to meet him again. . . . Berry? Correct!

VI

IT DID not take Berry long, once the company had seated itself in the Oriental banquet-room of the Hotel Mazarin in Piccadilly, to realize which of the two alternatives mentioned by the Biscuit was to be his fate tonight. Dotards in considerable force had attended this Old Boys dinner, but they were sitting at distant tables. His own was the very heart and center of the younger set. Boisterous striplings, who all seemed to know one another intimately and to have no desire to know him at all, encompassed him on every side. And gradually, as he watched them, his mood of somber sadness deepened.

He knew now that he had made a mistake in exposing himself to this ordeal. He was in no frame of mind gladly to suffer beardless juveniles like these. Swollen with soup, they had now begun to rollick and frolic in a manner infinitely distressing to a heartbroken elder. Their infantile frivolity afflicted him more and more every moment with a sense of the passage of the years.

Once, he reflected—how long ago!—he, too, had had spirits like that. Once he, also, had lived in Arcady and thrown bread at Old Boys dinners. How far in the distant past all that sort of thing lay now.

Twenty-six next birthday! That was what he was. Twenty-bally-six, and no getting away from it.

And what had he done with his life? Nothing. Apart from being the sort of chump who, when he has the luck to meet the only girl in the world, lets her slip away from him like a dream at daybreak, what had he achieved? Nothing. If he were to pass away tonight—poisoned, let us say, by this peculiar-looking fish which, having died of some unknown complaint, had just been placed before him by an asthmatic waiter, what sort of gap would he leave? An almost invisible one. Scarcely a dimple.

WOULD that girl regret him? Most unlikely. Would she even remember that she had ever met him? Probably not. A wonderful girl like that met so many men. Why should she have continued to bear in mind so notably inferior a specimen as himself? Such a girl could take her pick of all that was best and brightest of England's masculinity. Hers was a life spent in the center of a whirling maelstrom of handsome, dashing devils with racing cars and all the money in the world. What earthly reason had he to suppose that she had ever given him another thought? A doddering wreck like him—twenty-six next birthday. In a flash of morbid intuition he realized now why she had driven off that day and left him flat. It was because she was bored with him and had jumped at the chance of getting away while his back was turned.

He had reached this depth of self-torment and was preparing to go still deeper, when half a roll, propelled by a vigorous young hand, struck him smartly on the left ear. He leaped convulsively, and for an instant forgot all about the girl. In similar circumstances Dante would have forgotten Beatrice. The roll was one of those hard, jagged rolls, and the effect of its impact was not unlike that of a direct hit from a shell. He looked up wrathfully. And as he did so a child at the other end of the table, smirking apologetically, applied the last straw.

"Oh, sorry, sir!" cried this babe and suckling. "Frightfully sorry, sir. Most awfully sorry, sir. I was aiming at young Dogsbody."

Berry contrived to smirk back, but with an infinite wryness, for his heart was as lead. This, he felt, was the end.

The young germ had called him "sir."

"*Sir!*"

It was what he himself called T. Paterson Frisby, that genuine museum piece who could not be a day less than fifty.

Now he saw everything. Now he understood. That girl had been civil to him at first because she was a sweet, kindhearted girl who had been taught always to be polite to age. What he had mistaken for *camaraderie* had been merely the tolerance demanded by his white hairs. Right from the start, no doubt, she had been saying to herself, "At the very earliest opportunity I must shake this old buster!" and at the very earliest opportunity she had done so. "Sir!" indeed! How right the Biscuit had been. He should never have been such a fool as to come to this blasted party. And the best thing he could do, having come, was to repair his blunder by oiling out immediately.

To leave a public dinner at the height of its fever is not easy, and it is to be doubted whether mere senile gloom, however profound, would have been enough to nerve Berry to the task. But at this moment his eye fell on the table at the top of the room, along which, on either side of the president, were seated some twenty of the elect: and it now flashed upon him that of these at least eight must almost certainly be intending to make speeches. And right in the middle of them, with a nasty, vicious look in his eye, sat a bishop.

Anybody who has ever attended Old Boys dinners knows that bishops are tough stuff. They take their time, these prelates. They mouth their words and shape their periods. They roam with frightful deliberation from the grave to the gay, from the manly straightforward to the whimsically jocular. Not one of them but is good for at least twenty-five minutes.

Berry hesitated no longer. The banquet had reached the petrified quail stage now, which meant that there was only the hair-oil ice cream, the embalmed sardines on toast and the arsenical coffee to go before the dam of oratory would burst. There was not an instant to be lost. He pushed his chair back and sidled furtively to the door. He reached the door and pulled it open. He slid through and closed it behind him.

HE WAS standing now in the main lobby of the hotel. Festive-looking men and women were passing through, some to the dining-room, whence strains of music emerged, others to the lifts. There seemed to be a dance or some other sort of entertainment in progress upstairs somewhere, for traffic on the lifts was heavy. Revelers were being taken up in dozens, and Berry watched them with a growing feeling of desolation and disapproval. Their lightheartedness irked him as the exuberance of his recent companions in the Oriental banquet-room had irked him. It is not pleasant, when one is face to face with one's soul, to see a lot of fatheads enjoying themselves.

Berry had achieved by this time a frame of mind which would have qualified him to walk straight into a Tchekov play and no questions asked, and he resented all this idiotic gayety. As the crackling of thorns under a pot, he felt, so is the laughter of a fool.

An unusually large consignment was on the point of starting now. The lift was crammed with perishers of both sexes—the girls giggling and the men what-what-ing in a care-free manner that made him feel sick. So full was it that it scarcely seemed as if there would be room for the girl in the gray opera cloak who was hurrying with her escort across the lobby. But the man at the wheel contrived to squeeze them in somehow, and as the car started on its journey the girl turned to her companion and said something with a smile. And for the first time Berry saw her face.

And, as he saw it, the lobby rocked about him. A wordless exclamation burst from his lips. Reeling, he clutched at a passing waiter.

"Sir?" said the waiter, courteously ceasing to pass.

Berry smiled radiantly at the man. He could only see him through a sort of mist, but he was able to realize that this was by a considerable margin the nicest-looking waiter he had ever set eyes on. And all those people in the lifts—how wrong he had been, he now saw, in thinking of them as perishers. They were in reality a most extraordinarily jolly crowd. And how capital it was to think that they were enjoying themselves so much.

"What's going on up there?" he asked.

The waiter informed him that Sir Herbert and Lady Bassinger were giving a ball in the Crystal Room on the first floor.

"Ah!" said Berry thoughtfully. "A ball, eh?"

He handed the man half a crown, and stood for a moment gazing wistfully across the lobby. How splendid, he was thinking, it would have been if only he had been acquainted with these Bassingers. Then they might have invited him. . . .

BERRY pulled himself up with a start. He was shocked to find that for an instant he had been allowing himself to fall so far from the standard of a man of enterprise, dash, and resource as to look on a card of invitation as an essential preliminary to the enjoyment of the hospitality of Sir Herbert and Lady Bassinger. But it had been merely a passing weakness. He was himself again now, and what he felt was that any ballroom where that girl was to be found was Liberty Hall for him.

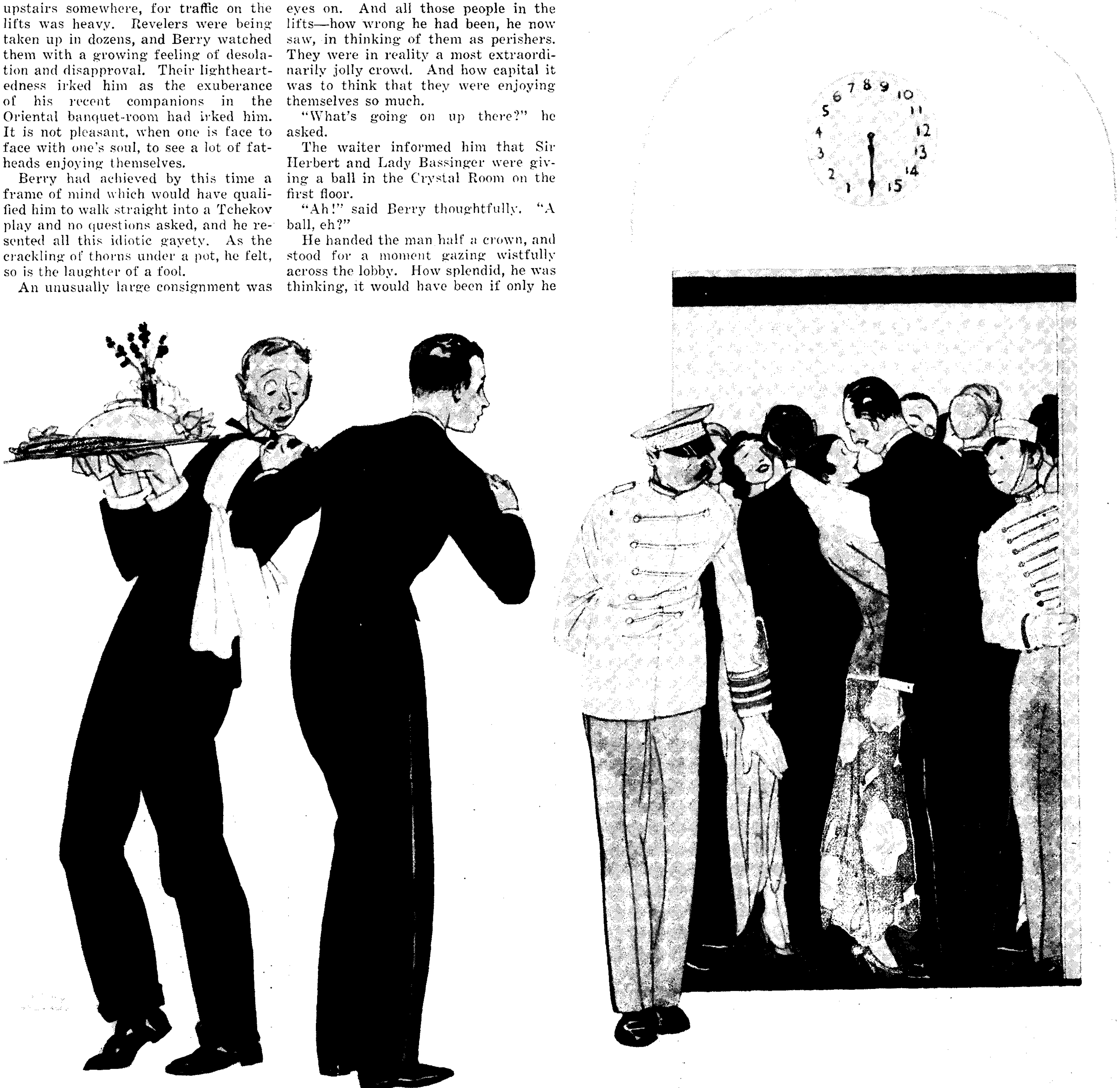
The lift had just descended, and was standing on the ground floor once more, waiting for custom. Berry walked toward it with resolute steps.

Lady Bassinger's ball at the Hotel Mazarin was an entertainment to which Ann Moon had been looking forward with pleasurable anticipation. Toddy Malling, the young man who, in the unfortunate absence of her fiancé, Lord Biskerton, was acting as her escort, had been almost lyrical about it in the car. It promised, said Toddy, to be the jamboree of the season. Champagne, he assured her, always flowed like water where the Bassingers set up their banner.

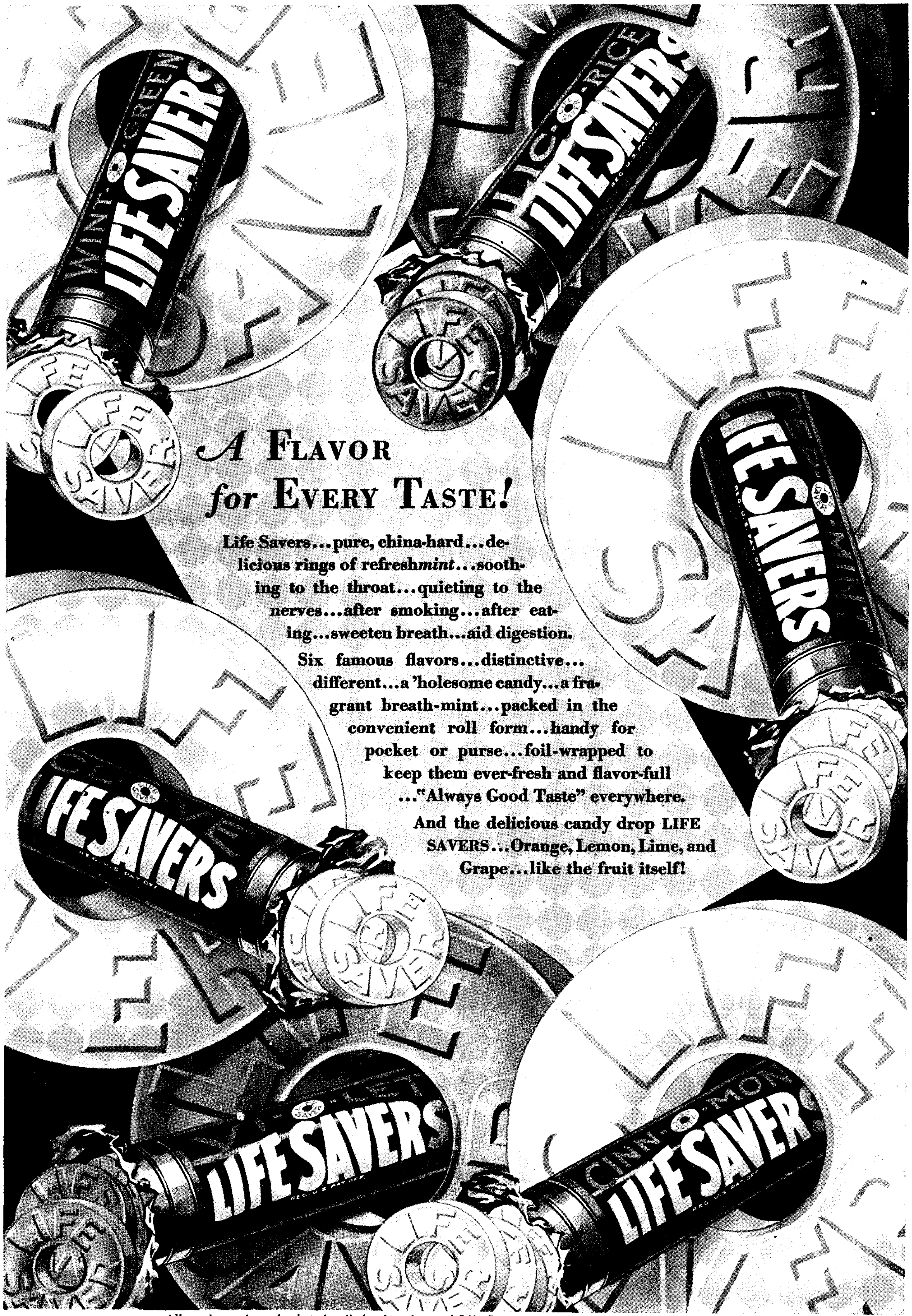
"Old B.," said Toddy, "is not the sort of fellow I'd care to go on a walking tour with, but at providing refreshment for man and beast he has few equals. He made about ten million quid in the clove market. And God bless cloves, say I," he added devoutly.

On Toddy's suggestion they had made straight for the supper-room. He held the view, for which there was much to be said, that it was silly to think of

(Continued on page 52)



The girl turned to her companion and said something with a smile. And for the first time Berry saw her face. And, as he saw it, the lobby rocked about him


MINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIC-O-RICE
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS
MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS
CINN-O-MON
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER

A Flavor for Every Taste!

Life Savers...pure, china-hard...delicious rings of refresh*mint*...soothing to the throat...quieting to the nerves...after smoking...after eating...sweeten breath...aid digestion.

Six famous flavors...distinctive...different...a 'holesome candy...a fragrant breath-mint...packed in the convenient roll form...handy for pocket or purse...foil-wrapped to keep them ever-fresh and flavor-full..."Always Good Taste" everywhere.

And the delicious candy drop LIFE SAVERS...Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape...like the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

MORE THAN HALF THE TYPEWRITERS OF THE WORLD BEAR THE SAME NAME

THE significant factor for you to consider in selecting a portable typewriter is that The Portable Underwood is a product by the same organization that has given the entire world more typewriters than are produced by all other manufacturers in the world combined.

Underwood's typewriter leadership is expressed in even the smallest detail of The Portable Underwood. Underwood's exclusive features have gone into it. Underwood's worldwide reputation for outstanding typewriter performance is back of it.

Here is hair-trigger key action to let flying finger tips speed your thoughts. Here is almost instantaneous responsiveness that gives the impression that The Portable Underwood is a thing of flesh and blood instead of a mechanism of aluminum, steel and iron. Here is an up-to-the-minute personal typing machine that measures up to the reputation established by the great Underwood Standard Typewriter everywhere.

See The Portable Underwood at the nearest Underwood Dealer's or the nearest Underwood Branch today... *six attractive colors and black*... $60, or on convenient terms, as low as $6.50 monthly.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Distributors of Underwood Standard, Noiseless and
Portable Typewriters and Bookkeeping Machines.
Products of Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
"Underwood, Elliott-Fisher, Sundstrand — Speed the World's Business"

NOT JUST A TYPEWRITER IN MINIATURE . . . IT'S AN UNDERWOOD

● **SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE PORTABLE UNDERWOOD**

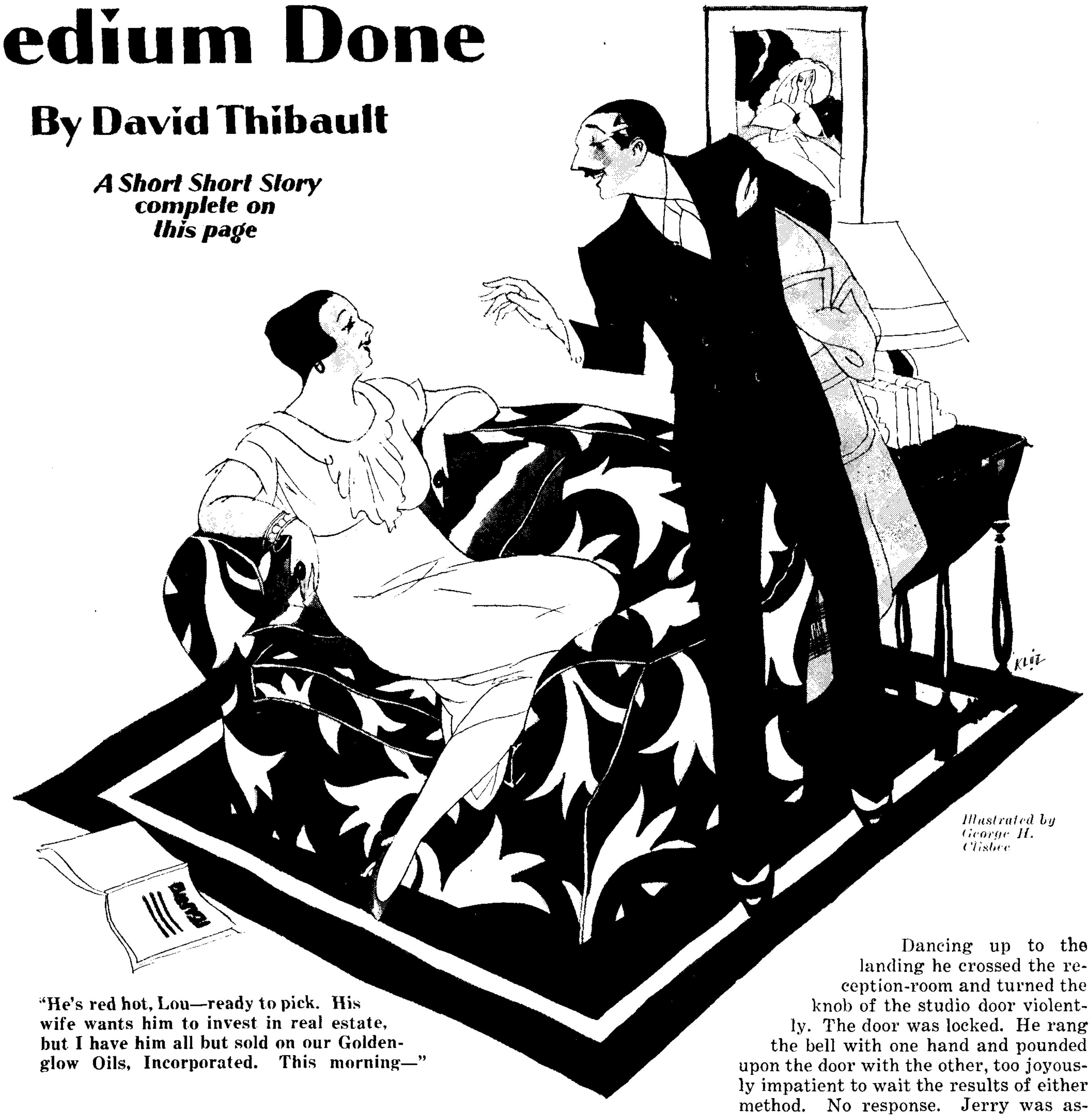
Strong steel frame inside aluminum housing
Fast...quick, instantaneous key response
Light touch—hair-trigger key action due to exclusive Underwood principle
Easy manifolding—produces 4 or 5 carbon copies
Takes standard ribbon
Takes paper 9⅝ in. wide
Adjustable Paper Clamps
Construction of feed roll and cylinder permits quick straightening of paper
Carriage shift keys also shift ribbon spools
Type can't crowd, blur, or jump out of alignment
Superior finger piece on line space lever

THE PORTABLE UNDERWOOD

Medium Done

By David Thibault

A Short Short Story complete on this page



"He's red hot, Lou—ready to pick. His wife wants him to invest in real estate, but I have him all but sold on our Goldenglow Oils, Incorporated. This morning—"

Illustrated by George H. Clisbee

JERRY SCHWARTZ did not ring Madam Louisa Langley's bell, but, presuming upon his phone call of thirty minutes earlier, swung open her door. Hers was a cheerfully neat third-story walk-up apartment on West Seventy-second Street. Upon opening the door one saw first an inverted white floor mop and a broom standing in the entry alcove. The bathroom was on the right, the gas stove on the left, the sitting-room immediately before, and Madam's bedroom immediately beyond that.

"Hello, Jerry." Madam Louisa was a jolly, domestic soul when off duty—plump, freckled, brown-eyed. "What can little Louisa and her spooks do for the Boy Broker this morning?"

"Lots." In the broker's very solemnity quivered the awe of imminent and immense triumph. "You've got to marshal your shadowy minions again as an aid to big business. But, Lou—*how* big!"

Madam Louisa caught her visitor's excitement. It manifested itself in a sudden steadiness in the sparkle of her eyes. She was a remarkable woman. Her studio over on Eightieth Street was much patronized by women whose ample souls, not satisfactorily filled by husbands, dogs and bridge, sought enlightenment through Madam's classes in astrology and psychic science. These seekers paid for Madam's guidance; but her sheet anchor to windward was her private practice—the ultra-legal fortune telling, the feats of clairvoyance which led someone to buy something from someone else. She and the broker Jerry Schwartz were old and appreciative colleagues.

"Spill it, Jerry," she said.

"How'd you like the fourth of sixteen thousand dollars?"

"You're wasting time, dear."

"Right. Then here it is: Walt Patterson is his name, and he's leaving New York on the Twentieth Century this afternoon to meet his wife in Denver. He's red hot, Lou—ready to pick. His wife wants him to invest in Los Angeles real estate, but I have him all but sold on our Goldenglow Oils, Incorporated. This morning—"

"Dear old Goldenglow Oils," murmured Madam archly. "It's still a good stock, Jerry?"

"Splendid!—to sell. Well, this morning Patterson got to the point of fingering his check book. Then he blushes and says, 'Mr. Schwartz, it may seem foolish to you, but I never go into anything as deep as sixteen thousand dollars without consulting a medium.' Can you imagine it, Lou? I hadn't given him any come-on stuff leading to you. Positively none. He just handed me this in the last quarter of a cold canvass. Then he says, 'I don't guess you know of any reputable fortune teller or clairvoyant, Mr. Schwartz?' "

MADAM LOUISA LANGLEY put back her shapely head and howled. "Then," she prompted, wiping her eyes, "you ventured to recommend your casual acquaintance, Madam Louisa?"

"Exactly! And Mr. Walt Patterson of Nebraska will consult you about an hour before his train leaves. See the beauty of it, Lou? He won't be here to check over profit sheets and pester us. He's anxious to invest before he leaves, because he knows his old lady will make him drop his wad in some slow-but-sure corner lots in Los Angeles, and Walt's fiery soul craves quick wealth."

Madam Louisa was too intelligent a woman to let her desires, however keen, blind her to unpleasant obstacles. Knowing this, and half realizing his own weakness for burning enthusiasms, Jerry waited eagerly for her pronouncement. "Jerry," she brought out, slowly rolling her lips with the palm of her right hand, "it looks like the best thing we've had a crack at—and the easiest. What instructions?"

"Well, to begin with, necromance him to the limit. Give him the tambourine, slate writin' and the voice of his dead boyhood sweetie—"

"Wasting time again, Jerry. You know I deal it from table taps to ectoplasm."

"Well, that's all there is to it. Except there mustn't be any hitch. He's superstitious about superstitions—if you know what I mean. Don't be late, don't keep him waiting, don't bust any mirrors, and don't call up the ghost of a black cat. See? He'll be at the studio about one. You can marshal the heavenly hosts to sign testimonials for Goldenglow Oils in thirty or forty minutes. Of course, I'll be waiting outside in a taxi, and I'll see him on the train before anybody sees you and me together. You are to wait at the studio for me. He said he'd mail the check before his train left if the h'ants gave him the right tip. And I figure they will, hey?"

"Trot along." Madam Louisa got up energetically from her chair. "I've got to concentrate—and put on a better-looking pair of stockings."

They stood facing each other in awed silence. Never before had they played together for more than a few hundred dollars. Suddenly their hands leaped together and they danced ring-around-the-rosies, chanting to the rhythm of their pagan prance, "It's in the bag! It's in the *bag!* It's in the BAG!"

Then the broker left, knocking over the mop and the broom in his large and breezy exit.

Jerry Schwartz had been waiting twenty minutes in front of Madam Louisa's studio on West Eightieth Street when his client, Walt Patterson, descended the stairs of the building with slow, thoughtful steps. The broker was jubilant as he leaned forward and instructed his driver: "Don't lose the cab that bird is getting in. Trail him. I think he'll go to the Grand Central."

"You a detective, Cap?"

"Of the most virulent kind."

When Patterson's cab pulled up at the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance of the Grand Central, Jerry Schwartz's taxi was the next in line. Jerry kept his seat until his victim had paid his driver and started into the station. Then the broker got out and shadowed the Nebraska investor. Whatever doubts of success Jerry could have had vanished when he saw Patterson thoughtfully mail several letters before proceeding to the upper-level ticket windows.

TO JERRY the ride back to Madam Louisa's studio was one glorious, ecstatic swing through space generously gilded with star dust. Even traffic jams merely multiplied moments in which to gloat.

Dancing up to the landing he crossed the reception-room and turned the knob of the studio door violently. The door was locked. He rang the bell with one hand and pounded upon the door with the other, too joyously impatient to wait the results of either method. No response. Jerry was astounded. Madam Louisa always followed instructions; and his instructions had been for her to await him at the studio.

The broker raced down to the street and hailed a cab. Arriving before Madam's apartment on Seventy-second Street he sprang out and rushed up three flights of steps. Madam Louisa's door stood slightly ajar. Jerry pushed it open. Crossed on the floor just inside the threshold lay the big white mop and the broom. Beyond these Madam Louisa huddled upon the floor, her head and arms supported on the seat of a chair.

"Good heavens! What's the matter? Did he beat you up? Are you hurt?" cried Jerry.

Madam lifted a ghastly face. "I—I didn't go to the studio."

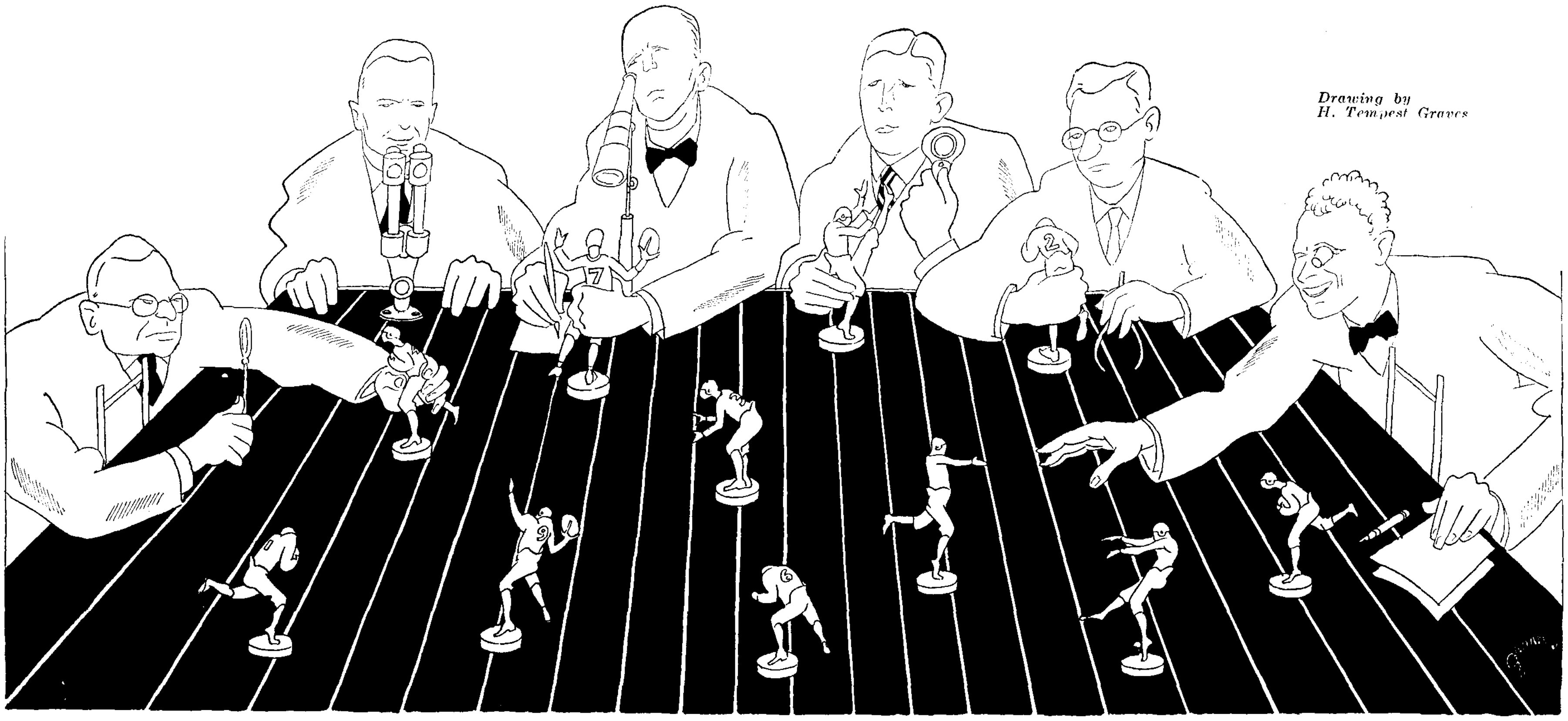
"What!" screamed Schwartz, shaking her arm. Knowing Patterson as he did, Jerry knew that the sixteen thousand dollars was gone forever. "Have you double-crossed us?"

The medium shook her head miserably. "No. I've been lying here in a faint—until I heard you coming."

"What—?"

Madam Louisa Langley staggered up weakly and collapsed into the chair. "I had to go out for some cold cream. When I came back and opened the door—" She shuddered, livid with some horrible memory.

"You see, it's kinda dark in here. When I opened the door that damned mop fell over toward me, and—" Madam moistened her dry lips. "I—Jerry, I thought it was a ghost."



Drawing by H. Tempest Graves

Picking the All-America

Here is the method Mr. Rice and Collier's All-America Advisory Board used in choosing the 1929 All-America football team. The same method will be followed this year. If your favorite star wasn't named, this article will tell you why

By Grantland Rice

THE football season of last fall had been over for some weeks. Collier's All-America football team for 1929 had been named and printed, and the Far West had again massaged the East with somewhat heavy fingers. One more football season was supposed to be on its way to rest in the records beneath the dust of time.

But it wasn't over. Heading south on a hunting trip, just after passing the famous Mason and Dixon, or Mashie and Divot, line there suddenly appeared before me in the smoking-room of the train two old grads from the University of Tennessee. They were still indignant. "Why," they demanded, "didn't Collier's name McEver of Tennessee? How could he be left off any all-star team?"

"McEver," I suggested, "was a brilliant back, one of the best in any section. But there were others who starred in six or seven hard games while McEver had his chance in only three or four."

But this explanation failed to satisfy. "And so far into the night—"

From the Far West came indignant demands as to why such stars as Russ Saunders, Tappan, Chuck Smalling and others had been left off the list. Every sector of the country demands its All-America entry and there is no hamlet so small that hurt or indignant voices are not raised in behalf of some local star.

Present indications are that the football crop this season will be larger than ever and for this reason it might be interesting to hear again just how Collier's All-America team for 1930 will be selected, with certain important details explained that many seem to have overlooked.

In the first place, the entire football map again will be covered thoroughly by Collier's All-America Advisory Board, picked from veteran football writers who are in close touch with every football development in their sectors. This Board includes H. H. Salsinger of the Detroit News, Edward W. Cochrane of the Kansas City Journal-Post, George W. White of the Dallas News, O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal and R. L. Templeton of the San Francisco Call.

These men judge each candidate, not by his brilliancy in one or two games, but by his full season's record, and this includes both the quantity and the quality of his team's schedule.

Every detail is taken into consideration by Collier's Advisory Board in judging each player. If he is a back he is judged by his all-around ability, ball-carrying, blocking, passing, pass receiving, kicking and complete team value from week to week. If he is a forward there is the matter of both offensive and defensive play—his charging—his aggressiveness—his alertness and again his all-around value to his team.

A complete check-up is made by each member of the Advisory Board after every two games. Stars might be handicapped by injuries. Marsters and Booth were last season. They were outstanding stars while they lasted. But Marsters had his chance only against Harvard and Yale, Booth was unable to play against Princeton and was too badly injured to star against Harvard.

Post-Season Performances

Against these two candidates for backfield honors there was Glasgow of Iowa, who was the main offensive and defensive star in seven big games, including Minnesota, Michigan, Purdue and others of about equal caliber.

Still another point to be considered involves especially the Pacific coast. Here Stanford, University of Southern California and California were supreme throughout the regular season and the post-season. They proved their superior football worth over many leading rivals from the East, including Army, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and Carnegie Tech.

But no selection is based upon any performance after the regular season closes in late November or early December. Post-season games are not included and of course they should not be included, no matter where they are played.

Again, it is much more difficult to segregate backfield stars on the Pacific coast teams because in so many cases the surplus material means a division of fame and responsibility. For example, there were many protests from the Pacific coast last winter because Chuck Smalling of Stanford was not named following his great game against the Army. Yet Smalling shared most of his season with Herbert Fleishhacker, a giant back, who was just as effective.

In the same category was Saunders of the University of Southern California, who, on a part-time schedule, shared his time with other star backs. The same thing applies to Notre Dame, where only Carideo kept his place most of the year. At South Bend the backfield work was divided among Elder, Brill, Mullins, Schwartz, Savoldi and others, all of whom were frequently changed.

As a rule you can figure that Notre Dame, Stanford and the University of Southern California have the lead in football material, in man-power, in reserves. A good illustration of this was seen in the Stanford-Army game when the two teams were about neck and neck at the end of the first two periods. But when Pop Warner threw in his big, fast reserves during the last two periods the Army was annihilated by a new force that no battered team could withstand. Practically the same thing happened in the University of Southern California-Carnegie Tech battle.

There is a vast difference between team strength and an All-America selection. There are teams without enough reserves, playing far too ambitious schedules. It takes from thirty to thirty-five good football players today to play the schedules that many teams tackle, and few coaches can command this much first-string material.

Notre Dame can. So can Stanford and University of Southern California and possibly California. Few others can hope to replace gaps caused by staleness or injuries, the result of working the same men week after week.

One Player Out of Twenty

The three strongest football squads in the country last fall, especially after the season had fully developed, were Notre Dame, Stanford and University of Southern California. Pittsburgh belonged in this category with but one exception—defense against the forward pass, which Knute Rockne says is one of the most important elements in defensive play.

There are no longer any dominating football sections, taken as a whole, although the three leading California teams have the edge in material. There are two reasons for this: an exceptional climate to work in through both spring and fall and a greater concentration of man power among fewer rival universities.

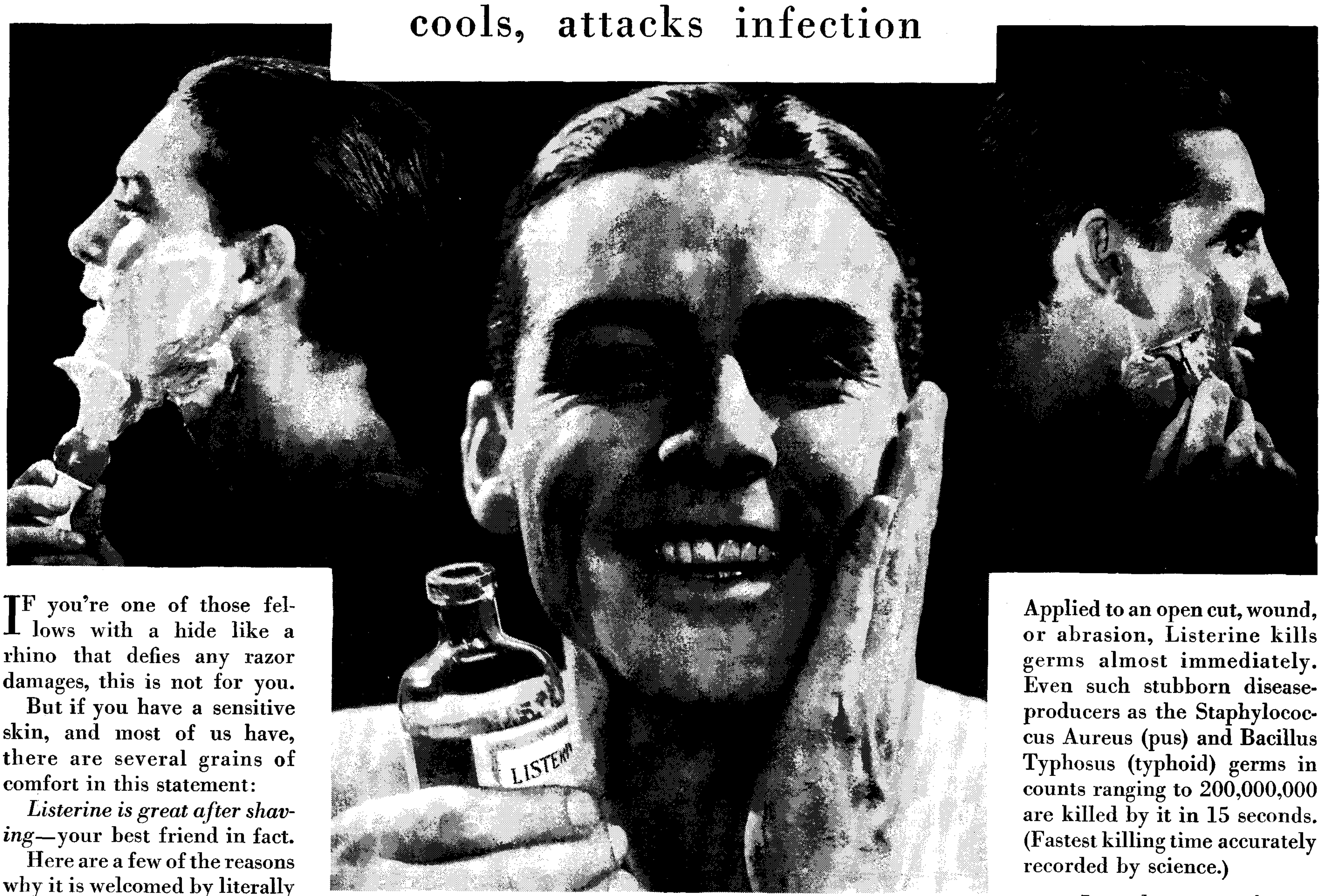
There will be no attempt made by Collier's Advisory Board to name the strongest team that could be put upon the field at the end of the year. There are so many important intersectional games this season that it will be simpler than usual to compare rival sections, and from this start we can work down to the individual case.

It must be remembered of course that there will probably be from ten to twenty likely players for each position, most of them well matched so far as individual ability is concerned. The final answer can only come from their respective records for the entire season.

A man's best friend AFTER SHAVING

LISTERINE

ends rawness, soothes and cools, attacks infection



If you're one of those fellows with a hide like a rhino that defies any razor damages, this is not for you.

But if you have a sensitive skin, and most of us have, there are several grains of comfort in this statement:

Listerine is great after shaving—your best friend in fact.

Here are a few of the reasons why it is welcomed by literally tens of thousands of men for whom it has made shaving pleasant:

1. *Listerine is a natural healing agent.* Physicians know it, and hospital records prove it. Applied full strength, it readily heals and soothes tissue inflamed by lather or razor, or both. Almost instantly Listerine gets rid of that unpleasant burning sensation, that irritating rawness which so often follows a shave.

2. *Listerine is cooling.* The skin feels wonderfully cool and relaxed after you apply Listerine. This remarkable cooling sensation is due to certain essential oils contained in this safe antiseptic.

3. *Listerine protects.* When you douse on Listerine full strength, you know that you are aiding nature and combating infection.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Applied to an open cut, wound, or abrasion, Listerine kills germs almost immediately. Even such stubborn disease-producers as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)

It perks you up!

So welcome and so noticeable is the invigorating and cooling effect of Listerine on the face, that many men employ it as a facial pick-me-up. Immediately before a business or social engagement, it gives you the appearance of being alert, fresh and keen.

Look what's happened here!
50¢ quality
Listerine Shaving Cream
now **25¢**

Kills 200,000,000 Germs in 15 Seconds

Management! That's the biggest need of business today . . .

¶ *Management gives freedom from routine.* Ediphones clear desks of details. They enable dictators to reply to their correspondence after a single reading.

¶ *Management creates time gain.* The average dictator will gain a month a year by using Ediphones for his dictation.

¶ *Management accomplishes reduction of overhead.* Under old dictating methods a letter may cost 50¢. With Ediphone signature service, this cost is easily cut in half.

¶ *Management uses the latest business equipment.* Ediphone dictation is as simple as telephoning. You simply pick up the receiver and talk.

TODAY, after fifty-three years, a world-wide service headed by Thomas A. Edison will assume full responsibility to organize your present office forces without interruption to business and without charge in proving results. Telephone "The Ediphone," your city, today. Send for the book, "An easy way to chart your correspondence."

THOMAS A. EDISON INC.
ORANGE, N. J.

© T. A. E. INC.

Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine

World-Wide Service in all Principal Cities

Double-Cross Marks the Spot

Continued from page 13

would be completely unsatisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and those dry Southern states which might again desert the Democratic candidate if he turned up wet—which he is very likely to do.

In such event Mr. Pinchot might not be elected President; but it is also probable that Mr. Hoover, on a half-hearted platform, might not either. . . . You can see the complications mounting.

Philadelphia had a governor to offer—Francis Shunk Brown, a capable lawyer who had acquitted himself with credit as attorney-general of the state, who had long represented William S. Vare as legal adviser. He was wholly acceptable to the public utility corporations menaced by Mr. Pinchot and to the railroads. Pittsburgh viewed Mr. Brown much as Philadelphia saw Mr. Davis—all right but no cause for red fire and universal rejoicing. Still Pittsburgh offered no resistance—no candidate of her own.

At the Crossroads

But trouble multiplied. The Philadelphia war board, realizing that Mr. Grundy was not to be ignored inasmuch as he controlled the powerful and rich Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, was a champion money collector and, above all, an extremely stubborn fighting man, went to Washington asking Mr. Grundy to trade his support of Mr. Brown for the Philadelphia machine's support of himself against Mr. Davis. Double-crossing sets in at once in Philadelphia.

It is entirely possible that the shrewd Mr. Grundy sensed a certain insincerity in the words of the gentlemen from Philadelphia. Or maybe he had been informed by his own scouts at home. At any rate it was popular opinion that the practical Philadelphia machine was ready to lure Mr. Grundy into false hopes of its support in return for his money and then to knife him—just enough—in favor of Mr. Davis. In return for this nice perfidy Pittsburgh would turn in enough Brown votes to make everything all right.

But Mr. Grundy refused Mr. Brown with cold abruptness. He insisted upon dictating the governor. As head of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, his desires were logical. The governor would appoint such important officers as the secretary of labor and industry and the insurance commissioner. Mr. Grundy wanted to be quite sure that men favorable to ideals of the association would fill these posts. Mr. Brown, he declared, was too friendly with railroads with which the association has disagreed rather bitterly and persistently in the matter of freight rates. So Mr. Grundy's money went to Mr. Pinchot's cause. He had said that his own candidate, Mr. Samuel S. Lewis, would head the ticket or that he'd fight it.

He fought. He helped nominate Mr. Pinchot, who, cleverly enough, did not reciprocate and assist Mr. Grundy. But Mr. Grundy did not care. He had gone out for revenge. He is enjoying it, although he is entirely too intelligent to believe that he can control Mr. Pinchot. At any rate they know now that they can't trifle with Mr. Grundy even if he was defeated by 200,000 votes.

But another element—an even more popular one—entered the fight. Mr. Brown would have defeated Mr. Pinchot for the nomination had he listened to the prayers of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment—the organized wets. Had he been less legal-minded and more practical, he would have taken the advice of this growing organization and of those members of the Philadelphia war board who weren't blinded by arrogance.

While Mr. Pinchot announced his dryness in properly brittle tones, Mr. Brown walked with dignity to the middle of the road and declared that he would conduct himself as governor in accordance with the voice of the people. If a majority of the people in a referendum declared themselves wet, Mr. Brown would advocate such anti-prohibition measures as the people desired. If . . .

Of course nothing could be less satisfactory to everybody. For governor the Democrats had put forward a lawyer named John M. Hemphill. Mr. Hemphill left no one in doubt. He was wet; he was for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Moreover, he is a remarkably fine type of man—a persuasive man with a ready and educated tongue. He had never held elective office. A man of simple, clear convictions. Mr. Hemphill won the Democratic nomination without anything resembling trouble, practically all the Democratic votes cast being for him.

But the organized wets, being largely Republicans and fearing a loss of many party votes if they were to endorse a Democrat, put a ticket of their own into the field. It received about 280,000 votes. And its platform consisted of one plank—anti-prohibition.

Had Mr. Brown announced himself wet, he would have received at least 200,000 of these votes, maybe more. And he would have been Pennsylvania's next governor. This in spite of the wholesale double-crossing offered by Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in their frequent demonstrations of their dislike of one another. While Philadelphia proceeded to vote for Davis, Pittsburgh just voted for Brown—and no more. The north-end wards, than which there are no wetter districts in the country, returned majorities for Pinchot.

Now, had the rest of the straight Republican ticket suffered defeat with Mr. Brown, it is altogether likely that the impending fight in Pennsylvania could be made a frank wet and dry conflict—Mr. Pinchot versus Mr. Hemphill with the latter getting the support of the Philadelphia machine and the greater part of the Pittsburgh organization.

Clipping Mr. Pinchot's Wings

A deal might be made whereby Mr. Hemphill would agree to treat with the normally majority party. In Pennsylvania the Democratic organization is hardly more than the morganatic wife of the Republican. Hence it is reasonable that fear and hatred of Mr. Pinchot by the stalwart Republicans might drive them openly into Mr. Hemphill's ranks. But the organization's candidates, from the gallant General Edward C. Shannan (for lieutenant-governor) to the ebullient Mr. Davis, came through with a reverberating shout. Furthermore, the legislature will not be Mr. Pinchot's. Therefore, it will be perfectly safe for the Republicans to elect Mr. Pinchot.

It is not easy to elect Mr. Hemphill, even on paper. He will not get all the 450,000 registered Democratic votes, because many of them are dry. His promoters talk of 300,000 votes being cast for him by Philadelphia—a patently absurd claim. Philadelphia may give the wet Mr. Hemphill quite a number of votes but Philadelphia is a terribly Republican city and it lacks a dictator, Mr. Vare being only nominally in command and the war board being considerably less than an efficient unit. Mr. Hemphill may get the 280,000 wet votes that were cast by the personal-liberty enthusiasts when Mr. Brown declined to be definite. But where he is going to get the million and two or three hundred thousand votes that would make him governor of Pennsylvania is as much a mystery as what Washington thinks of the result of the great coup to relieve Mr. Hoover of the embarrassment of old Joe Grundy. Mr. Grundy was eliminated. But Mr. Pinchot, whose love for Mr. Hoover is just about ten degrees colder than Mr. Grundy's, has come through—to the entire satisfaction of the backward states and the sons of the wild jackass. At least Mr. Grundy would have represented no personal menace at the National Convention.

It is not at all likely that the huge sums of money spent by Mr. Pinchot and spent for Mr. Davis will embarrass either. The Senate may feel like apologizing to Mr. Newberry of Michigan and even Mr. Vare, but Mr. Davis will not be denied his seat even if his nomination and election should consume a half-million. The cost of electing Mr. Davis probably will not come near that sum; but it will not be inconsiderable.

That large sums of money may be expended upon the chances of Mr. Hemphill without embarrassing his associates on the Democratic ticket, his name alone has been placed upon the Liberal party ticket. A million might be spent to elect him as the Liberal party's candidate and Senator Nye and his campaign expenditures committee can do nothing. It would be a strictly local scandal.

Trouble Ahead

Senator Nye, whose politics are akin to Mr. Pinchot's, spent several hours inquiring into the $200,000 spent by Mr. Pinchot, the $400,000 spent by Mr. Grundy (much of which helped Mr. Pinchot) and the large but somewhat indefinite sums expended by Mr. Davis and Mr. Brown. But there was nothing in Senator Nye's manner or words to indicate that he was scandalized.

Even the election of Puddler Jim Davis to the Senate is not without its menace to the unity, peace and concord sought by President Hoover and Senator Fess. Philadelphia, cheated of the governorship, is not going to permit Pittsburgh to have both senators. The eastern end of the state is going to insist on being the home of one of them. But Mr. Davis is going to insist on election in 1932 for the long term, being an ambitious man. Inasmuch as he is personally so friendly with Pittsburgh's ward leaders, with whom he enjoys a warm social compatibility, it is not unlikely that it will be Senator Reed's seat that will be offered to Philadelphia. Just what Senator Reed thinks of this we don't know; but we are assured that if Mr. Hoover is reëlected he will avoid no trouble to accomplish his able friend's continuance in the Senate. Nevertheless, at least one important leader in Pittsburgh assured me that if the Mellon control of that city is broken, as it seems likely to be, Senator Reed will have lost his powerful backing and will not be renominated.

In any event Pennsylvania views the future—immediate and distant—with alarm.

To say nothing of Mr. Hoover, who now has two more reasons for deep thought—the dry Mr. Pinchot and the wet Mr. Morrow.

SELECTIVITY?

YES! more than ever before possible

FULL RANGE Selectivity!

That annoying saxophone obligato that used to interrupt the enjoyment of your favorite program, or the scraps of statistics that would creep into your musical program, have more than met their match in the FULL RANGE Selectivity of the General Electric Radio.

With a General Electric Radio you get one station at a time—truer and clearer than ever before.

FULL RANGE Performance is the result of combining the super-heterodyne circuit with screen-grid tubes.

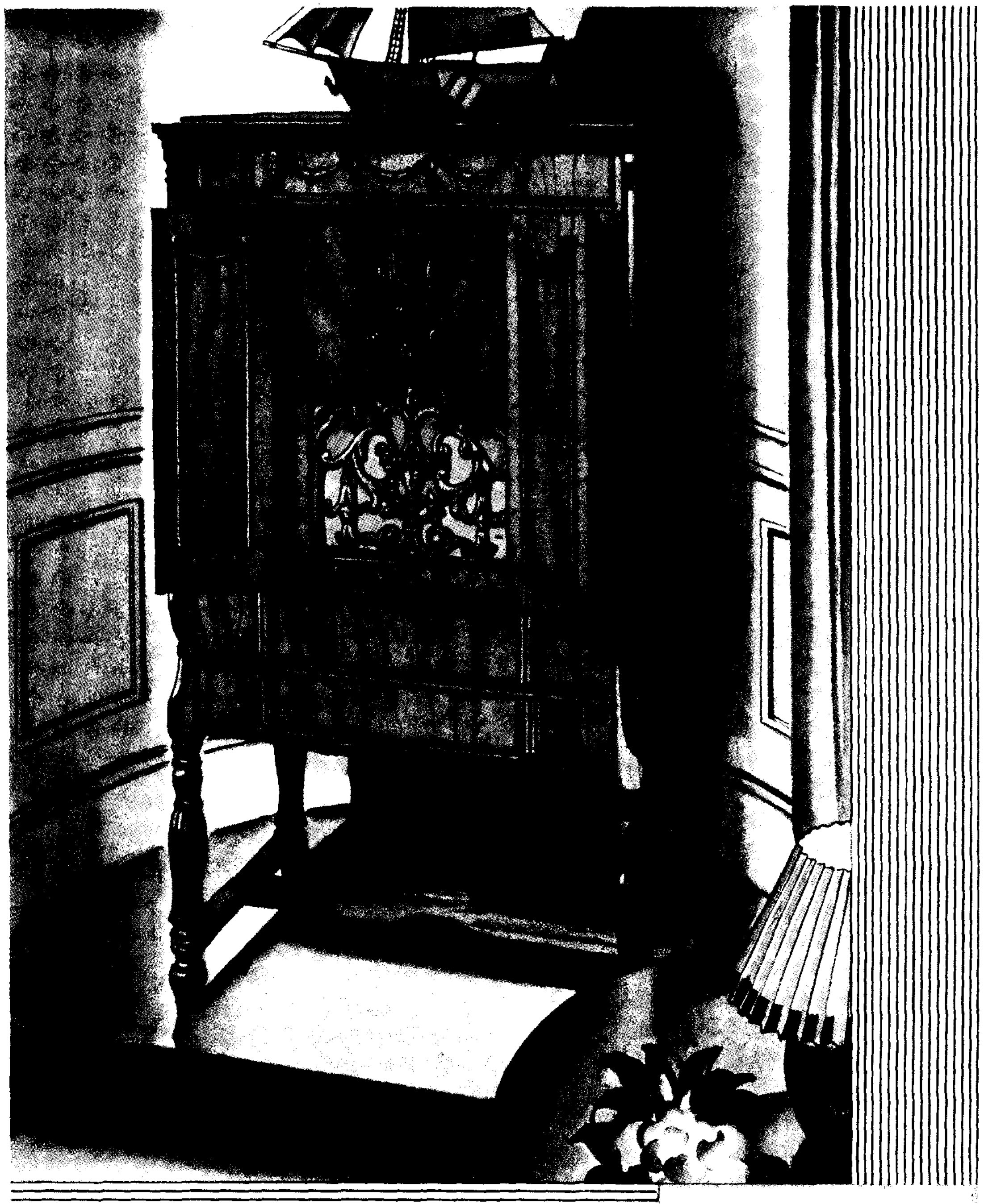
FULL RANGE Sensitivity! Stations so faint either from low power or distance that ordinary circuits cannot pick them up, are easily reached by a G-E Radio.

FULL RANGE Tone—A wider music range embracing both lower and higher notes than brought in by the average receiving set.

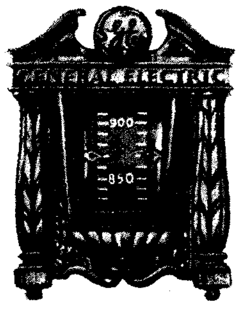
LOWBOY—a distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Super-Heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public.

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—a rich brown walnut cabinet with satin finish. Super-Heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Has *tone control* and new, improved electrical phonograph reproduction. Equipped with special home recording device which records broadcast programs and home entertainment on non-breakable 6-inch records. Remote control optional at additional cost.

Your General Electric Radio Dealer has been specially chosen for his ability to give you the service that has always been identified with General Electric products. Call and ask him to demonstrate this FULL RANGE Radio—a worthy achievement from the "House of Magic."



HIGHBOY—Two-door cabinet of early American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-Heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Several times more selective and sensitive than any set previously offered. Fitted with tone control. Remote control optional at additional cost.



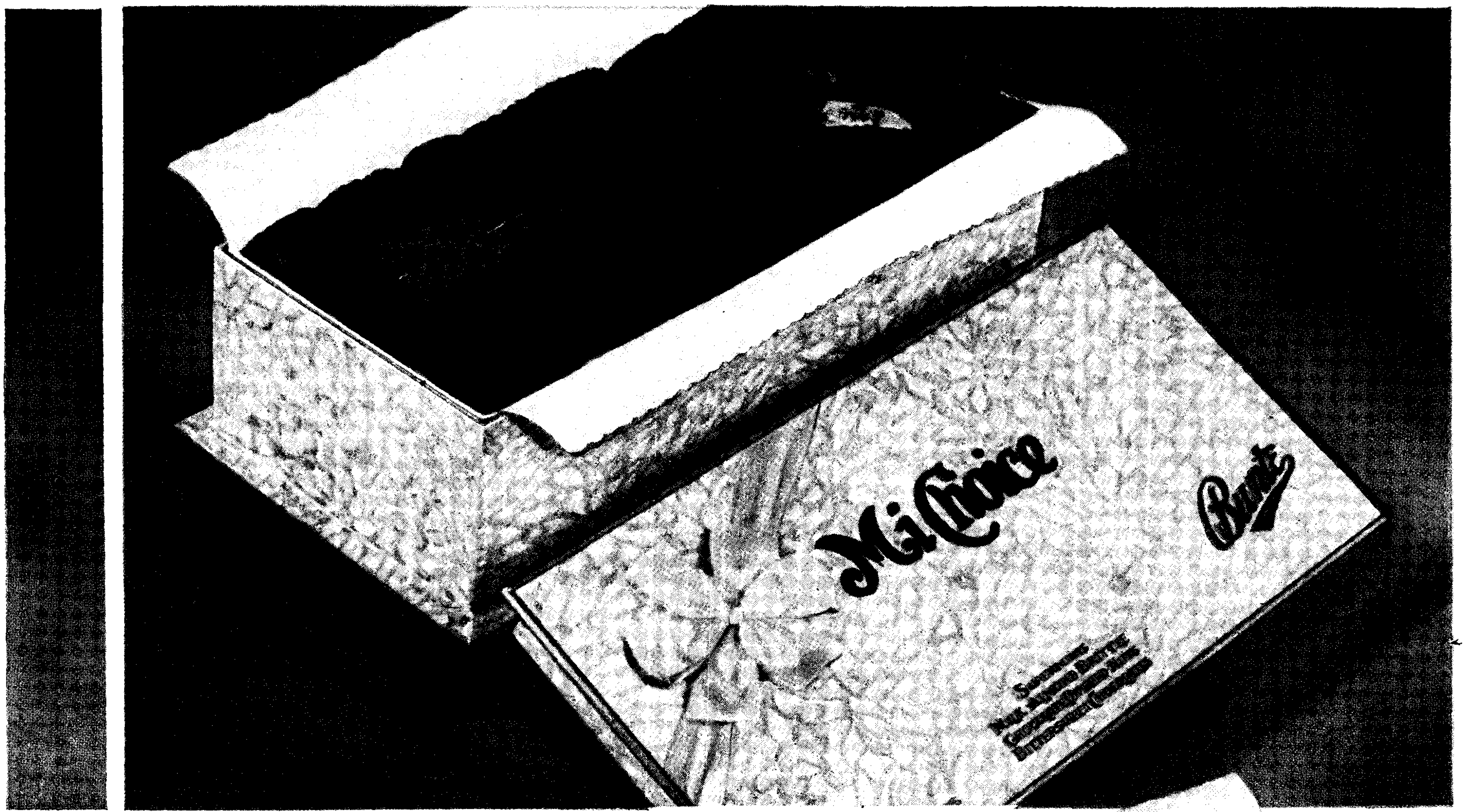
So selective that every line on the dial marks a separate station.

• • • •

GENERAL ELECTRIC
FULL RANGE RADIO

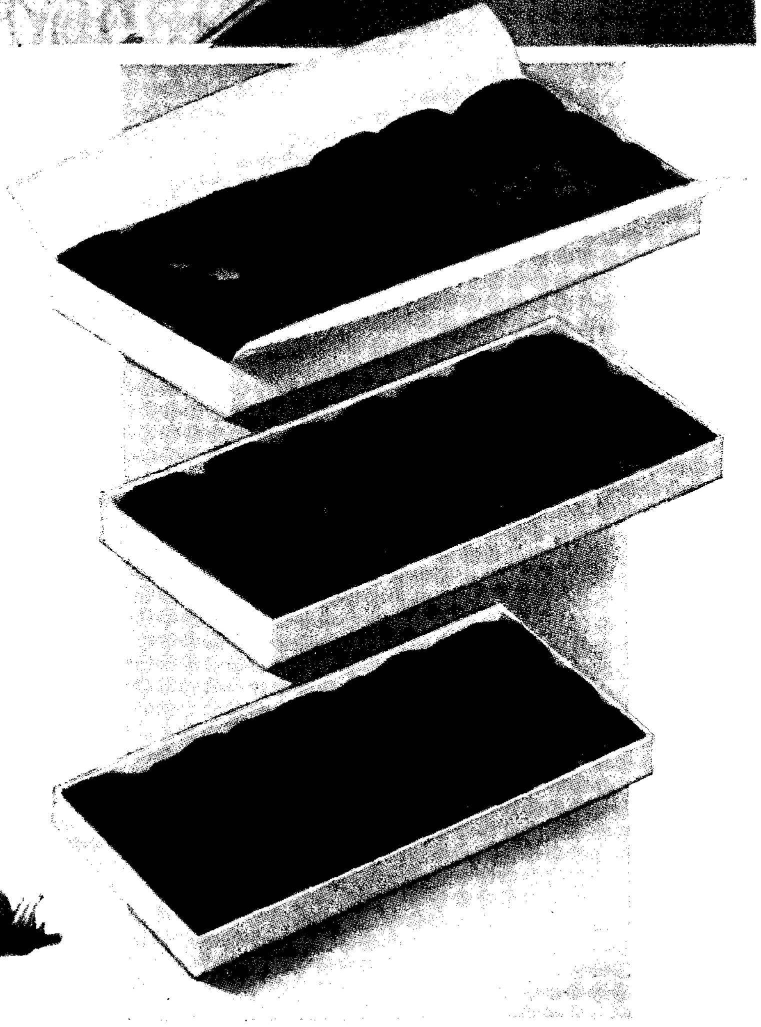
If you desire further particulars write Section R-2810, Merchandise Department, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

27 VARIETIES OF AMERICA'S FINEST CANDIES...



MI CHOICE is exactly that — the pick of smart, discriminating candy buyers — 27 distinct varieties of the finest chocolates that a half century of candy making experience has ever produced. Three trays full of delightful creams, rare nuts, hard centers, chewy pieces — all in attractive 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound token packages. Your dealer should have assortments of Mi Choice now. Otherwise send $1.50 for a 1 pound package, or 25c for a miniature trial package which will be sent prepaid. Simply address

BUNTE BROTHERS (ESTABLISHED 1876), 3365 FRANKLIN BLVD., CHICAGO



Bunte
Mi Choice
CHOCOLATES

By the Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confections

A Bracelet for Maribell

Continued from page 9

"What do you mean?"

"You've got to dictate an essay. We'll sign Dewitt Marlboro's name to it."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly. You know pictures. You know what the public wants. Let's get going."

"But what will Marlboro say?"

"If it wins he'll never deny it. If it loses he'll never know. Do you think he'd turn down a five-hundred-dollar-a-week job on a mere technicality? Shoot!"

JOE SHELBY hopped off the Santa Fe Limited, threw his bag into a taxi and said, "Rialto Theater, quick!"

He burst into the manager's office at the theater. "Hello, Miss Mead," he cried. "Where's Bob?"

"Hello, Mr. Shelby!" she exclaimed. "Gee, it's good to see you!" She wrung his hand and stepped to the door. "Get Mr. Hutchinson, please," she called to a porter. She turned to Shelby. "We're all right, aren't we? No new manager or anything like that?" she asked anxiously.

"You've no idea how swell everything is!" He took her left hand. "What? No diamond ring? What's the matter with that sap?"

Maribell shook her head. "I think—I think he—er—loves me, Mr. Shelby. But he's scared. Scared of losing his job, I guess. I—"

"Hello, Joe!" Bob Hutchinson roared as he entered the office. "How's my old slave driver?"

"Hi, kid. I was never better. And neither were you." He included Maribell in his glance. "Listen, boys and girls. It's a secret." He lowered his voice. "Dewitt Marlboro wins the contest!"

"Gee whiz!" Bob exclaimed, driving a fist into a palm. "Say! What a break that is!"

"I knew it," said Maribell.

"He won hands down," Joe continued. "His piece knocked 'em cold. Dolan had it all framed so that the winner wouldn't get a chance to stick his finger into anything when he got to Hollywood, but this thing of Marlboro's hit him so hard that he made a speech in the board of directors' meeting admitting that Curtis' idea was a wow. Dolan said Marlboro showed such a keen grasp of the show business that he ought to be given full power to run things. The board put it down in black and white. Your boy friend will be the big boss for a year. He must be a smart guy. I want to meet him."

Bob's uneasy eyes met Maribell's.

"How long will you be here?" she asked Shelby.

"Got to get out tonight. Have to be in Kansas City tomorrow."

"Oh, dear. That's too bad. Mr. Marlboro is out of town today. Will it be all right if we tell him about it?"

"Sure." He reached in his pocket and drew out a sheet of paper. "Here's some things New York wants. A picture of him. A biography. A statement telling just what sort of pictures he's going to produce. That's all, I guess. Have him send them in. Tell him to keep everything secret until next Friday. That's when the formal announcement is made. New York will send him transportation and the studio gang will meet him in Los Angeles with a lot of ballyhoo."

Bob Hutchinson beamed at Maribell. "Everything's all right, hey?" he said.

"Practically," she answered, glancing involuntarily at her ringless left hand.

It was not difficult to convince Dewitt Marlboro that the essay that won the contest was his own work. A five-hundred-dollar-a-week contract for one year is a good convincer.

"It was this way," Maribell told him. "I knew all the time that you had a marvelous mind. I had heard you tell so often just what you thought of Red Star pictures and what you would do if you were producing them, that I knew you were just the man for the position."

"Umm," said Dewitt Marlboro, modestly.

"So, when you didn't send in an entry, I just wrote down the things you had told me and put your name on the piece. That was fair, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes. Of course. Certainly. You know," he observed, "some of the things in that essay were not exactly as I would have expressed them, Miss Mead, but, after all, they were trivial misquotations, I suppose."

"Very trivial," Maribell agreed.

"I hope," he mused, "that I shall be able to stand it. My experience with the Red Star studio has been most unfortunate. They—er—rejected several of my stories and were rather rude when I wrote to them and asked them to tell me why they did not buy them."

"You'll get along fine out there, Mr. Marlboro," Maribell encouraged him. "You're just the man they need."

"I suppose you're right," he agreed.

SO THEY shipped Dewitt Marlboro to Hollywood. The Two Forks Gazette assigned the movie job to a cub reporter who liked everything that was shown on the Rialto screen. Business was good. Bob Hutchinson's job seemed to be set. He was beginning to get up the courage necessary to ask Maribell Mead to marry him.

Then came a telephone call from New York. It was Dolan, of the board of directors.

"Say, young fellow, what's the matter with this Marlboro guy?"

"How do you mean, Mr. Dolan?" Bob asked.

"He's gone nuts! He's not doing anything like what he promised in that essay. And did you read his statement about coming productions?"

"I didn't see it, Mr. Dolan. He sent it direct to New York."

"It was the raving of a crazy man. We got him out there with full power to run things and Mr. Curtis is backing him up. The first thing Marlboro did was to order into production a story of his own—something about Iceland six thousand years ago, and he's sending a troupe up there to shoot it! And he's buying grand operas."

"Gee!" gasped Bob.

"I called you up, thinking maybe you were a friend of his and could set him right."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dolan, but he's no friend of mine."

"Well, can't you find somebody that is? He'll ruin this company in six weeks if he keeps this up. Joe Shelby said you were sort of sponsoring this mutt. If you want to keep that job of yours, boy, you better do something. Give it a lot of thought. Good-by."

"What's the matter?" Maribell asked.

Bob ran a hand through his hair. "We're sunk," he said. He told her what Dolan had said.

"Oh, my!" she said. "I never thought of that! We get him out of town so the theater will make more money and put

(*Continued on page 36*)

You've got the edge
. . . ON STYLE AND COMFORT

When you're wearing either of these Walk-Overs you've got the edge... the popular "hub edge" on your soles which is a real he-man style. See how it swings out and back. No chance of your foot "running over" on the side. The STRATFORD wing-tip brogue (above) has a slightly narrower toe than the WARWICK (below). Each is imported black calf. Priced at $10. Stop in today at the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood.

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Makes cars look new again

THE SAME CAR BEFORE AND AFTER SIMONIZING

And *keeps* the finish beautiful

MILLIONS of motorists say, "When it comes to making cars sparkle like new and keeping the finish always beautiful—there is nothing that takes the place of Simonizing. It is the modern and safe way of cleaning and protecting all fine finishes."

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Simonizing will make your car look like new again. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily cleans off all grime, discolorations and blemishes from the finish—truly the only way of restoring the original lustre. And, Simoniz provides the long, lasting surface of sparkling protection that makes it so easy to keep the finish looking clean and bright—just by wiping occasionally with a dry cloth.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ
LACQUERS DUCO-ENAMEL

Every car needs Simoniz to protect the finish. No matter where you drive and in all kinds of weather, Simoniz guards the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the lustre. It makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading . . . so, the sooner any car is Simonized the better.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—for Simonizing is the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 35)

him in a place where he'll ruin the company. And then there just won't be any theater! We've got to do something quick, haven't we?"

"I'll say. But what?"

"I think I'll go to Hollywood," said Maribell.

"What'll you do in Hollywood?"

"I don't know. But it's a long train ride and maybe I'll get an idea before I arrive there."

"Red Star Motion Picture Corporation, in the season to come, will produce only stories of today," according to a statement by Dewitt Marlboro, general manager of production. (So said special dispatches from Hollywood filed two days after Maribell Mead arrived there.) "I feel that the public is not eager for grand opera or fantasy or historical dramas. It cannot grasp the delicate dialogue of the masters. I shall give patrons of Red Star Pictures the greatest stars to be found today in motion pictures, in stories by popular writers." There was more of it. But that was enough to bring whoops of joy from the entire Red Star organization.

Except from Old Man Curtis.

"He'll bankrupt us!" he protested to Dolan. "He's gone out and signed Jeff Dillon and Mary Miller and Blossom O'Day. Five thousand a week he's paying O'Day!"

"We'll get it back," said Dolan. "That's just what we need. The fellow's all right, after all. He must have made that bad start just to kid us, or something."

BOB met Maribell at the station. It was a cool summer night.

"How on earth did you do it?" he asked, when they were in a taxicab. "What did he say? What did you say? Will he stick to his promise? Does he really mean that he will sign these big stars that he always thought were terrible? How did he happen to about-face?"

"Give me a chance," said Maribell, "and I'll tell you. I was just lucky."

"What do you mean, lucky?" asked Bob.

"That Dewitt Marlboro is an unspeakable cad. I went to see him—told him I was just out there on a visit—and asked him what had brought about a change of heart. He said there was no change of heart."

"'You always said you despised Red Star,' I said. 'And yet you're working hard to make it a successful motion picture company. These people rejected your work. You're giving all your genius to aid your enemy,' I told him.

"He didn't get the idea at first. Then I showed him how he could wreak a glorious revenge on Red Star. He was in supreme command in the studio. All he had to do was to make the worst pictures he could—to hire the stars he loathed and to choose stories that made him suffer."

"What did he say to that?" Bob asked.

"He paced up and down and swung his arms and said, 'I'll do it! I'll show these people that they can't reject my stories and get away with it. I won't let them have my stories now, what do you think of that?'"

"What did you say?" Bob grinned.

"I said that was the way to talk. He kept on raving. He said he would hire the worst actors in the world—Jeff Dillon and Blossom O'Day and Mary Miller—and he'd buy nothing but low-brow plays that had run a year on Broadway and trashy books that had been best sellers. I told him he ought to make a statement to that effect and he said he would, and he did. So I came on home."

"Maribell, you're marvelous," said Bob. He took her hand. "You've done something that will make millions for Red Star. It's wonderful."

"Yes?"

"Yes, it was. It was wonderful."

"Well?"

THERE was a long pause. Finally she could stand it no longer.

"If you think I was doing all this so Red Star could make millions, you are just a little bit goofy. My eye was on just one thing—that sixty-five dollars that you get every week. Now it's safe. Stop worrying. Kiss me."

"Maribell!" Bob breathed. "How did you ever guess that I loved you?"

"Do you think one bracelet is enough?" Joe Shelby asked me in the jewelry store. "I think I'll throw in that diamond bar-pin, too."

"By all means," I said. "By the way, what's to become of Marlboro?"

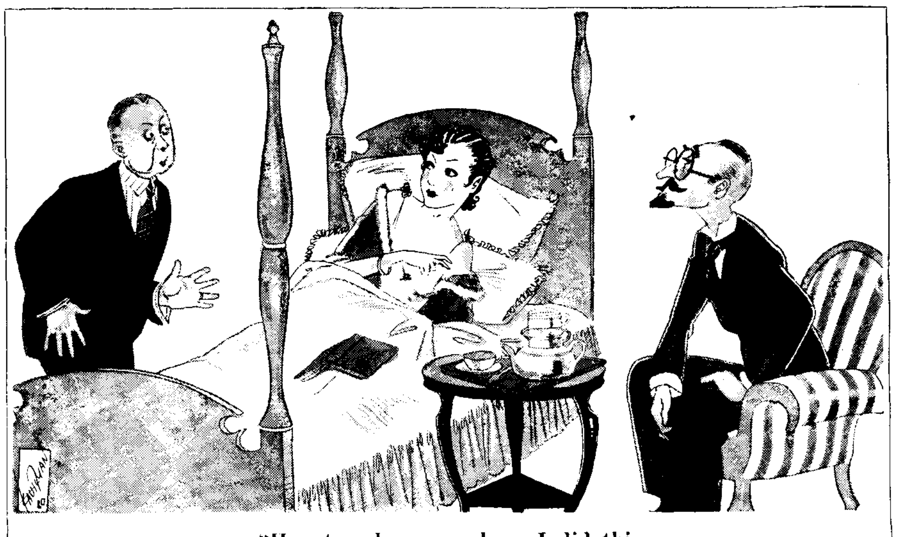
Joe grinned. "His contract with Red Star expires next month. Amalgamated has hired him at fifty thousand a year. Didn't you see the piece in the paper where he said that now he'd be able to do the things he always aspired to do? Ha! If you want to make money, sell Amalgamated short. He'll ruin those birds." He spoke to the clerk. "Those go to Hollywood," he said, handing over the jewels he had selected.

"Hollywood?" I asked.

"Yeah. Bob and the bride are out there. I found out from Maribell that Bob had written the piece that Marlboro got credit for and told Dolan. Bob's to be a big shot in the studio as soon as Marlboro moves out."

I handed to the clerk the special Roger O. Curtis number of Variety that I had been carrying.

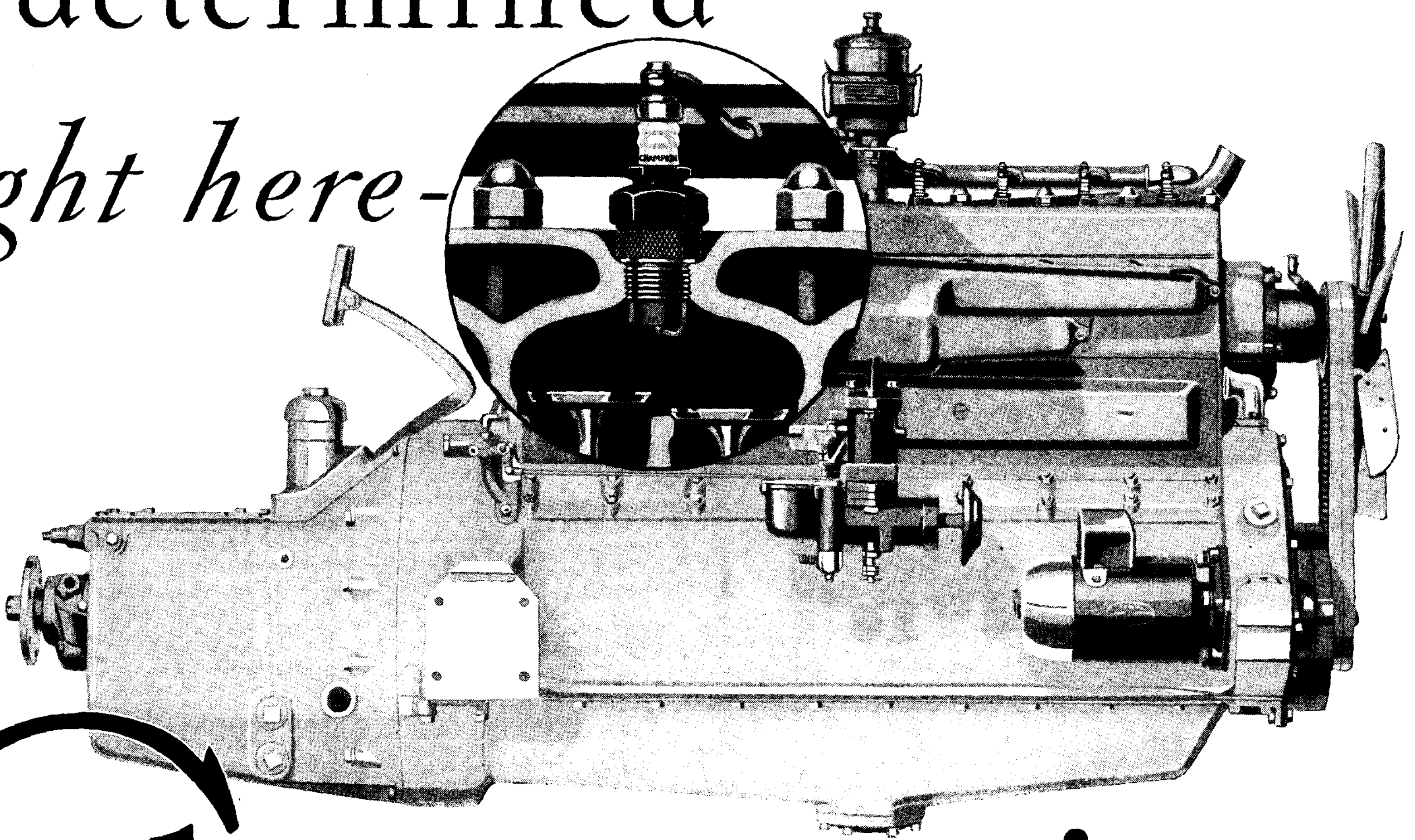
"Would you mind throwing that in a wastebasket?" I said.



"Houston dear, cough as I did this morning—so the doctor can hear."

better performance is determined *right here*—

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR



Champion

the better spark plug

ACCELERATION, economy, power, speed and the flexibility which make it a pleasure to drive your car are all determined in the combustion chamber.

Once you visualize the combustion process, it is not difficult to understand the all-important part which spark plugs play in engine performance.

Champions are the better spark plugs because they incorporate exclusive features which cannot be duplicated, and because they are designed for the rigorous service of present day motors.

For the life of a spark plug is no easy one. It operates over a heat range of more than 1300 degrees of temperature. It is called upon to function properly at all altitudes and in all kinds of weather.

It must operate with various qualities of gasoline and oil and with varying wear on cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, and valves. It must fight the evils of carbon almost from its first day. Dirt and water on the exterior, which enter through the radiator openings, tend to lower the electrical efficiency.

When you realize that each spark plug fires at least 15,000,000 times in 10,000 miles, and that it must deliver each vital spark under intense heat and stress, it becomes easy to understand why you should select spark plugs which meet all these conditions and do give better performance.

Champions ended their seventh consecutive year of better performance on land and water by adding these great victories to their long list of 1930 achievements:

Gar Wood's new world record for the Harmsworth Trophy; Billy Arnold's A. A. A. racing championship; Glen Shultz' victory at Pike's Peak; Victor Kliesrath's and Richard F. Hoyt's Gold Cup victory in Hotsy Totsy.

It is obvious also, that all spark plugs—even Champions—must deteriorate under such terrific operation stresses, and ultimately reach a point where it is economy and efficiency to replace them.

All motor car manufacturers, as well as millions of motor car owners, have proved that a new set of spark plugs every 10,000 miles restores engine power, speed and pick-up, and more than pays for itself in gas and oil saved, alone.

Because Champion Spark Plugs do give better performance in every engine, under every condition, they excel and outsell the world over.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

"*At 8 o'clock (very sharp!)* He lays his finger on his NOSE"

by Christopher Morley

How important is *Time to the radio programs you hear? Christopher Morley, famous novelist and poet, went to three studios in one evening. Here he gives you his impressions in his own gay manner.*

"Right on the Nose" is broadcasting argot for getting the program done 100% on the split minute!

IT was 7:20, and pouring rain was a gauze of liquid gold at the front door of the National Broadcasting Building.

That evening I was to hear voices at the beginning of their career, to say good-bye to them as they left on long journeys—voices uttered on a predestined second, departing on a scheduled moment, parcelled and sent to market by humanity's one universal measure—TIME.

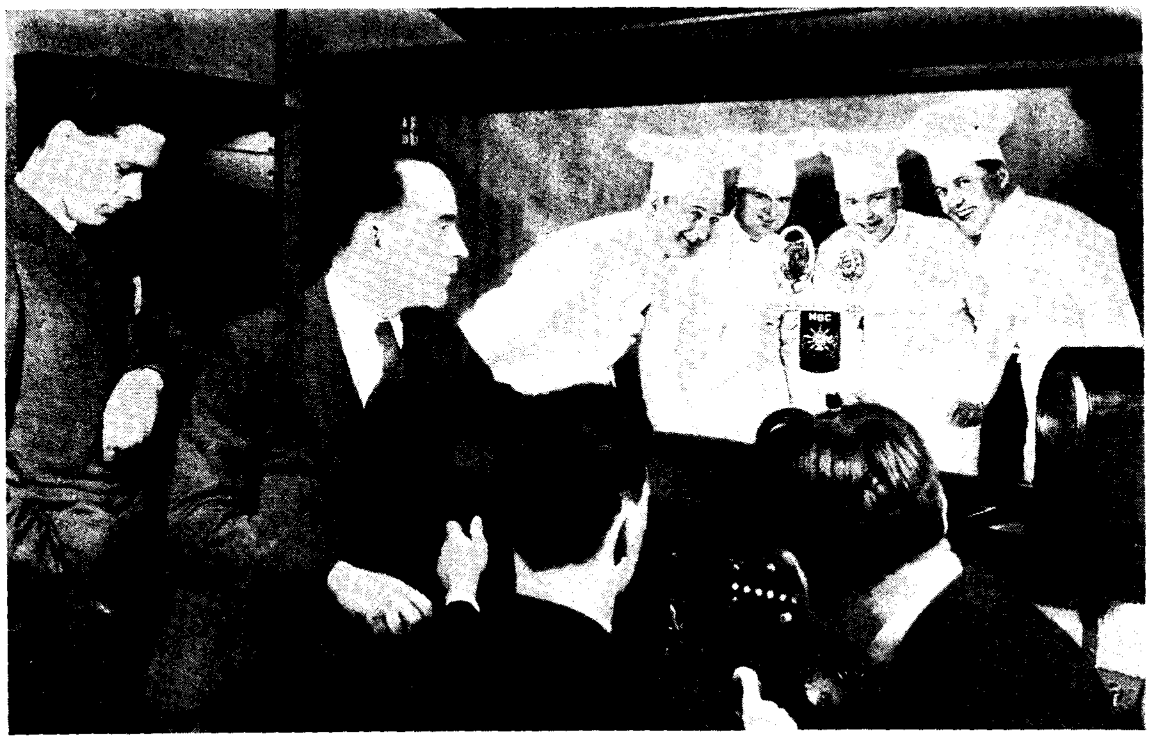
7:24:—In the brilliantly lit studio is a delicious feeling of imminence. I look at my watch and feel more important for doing so. For Time here is definite merchandise, available in precious standardized parcels. It is to be mixed with Words and Music and delivered into Space. It costs money, we take it seriously. How much is Time worth in 1930? I can tell you exactly. Half an hour of evening, relayed over 37 jobbing stations (a national network), costs $4,435.94.

7:27:—The brokers in this Time Exchange are aware of the enormous romance of their trading. They are selling Eternity on margin and show it in their mien. The station announcer wears a dinner coat. He has earphones on his head. He is talking through his phone to some distant arbiter of ether who has a large container of Time and Space ready to hand to him. Into that parcel of receptivity he is to pour a half hour of program. This is a practical world, and the representative of the purchaser of that parcel is here to see that the goods are duly transmitted.

7:28:—The announcer's voice is very formal as the moment approaches. "Three quarters of a minute . . . Stand by, please . . . Quiet . . . "

A little green light sparkles on his board. "You are listening to Station WEAF in New York." Ken Fickett, the program announcer, with a glance at his left (or Hamilton) wrist, takes the word. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen . . . here is news about Socony Special plus Ethyl." None of that familiar Hullo folksy sort of stuff. We represent the seller, and we are talking to several million possible customers. Follows a little dialogue between a service station and a lady customer—Ethyl herself, I imagined. And then Arthur Állen and others go into one of those little Soconyland Sketches, based on episodes of New England history.

7:40:—In the control room, behind a glass window, sit the masters of the event. An electric clock is above the instrument board. A young engineer sits with his hand on a vernier knob; he seems to be regulating the outgo of sound according to the flicker of a galvanometer needle which trembles continually. On either side of him sits a sort of umpire with a time schedule. Every item of the program has been rehearsed for time and checked to the second by stop watch, but each performance varies slightly; it is the umpire's duty to signal the director, through the glass window, if the running time is ahead or behind. You can almost hear the whetstone sharpening Father Time's scythe. The little green, yellow and lilac lights on the board mean something, no doubt, but it is the unflinching minute on which these referees concentrate. Elapsed time is scribbled on the schedule as against rehearsal time. Now we are a minute behind schedule, and they are making little cuts here and there in the dialogue to come through on the tick.



"A young engineer sits with his hand on a vernier knob regulating the outgo of sound. You can almost hear the whetstone sharpening Father Time's scythe."

THE sketch ends at 7:58:30. Then just the briefest commercial reprise to remind you that this wasn't all just for fun. 7:59:51 the plugging is over. The director waves his watch; the station announcer taps his little chime seven times. Some other station "takes it away"; all that vast area of Human Attention is handed over to some other studio where a customer has already contracted for it. The announcers look at each other, and Fickett lays his finger on his nose with quiet satisfaction. "Right on the Nose" is broadcasting argot for getting the program done 100% On Time.

8:10:—Off through the rain to another station—WABC—where Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit were singing ballads woven most cunningly into some humorous dialogue in honor of the Blackstone Cigar. With the easy impartiality of the mere spectator I could look through the control window and watch Julia in her leaf-flecked dress with little gold frills and a pert green hat, swaying slightly as she sings.

BUT the others in that little pilot house were intent on technicality. There was one exciting instant when apparently something went wrong. There were faces of anxiety, and they pantomimed wildly to the director. He gestured hastily to the performers, who retreated a little from the mike. The young scientist sitting with stop-watch recorded the episode thus in his Production Report: "At 8:20:40 control phoned there were hits, and at 8:21:15 we got one bad one." It was suggested that someone in the studio had tripped on the cable running from the mike. I wondered if it might have been Julia's lively little foot, unconsciously tapping time to the song she was singing with such gusto. At 8:27:50 the musical program ended; then the announcer's "signature," affectionately reminding the gallery gods of wave-length that that particular cigar is mild and fragrant; and at 8:29:32 "take her away." Roy Durstine, pioneer student of the art of ether advertisement, gayly shot his left (or Hamilton) cuff. "Right on the nose, this baby." Julia and Frank and their cigar were off the air, and instantly a different voice remarked, "This is the True Romance Hour." Aye, indeed!

Now it is 8:50, and back at WJZ they are getting ready for the Johnson & Johnson melodrama—one of those very bloodthirsty and comic little playlets that suggest the advisability of absorbent cotton and bandages and surgical supplies. The orchestra is trying out preliminary strains; the director is upsetting piles of folding chairs for thunder effect; the heroine gets behind a curtain to practise a muted scream. The big kettledrum behind the curtain gives the effect of distant explosion. Water sloshed about in a tin wash-boiler conveys the sound of a rowboat; a whip slashed on a soft cushion is a revolver shot; a table knife wrapped with tape and slapped against a book is the smack of a bullet hitting a wall. An alarm clock close to the mike is the ticking bomb; the key turned in a ten-cent padlock gives the snick of locking handcuffs. The announcer practises his apparently so casual "Good evening, everybody." 8:59, "Stand by." There is a last clearing of throats among the actors. "This is Station WJZ in New York . . ."

"Water sloshed about in a tin wash-boiler conveys the sound of a rowboat; a whip slashed on a cushion is a revolver shot . . . a clock, a ticking bomb."

* *

THE little melodrama is amusing, but in the control room the Parcæ are soberly vigilant. They preside at the actual weaving of this web of Time, Space and Sound. They watch it in process, second by second. At 9:15 they tell me we are ahead of schedule: the director is signalled to give a repeat on the chorus of the next number. This takes up the slack so accurately that at 9:24:30 we are only ten seconds off. The second hand on my watch goes steadily 'round. All the jury have wrist watches; the continual consultation of them makes a curious flicker of arm gestures in the little room, almost like tentative pugilism. I slip for a moment into the Main Control. Apparently smoking is allowed here, and I am about to light up when I am told that the Happy Wonder Bakers are on the air. I hurry back to hear a number of gentlemen caroling blithely about the joys of the bakery. In the old nursery rhymes the jolly miller did his own singing; now he hires George Gershwin's tunes to do it for him.

9:55:—It is imparted, in a tone of some solemnity, that the Westinghouse Salute is preparing. I wonder what this can be: I find myself upstairs in the grand salon, a vast studio like a modernist cathedral. A whole symphony orchestra is tuning up. The director wears a dinner jacket, and his watch lives in his hand. On one dais stands the musical conductor; on another sits in a sacerdotal chair a tall dark gentleman with a script. He looks uneasy and has a lozenge in his mouth. It is Pedro de Cordoba, who for his fine voice and trained elocution is to read the ceremonial litany. In front of him is a row of ladies in rich evening gowns; behind these a row of men in dinner jackets. I suppose them to be social guests. It is all very impressive; what is going to be saluted?

THE zero moment approaches. The director warns us not to crackle our papers. It is 9:59:39. A liquid gong sounds somewhere, rather like a Buddhist temple. From a raised altar at the rear of the great hall I hear some pontiff say with deep solemnity, "This is Station WJZ in New York." Crash! I am almost lifted from my seat by the explosion of music. The whole orchestra, with enormous violence, has burst into overture. Then, rising from his seat and laying his lozenge carefully on the seat of his chair, Mr. de Cordoba advances to the mike. He is to intone the text of this most genuine of all religions, man's worship of Big Business—

"Tonight, Westinghouse salutes the great Petroleum and Natural Gas Industries of all the world . . . Refiners, pipe line workers, tank wagon drivers . . . to keep the vast flow of lubricants moving . . . the wheels of industry turn rhythmically and smoothly upon cushions of oil and grease whereon friction vainly seeks a foothold."

And to celebrate the downfall of friction, the ensemble in evening dress bursts full-throated into Bizet's *Agnus Dei.*

I sit in amazement through this half-hour service. Here is a religion with real passion in it, America paying homage to what it understands. Mr. de Cordoba's voice gravely recites the ritual. I remind myself that it's some time since the oil was changed in the old Studebaker. Now it is 10:27. A final orchestral flurry, the announcer's closing "signature" . . . it's 10:29:50 . . . and we are through. The director makes his pious little symbolic gesture. He lays his finger on his nose.

LIKE Cinderella's coach and horses the whole fairy tale has vanished. The hand of the clock has Taken Us Away. Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, musicians with their bulky instruments, announcers and directors and comedians, we find ourselves out on the rainy street. That great flexible bubble of Time and Sound, iridescent with oil and amperes, has floated off forever into Space. How far did it go, trembling through the impalpable? I look at my watch. Hamilton tells me I can just catch the 11:09—"Right on the Nose."

* * *

The more important radio programs are generally sent on the air to Hamilton accuracy. The air-mail pilots time their flights by it. And of course the Century, the Broadway and other famous flyers of the rails rely—as they have relied for years—on "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

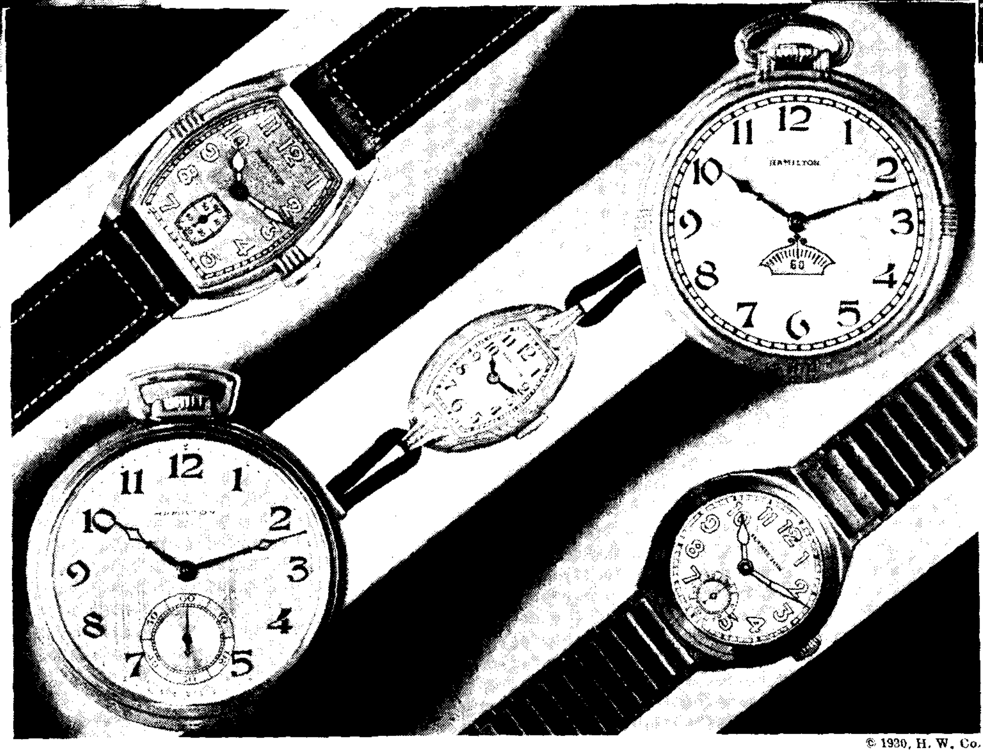
Accept this story Free

We should like to send you a copy of Mr. Morley's charming radio story, "On the Nose," in its full-length form, bound in a beautifully illustrated booklet—a handsome addition to your favorite pamphlet library.

"Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit singing ballads most cunningly woven into some humorous dialogue."

* *

Any fine jeweler will be only too glad to show you the new Hamilton models—wrist, strap and pocket. Or let us send you "The Timekeeper," an inviting little booklet showing the complete line. Simply address Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



Strap Watches—*Above*—The Perry—In 14k filled natural or white gold, $55. *Below*—The Palisade—In 14k filled natural or white gold, with filled gold band attached, $65. Pocket Watches—*Above*—The Farragut—With new secometer dial. In 14k filled natural or white gold, $55. *Below*—The Stevens—In 14k filled natural or white gold, with dial shown, $77 to $130. *Center*—Two slim silk cords for a strap! In 14k white gold, with filled gold clasp, $75. Other Hamiltons for men and women from $48 to $685.

© 1930, H. W. Co.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

New Radio Program

Tune in on the Hamilton Watchman's interesting and entertaining radio program every Thursday evening at 8:45 Eastern Standard Time, Station WABC and 19 other stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

This Seal marks each Selected Bostonian

Men who know the importance of looking their best.. quickly welcome this new idea

Bostonians Seven Selected Styles

Here is the very cream of correct footwear for Fall. Seven Styles selected from over a hundred new patterns—for your convenience.

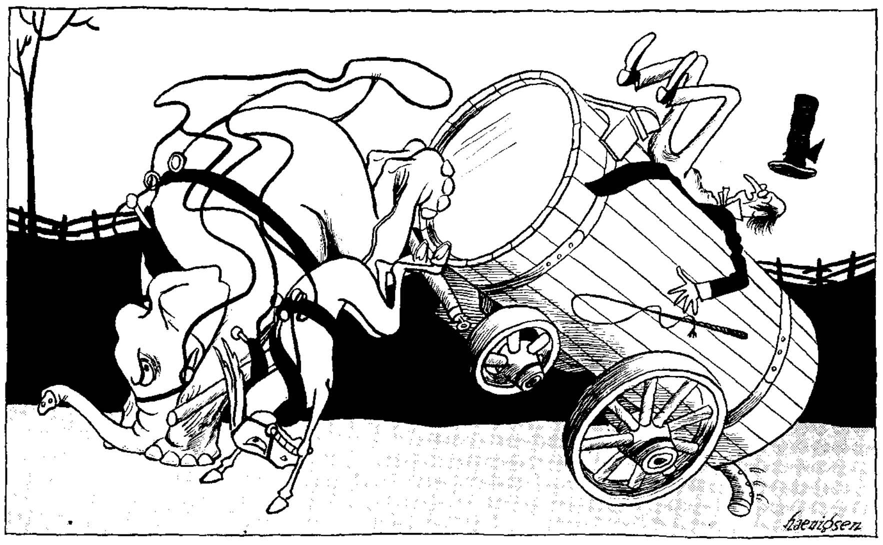
You'll be delighted with the distinctive modeling of each design—the rich lustre of the leathers—and that to-the-manner-born air of smartness for which Bostonians are famous.

See these seven smartest shoes of the season today—in the windows of Bostonian dealers. There's a Selected Style for every taste—every age—all priced as pleasingly low as they are exclusively smart. $7 to $10.

Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.

The ASCOT
The PREP
The AVENUE
The FOOT FRIENDLY
The UNIVERSITY
The DIRECTOR
The FLEETWING

BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN



The Rising Tide

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE break-up of the dry control of both national parties has been revealed in the preliminaries of this congressional election. The decline of the drys was evidenced in the unexpectedly heavy wet vote in the Republican primaries of the dry state of Michigan. In the rural district of that arrant dry, Congressman Louis C. Cramton, one half of the Republicans voted for the wet candidate. Hitherto only a handful of wet votes had ever been cast against Cramton.

The defeat of Grant Hudson, former superintendent of the Michigan Anti-Saloon League, for the Republican nomination for Congress was not so surprising, since his district includes part of the wet city of Detroit. Still, the wets had never made much headway against him before.

The handwriting is on the wall everywhere. The dry Republican candidate for senator in Illinois, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, attempted to straddle the prohibition issue, evidently from fear of defeat by the wet Democratic candidate, Jim Ham Lewis. The wet candidacy of Robert J. Bulkley, Democrat, for senator was received with enthusiasm everywhere in Ohio, home of the Anti-Saloon League.

Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, proposing repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, carried every dry county in New Jersey against so distinguished a dry as Representative Franklin W. Fort. And the November election is practically certain to increase the evidence that the voters are making up their minds against the "experiment."

The Important Wet States

The prospects are now that both parties will be wet in 1932. They may differ as to the remedy for the failure of prohibition, but it is highly improbable that either party will declare for the retention of prohibition as it now exists, since both of them must appeal for the support of the big wet states like New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Illinois, and Ohio and Michigan, too, if both parties turn out to be wet. Neither can permit the other to make the only effective appeal to this big block of electoral votes. Governor Roosevelt's coming out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment shows clearly which way the wind is blowing.

Now where does this leave President Hoover and the Republican party in 1932? Naturally the wet tendency is a little more awkward for the Republican party than for the Democratic party, which has already had a wet candidate for the Presidency. Accordingly, Mr. Hoover is reported to have been disturbed by the numbers of Republican candidates for other offices who this year have found it expedient to bid for wet support.

By 1932 the voters will be looking for the most practicable solution of the prohibition question. And the party that does the clearest thinking in this issue will have the advantage.

Mr. Hoover has one advantage: He has a commission of distinguished men studying the question of prohibition. That commission, according to presumably credible information, is almost unanimously of the opinion that prohibition cannot be enforced. The result in November no doubt will give it courage to express its opinion frankly.

Hoover's Not Committed

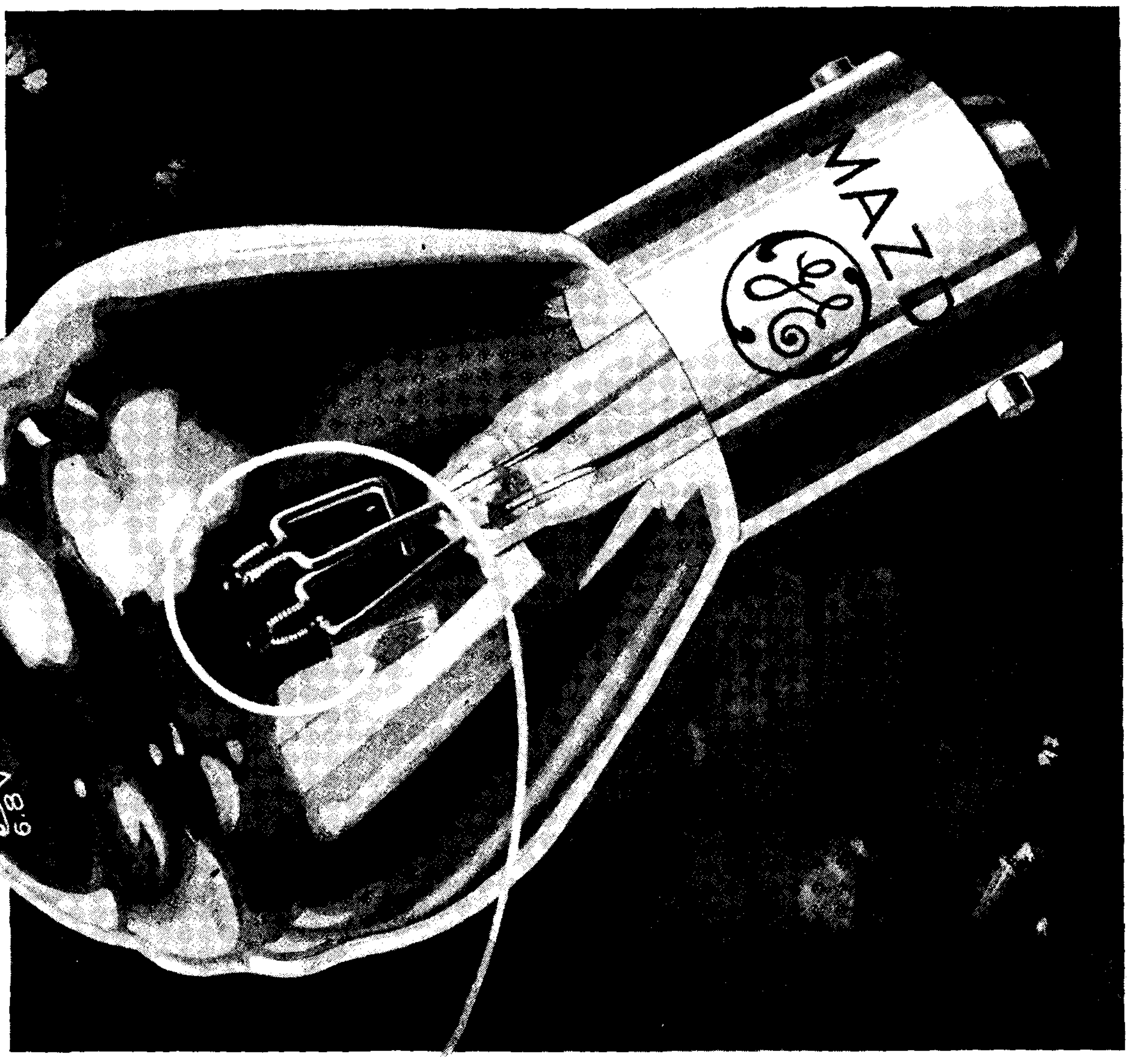
So this first attempt at a constructive prohibition program will come from the Republican administration. The fate of the Republican party in 1932, so far as prohibition is the main issue in that year, therefore will depend largely upon the wisdom of the commission's report and upon what Mr. Hoover does with its recommendations.

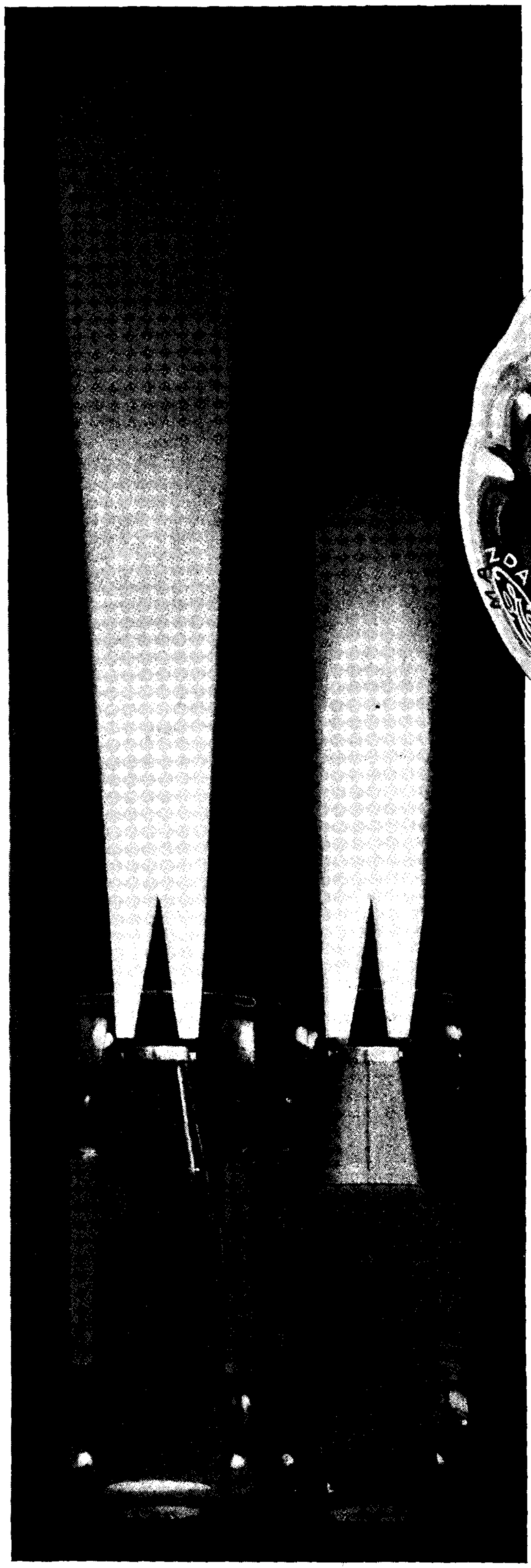
And Mr. Hoover himself is not tied so tightly to the dry side of this issue. This has embarrassed dry Republican candidates, like ex-Senator William M. Butler in the Massachusetts primary, who have been trying to prove that one could only be a good Republican and a loyal supporter of the President by being personally dry and for the Eighteenth Amendment. They have not been able to get any evidence for their contention in the utterances of Mr. Hoover himself.

Mr. Hoover has never said that prohibition must be the permanent policy of this country. He never said that the Eighteenth Amendment must never be repealed. On the contrary, he has issued a public endorsement of the candidacy of Mr. Morrow in New Jersey, who precisely does advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The farthest Mr. Hoover has ever gone in advocating prohibition has been to call it "an experiment, noble in purpose."

If the Law Enforcement Commission reports that it does not work, President Hoover can accept its conclusions as final and propose something else. In this election the wet voters are merely expressing their opinion that prohibition has failed. They will divide on the question of what should be substituted for prohibition. The best political brains of both parties should be at work on a practical solution of the new problem.

▲ ▲ ▲ **MAZDA** ▲ ▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE





The car on the left is using the long beams of the super auto headlight lamp—MAZDA No. 1000—The car on the right is using the short beams for city driving.

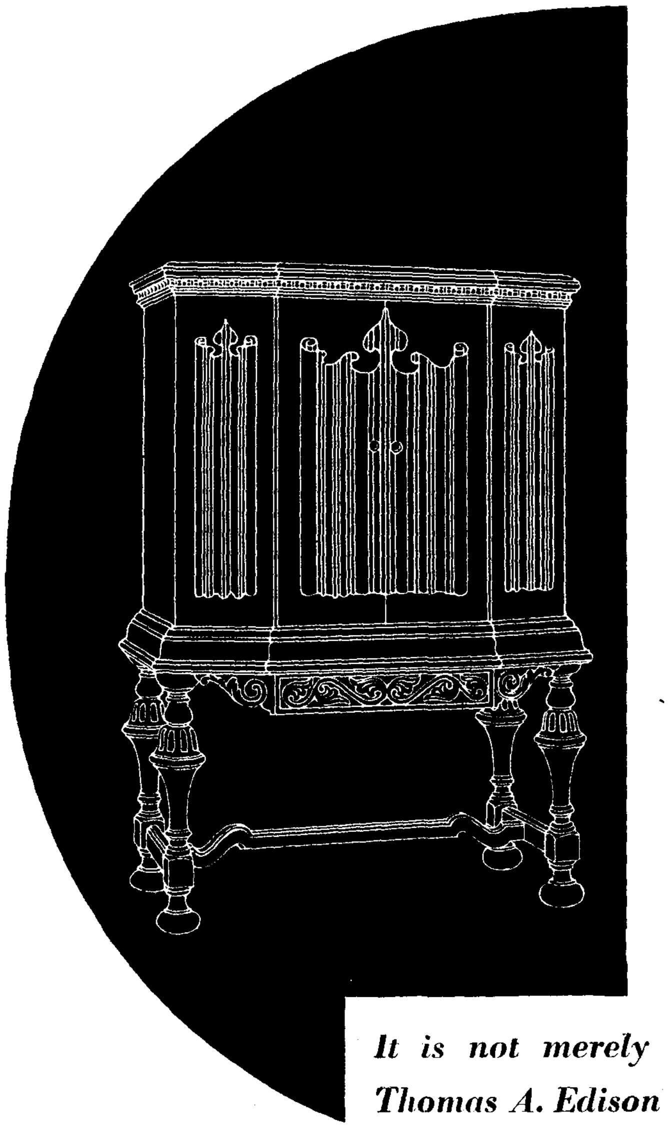
This makes the difference.

The TWO 32 candlepower filaments in General Electric's new super auto lamp—MAZDA No. **1000**—will produce 50 per cent MORE light in both the long and short headlight beams of your automobile. ▲▲ Here is driving light tuned to four wheel brakes and balloon tires—to modern conceptions of *comfortable driving at night*—of *speed* with *safety*. ▲▲ And there are other super candlepower auto lamps to bring new and better lighting to every other socket of your car. To be sure of getting G. E. MAZDA Super Auto lamps ask for them by number. MAZDA No. **1000** for Headlights; MAZDA No. **1133** for Stoplights and Spotlights; MAZDA No. **87** for Dome and Corner Lights and MAZDA No. **81** for Dash Lights. ▲▲ Equip your car with these new super lamps today. Really enjoy this winter's driving.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



FROM THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison

It is not merely because Thomas A. Edison is a great name that it means so much on a radio. It is because Thomas A. Edison is a great name in science . . . in electricity . . . in sound reproduction—the things that make a radio. Fifty years of achievement in the Edison Laboratories are back of the Edison . . . a lifetime of beauty, satisfaction, and pride of possession in your home are before it. Hear the Edison—the radio voice triumphant! There is a dealer near you, selected because of his reliability.

EDISON
LIGHT-O-MATIC
RADIO

THE PLEASURE OF OWNING AN EDISON MAY BE YOURS FOR AS LITTLE AS $175 (LESS TUBES). PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST. THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

The Truth about the ex-Kaiser

Continued from page 16

through a hundred channels where waters flowed with steady force, albeit under a glassy surface of respect, William II was taught that, if he would keep the love and admiration of his subjects, he must be their champion.

Moreover, there were the Socialists: bad people, disaffected kerns that cared nothing for the greatness of Germany, for the endurance of the monarchy, or even the dynasty. They did not cheer; neither, except when undergoing their compulsory military service, did they salute. They were against the aristocracy and the landed classes. They had no regard for the wonderful army by whose strength Germany had gained her freedom and daily preserved her united life. They voted steadily year after year against everything the Kaiser cared for, and against all the classes and interests who were his faithful servants and at the same time his conscious masters. Besides, how rude they were! How they mocked and derided! What lies they told and, worse still, what scandalous truths!

Was he to be the representative of their sentiments? Was he to quarrel with all the strong forces that sustained his country and his throne, in order to voice the opinions of those who boasted that they had no country and that their first act in power would be to make short work of thrones? Was he to acquiesce with the foreigner's view—also the view of his Socialist enemies—while from every side the dominant martial and virile forces urged him to be true; and down through the centuries romance, tradition and ancestral incantations inspired him to be bold?

Are you quite sure, reader, in your heart of hearts, that subjected to these pressures, feeding on this royal jelly, you would have remained a mild, humdrum conservative or liberal statesman? I wonder!

When we measure the temptations and take account of the circumstances, the rule of life which the Emperor followed is remarkable. He is not incontinently to be condemned. For thirty years he reigned in peace. For thirty years his officers were taught to say—to foreigners at any rate—that it was part of his religion to prevent war.

Opportunities came and went. Russia, the great counterbalancing colossus, was laid low in her war with Japan. The danger of a war on two fronts vanished for three or four years. The Franco-Russian alliance was less than a scrap of paper. France was at his mercy. He reigned in peace. Provocations were not lacking. Diplomatic defeat was endured at Algeciras, and something very like humiliation was felt after Agadir. William II sought to pay his way with his army and navy by words and gestures: "The mailed fist," "glittering armor," "the Admiral of the Atlantic." "But no war!"

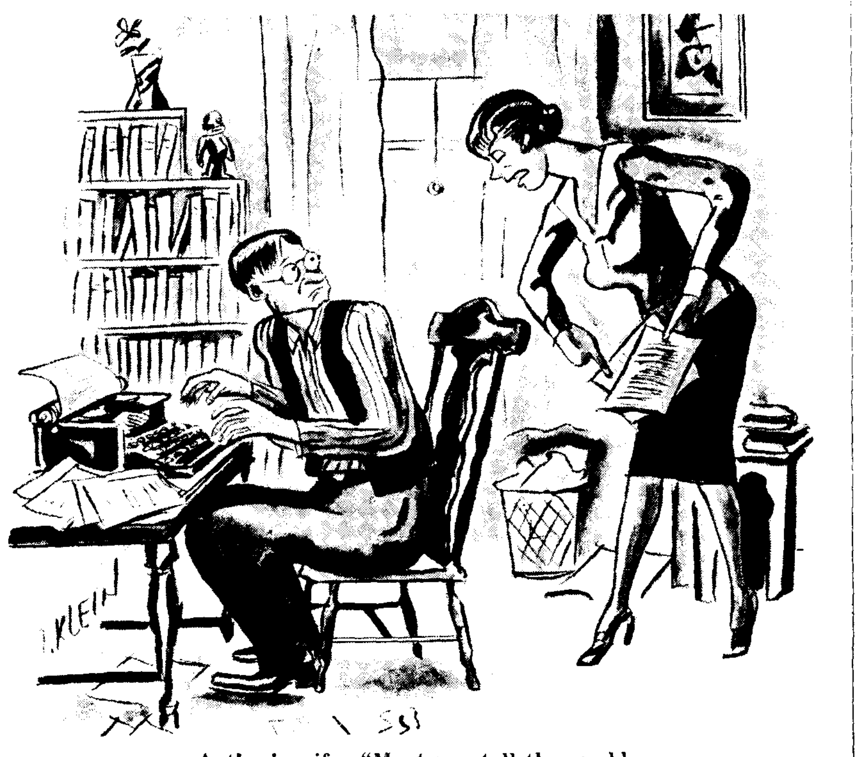
No long, cool Bismarckian schemes; no Ems dispatch. Just strut about and pose and rattle the undrawn sword. All he wished was to feel like Napoleon and be like him without having had to fight his battles. Surely less than this would not pass muster. If you are the summit of a volcano the least you can do is to smoke. So he smoked, a pillar of cloud by day and the gleam of fire by night, to all who gazed from afar; and slowly and surely they gathered and locked themselves together.

An Awful Fate

It was my fortune to be the Emperor's guest at the German Army maneuvers of 1906 and 1908. He was then at the height of his glory. As he sat on his horse surrounded by kings and princes while his legions defiled before him, in what seemed to be an endless procession, he represented all that this world has to give in material things.

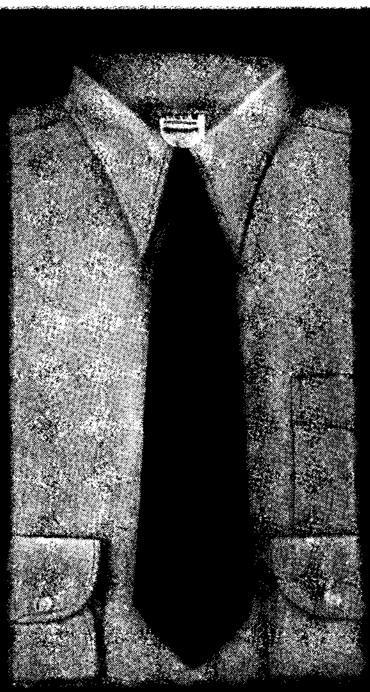
The picture which lives the most vividly in my memory is his entry into the city of Breslau at the beginning of the maneuvers. He rode his magnificent horse at the head of a squadron of cuirassiers, wearing their white uniform and eagle-crested helmet. The streets of the Silesian capital were thronged with his enthusiastic subjects and were lined, not with soldiers, but more impressively with thousands of

(*Continued on page 45*)

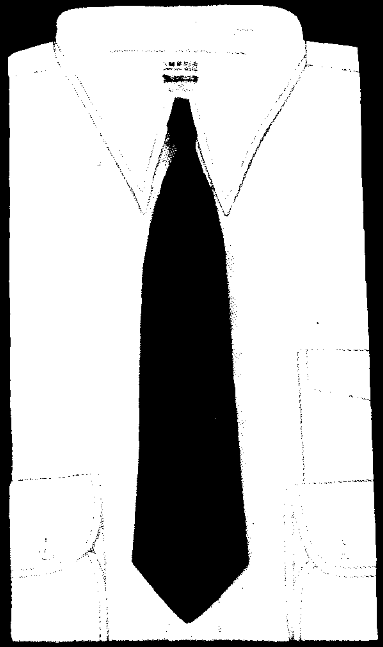


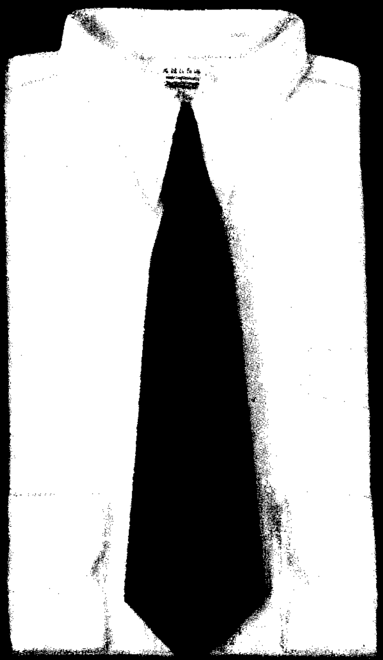
Author's wife: "Must you tell the world that we have roaches in our kitchen?"

Be sure the fine broadcloth shirts you wear are

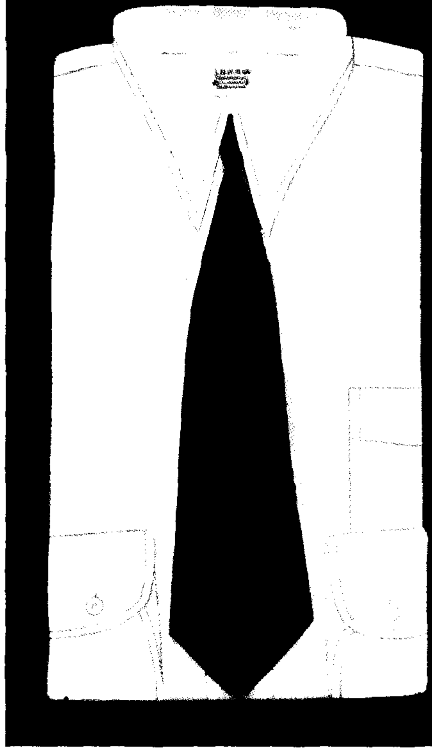

TRUMP IN COLORS $2.15
TRUMP IN WHITE $1.95

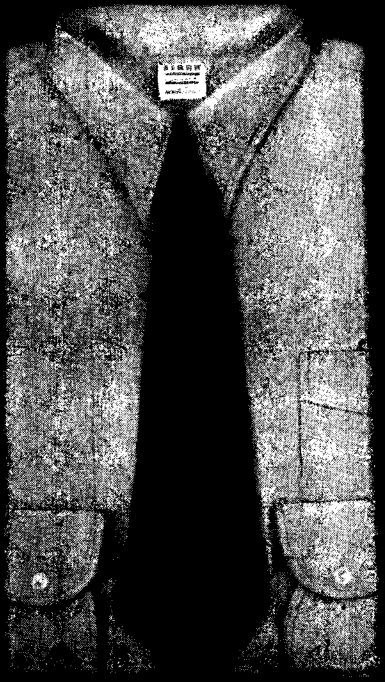
PADDOCK IN WHITE $2.50
IN COLORS $2.50




MAYFAIR IN COLORS
AND IN WHITE $3.00

CLARIDGE IN WHITE $3.50




BARONET IN COLORS
AND IN WHITE $5.00

Sanforized-Shrunk

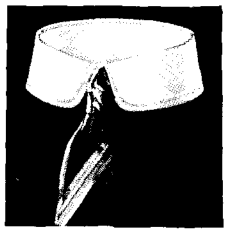
✦

ARROW'S GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT FIT

✦

ONE of these prices is the one you feel most like paying for a good broadcloth shirt. Whatever the price, make that purchase yield you *extra* value: be sure the shirt is Arrow's "Sanforized-shrunk" broadcloth. Buy your *correct* size—not the "guesswork" size to which you gamble that the shirt might some day shrink. For every one of these shirts is *guaranteed for permanent fit*—the collar will never bind, the cuffs will never "creep," the shirt-tails won't come back "bobbed" from every laundering. Arrow (thanks to its new patented Sanforized process) flatly guarantees permanent fit—or you get your money back, or another shirt—as you prefer. Arrow's Sanforized-shrunk broadcloth, by the way, is of unusually bright and lasting lustre—the Sanforized process improves its brilliance. In snowy white, and in gay, restrained, guaranteed fast colors, these Arrow Broadcloths offer you more than you ever knew you could buy for the price. And the fact that *only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars* is your complete assurance that you're buying excellent style.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK



ARROW COLLARS
A fresh, sensible style in the new lightweight flexible Golden Arrow (starched) is "Drew"; its low round front and the high back are decidedly "Londonish" and very comfortable. 35 cents; three for $1.

ARROW SHIRTS

20,679 Physicians say LUCKIES are *less irritating*

CIGARETTES

I too prefer
LUCKIES
because...

Toasting removes
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation
and coughing

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—

against irritation—against cough.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.

The Truth about the ex-Kaiser

Continued from page 42

aged veterans in rusty black coats and stovepipe hats, as if the great past of Germany saluted her more splendid future.

What a contrast twelve years would show! A broken man sits hunched in a railway carriage, hour after hour, at a Dutch frontier station, awaiting permission to escape as a refugee from the execration of a people whose armies he has led through measureless sacrifices to measureless defeat and whose conquests and treasures he has squandered.

An awful fate! Was it the wage of guilt or of incapacity? There is, of course, a point where incapacity and levity are so flagrant that they become tantamount to guilt. Nevertheless, I believe that history will incline to the more charitable view and acquit William II of having planned and plotted the World War. But the defense which can be made will not be flattering to his self-esteem. It is, in short, the defense which the eminent French counsel presented on behalf of Marshal Bazaine when he was brought to trial for treason in the surrender of Metz: "This is no traitor. Look at him; he is only a fool."

The Cannons Roar

It is indeed impossible to exaggerate the folly of the long succession of blunders which across a whole generation led the German Empire to catastrophe. The youthful sovereign who so lightheartedly dismissed Bismarck was soon to deprive Germany of all the reassurance and safety founded upon an understanding with Russia. Russia is to move into the opposite camp. The long intimate correspondence between "Willy" and "Nicky," all the immense advantage of personal relationship, leads only to a Franco-Russian alliance, and the Czar of all the Russias finds it more natural to give his hand to the President of a republic whose national anthem is the Marseillaise than to work with his brother Emperor, his equal, his cousin, his intimate acquaintance.

Next in fatal order came the estrangement of England. Here even stronger ties of blood, of kinship and of history had to be cut asunder. The work was lengthy and difficult, but William II accomplished it in good time. In this he was stimulated alike by his admiration of English life, style and customs and by his personal jealousy of King Edward VII.

He wrote him presumptuous letters about his private life. His scornful arrows, shot off at random even when they did not hit the target, were picked up and carried thither. "Where is your king now?" he asked one day of an English visitor. "At Windsor, sir." "Ah, I thought he was boating with his grocer." Family connections which might have cemented national friendship became increasingly a cause of discord.

Still Great Britain is a constitutional democracy and the personal feelings of the monarch do not sway the policy of responsible administrations. But graver offenses were not lacking. The Kaiser's impulsive telegram to President Kruger upon the Jameson Raid extorted such a growl from the British Lion as Germany had never heard before. Lastly, there was the navy. The lord of the greatest of armies must also possess a navy which even the strongest naval power would hold in awe.

Thus England, carrying with her the whole British Empire, slowly inclined toward France, and under the repeated shocks of Algeciras (1906), of the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina (1908), and of Agadir (1911), became tacitly, informally, but none the less effectively, united with France and Russia. With England went Italy. A secret clause in the original Treaty of the Triple Alliance absolved Italy from participation in any war against Great Britain. He had already in 1902 given mortal offense to Japan.

Thus, after so many years of pomp and medieval posturing, the master of German policy had stripped his country of every friend but one, the weak, unwieldy, internally-torn empire of the Hapsburgs. All that remained of Bismarck's network of securities had been destroyed; and, upon the other hand, an enormous latent coalition had been formed, in the center of which burned the quenchless flame of French revenge: Alsace!

It remained only for William II to offer Austria, in the sultry atmosphere of July, 1914, a free hand to punish Serbia for the Sarajevo murders and then to go away himself for three weeks.

The careless tourist had flung down his burning cigarette in the anteroom of the magazine which Europe had become.

For a while it smoldered. He returned to find the building impenetrable with smoke—black, stifling, sulphurous smoke—while darting flames approach the powder chamber itself. At first he thought it would be easy to put it all out. Confronted with the abject Serbian submission to the Austrian ultimatum he exclaimed, "A brilliant diplomatic triumph; no excuse for war; no need to mobilize!"

His instinct at this moment was evidently to arrest the conflagration. Too late! Faced with the imminent explosion, the army has taken charge. The terrified populace, the reckless sightseers, the local fire brigades are driven helter-skelter back by the strict and strong cordons of armed men who are everywhere clearing the streets; and amid this confusion the gilded pomp of personal rule, the obsequious courtiers, the imperial liveries, the easy triumphs of peace are all swept indifferently away. Power and direction have passed to sterner hands. The ungovernable passions of nations have broken loose. Death for millions stalks upon the scene. All the cannons roar.

Beyond Any Man's Strength

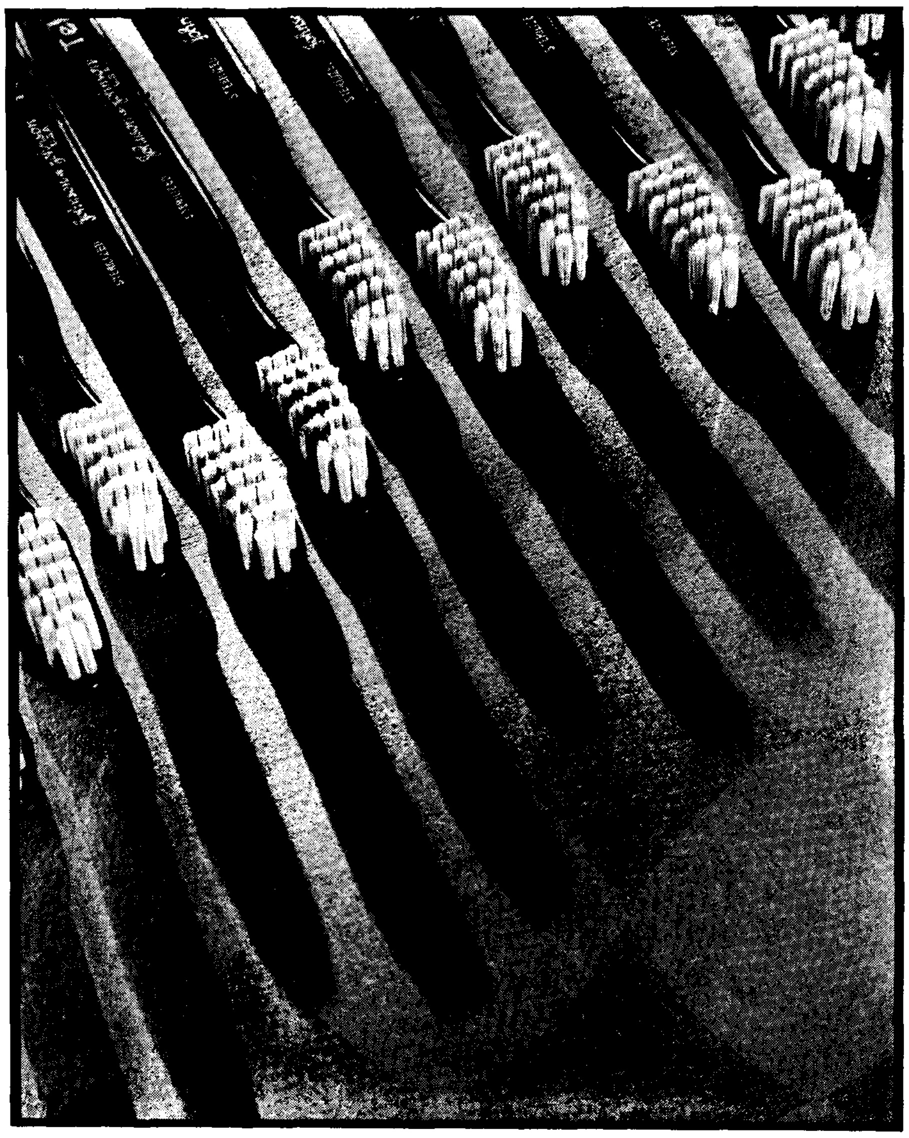
The dreaded "war on two fronts" is certain; the defection of Italy from the Triple Alliance is certain; the hostility of Japan is certain; the violation of Belgium is certain; and the armies of the Central Empire are launched against the little states upon their borders. But it is war on three fronts now. The British ultimatum has arrived. The ocean empire, so long Germany's ally, now joins the closing circle of fire and steel as her most unyielding foe.

Then, indeed, did William II realize whither he had led his country, and in a passion of grief and fear he pens these striking, self-revealing words:

"So the famous circumscription of Germany has finally become a complete fact. . . . A great achievement which arouses the admiration even of him who is to be destroyed as its result. Edward VII is stronger after his death than I am—I who am still alive."

The truth is that no human being should ever have been placed in such a position. An immense responsibility rests upon the German people for their subservience to the barbaric idea of an hereditary autocrat and War Lord. An

(*Continued on page 46*)



. . . BRISTLING WITH ACTION

It's the Brush that does the work

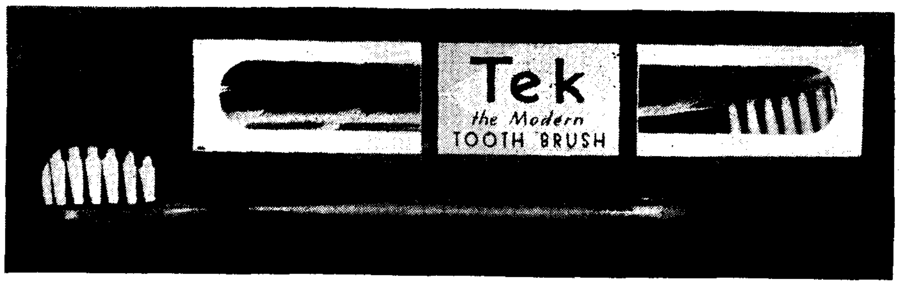
Tek goes to work from the first brush stroke. Spring and snap and cleaning-power are in its snow-white bristles. Designed with ingenious precision, Tek puts all its bristle-tufts into action on every curve of your dental arch . . . even behind the front teeth. It sweeps clean. And, automatically, the extra width of Tek's brush-head massages and invigorates your gums. Tek-*sercise* is a new technique unequaled in its benefits to your teeth, gums and health.

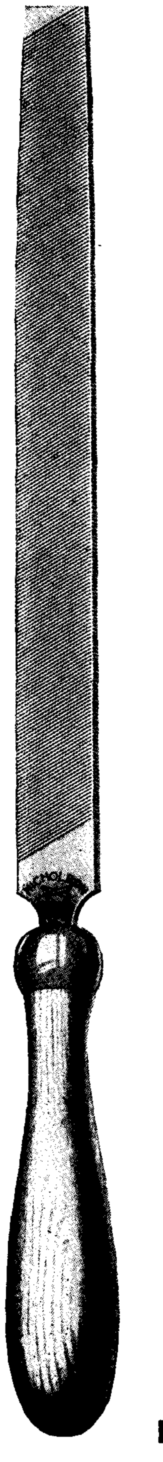
Sealed in a windowed container where it may be seen without being touched . . . your Tek tooth brush comes to you in perfect condition . . . sterilized . . . ready to use.

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Tek 50c. With dental floss in handle 75c. Tek Jr. 35c. Pastel Lucite handles. Guaranteed by the world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY





Your thumb-edged tools—

and NICHOLSON FILES

On edged tools so dull that your thumb doesn't fear them, use Nicholson Files—and, to be sure that you are using genuine Nicholson Files, look for the Nicholson trade mark when you visit your hardware dealer.

There is this important point about genuine Nicholson Files. You are certain of sustained filing speed—a quality as important in the home workshop as in the big industrial plants.

The genuine Nicholson file to use on edged tools is the Mill Bastard.

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. TRADE MARK

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

(*Continued from page 45*)

hereditary monarchy without responsibility for government is for many countries the most sagacious policy.

But the union of all the pomp and power of the state in a single office exposes a mortal to strains beyond the nature and to tasks above the strength even of the best and greatest men. Much may be said for dictatorships, in periods of change and storm; but in these cases the dictator rises in true relation to the whole moving throng of events. He rides the whirlwind because he is a part of it. He is the monstrous child of emergency. He may well possess the force and quality to dominate the minds of millions and sway the course of history.

Empty Gestures

William II had none of these qualities. He was a small, overdressed figure in the center of the world stage, called upon to play a part far beyond his powers. He had nothing in common with the great figures who at intervals throughout the centuries have appeared by the accident of birth at the summit of states and empires.

His undeniable cleverness and versatility only aggravated his dangers by concealing his fundamental inadequacy. He knew how to make the gestures, to utter the words, to strike the attitudes in the imperial style. He could stamp and snort, or nod or smile with much histrionic art; but underneath all this posing and its trappings was a very ordinary, rather silly and on the whole well-meaning man, hoping to pass himself off as a second Frederick the Great.

There was no grandeur of mind or spirit in his composition. No long policy of cautious statecraft, no calculation, no deep insight, were his to bestow upon his subjects. At every crisis of State he crumpled; in revolution he abdicated; in defeat he fled; in exile he remarried.

Finally, in his own Memoirs, written from the opulent seclusion of Doorn, he has naïvely revealed to us the measure of his own littleness. No more pitiful, and at the same time disarming, revelation of inherent triviality, lack of understanding, lack of mental and moral force and, incidentally, of literary capacity can be imagined. It is shocking to reflect that upon the nod or word of a being so limited stood attentive and obedient for thirty years the forces which, whenever released, could devastate the world.

Mr. Lloyd George, himself an actor although a man of action, would, if he had had his way, have deprived us of this invaluable exposure to gratify the passions of victorious crowds. He would have redraped this poor bedraggled fugitive in the somber robes of more than mortal guilt and of superhuman responsibility and led him forth to a scaffold of vicarious expiation. Upon the brow from which the diadem of empire had been smitten he would have set a crown of martyrdom; and Death, with an all-effacing gesture, would have refounded the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns upon a victim's tomb.

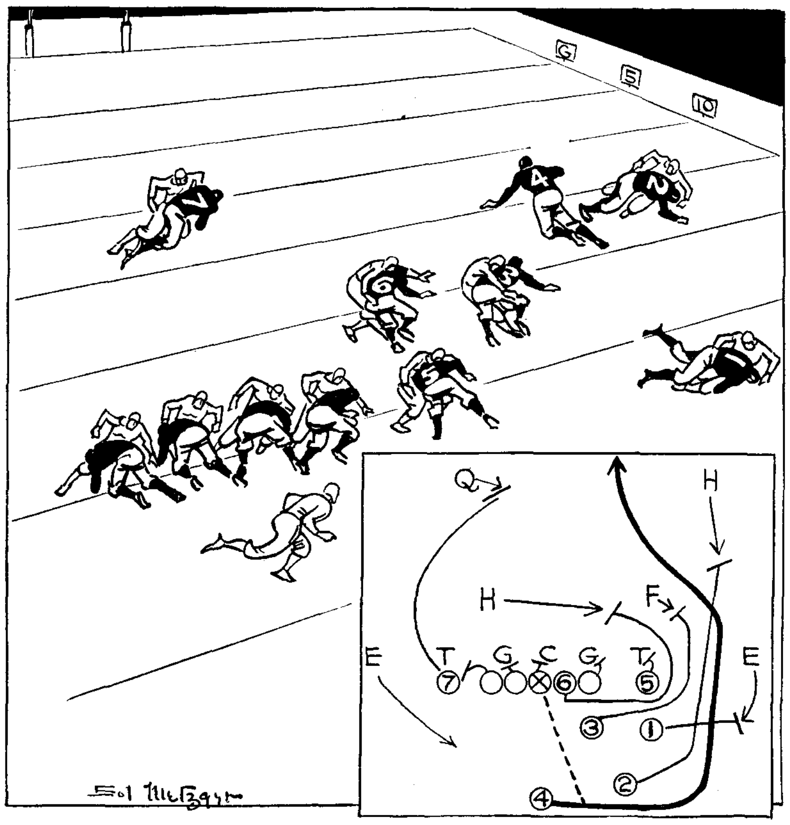
Ridiculous and Safe

Luckily such dignities were not to be accorded. Sensible counsels prevailed; he lived, rich, comfortable, ridiculous, safe.

He lived to see the fierce hatreds of the victors freeze into contempt and ultimately vanish in indifference. He lived to see a great people, whom he had conducted to frightful disaster, pass through the sternest tribulations of defeat. He lived to see them rebuild their fortunes and their strength under republican and parliamentary forms of government. He lived to receive at their hands many millions of money which Germany had the moral strength to pay rather than be guilty of repudiation of lawful dues.

He survived in excellent health and happy domesticity, while the fleet he had created with so much unwise labor rusted at the bottom of a Scottish harbor; while the proud army, the terror of the world, before which he had pranced so long in times of peace, was dispersed and abolished; while his faithful servants, officers and veterans, languished in penury and neglect. He thus in his own person inflicted upon the idea of Warrior-Kingship in Germany a final and fatal blow.

He passes out of history, no tragic figure of grandeur in adversity or even of monarchy in dethronement, but only in the squalor of an exploded sham.



A Rare Slice Off Tackle

By Sol Metzger

THE cut-in off-tackle play is the most effective rush of football. Because of it, Coy of Yale, Mahan of Harvard, Flanagan of Notre Dame, Grange of Illinois and Welch of Purdue rank among the great backs of all time.

It varies from the straight downfield run of Coy's, following the cut-in, to the effective cut-back behind the opposing line employed by both Flanagan and Grange. But the principle that gets the runner past the scrimmage line is the same.

Behind waves of interference he rushes as if to circle an end. This stampede of his teammates toward a side-line lures the defensive backs far to the side to meet the ball carrier. That done, the runner turns sharply at right angles without checking speed and sprints across the line into the deserted areas, always led by effective interference. His course thereafter varies according to his individual agility.

When Collins of Notre Dame took over North Carolina's eleven, a cut-in play was assured. It became the best ground winner of the strong Tarheel eleven.

Last year when North Carolina met Georgia Tech it found itself in trouble. The expected was happening. Tech was leading 7 to 0 with the game well into the second quarter. Forward passes had brought the ball well into Tech's territory. But there it stopped.

It was North Carolina's ball on Georgia Tech's twenty-five-yard line, third down and eight yards to go.

Then North Carolina swept toward Tech's left flank, Manger (4) taking the toss from center. All the earmarks of a wide gallop brought Tech's end across to smash it before it gained full momentum. As he rushed to the attack, North Carolina's back (1) cut him down.

Simultaneously Manger cut in, a sharp right-angle turn to his left that sent him full speed across the scrimmage line a few yards outside the opposing left tackle. This latter player was disposed of by one man (5), the Carolina right end. A gridiron stunt, by the way, that is effectively done single-handed by the ends of the Rockne school.

Forward came the defensive left half. Down he tumbled as No. 2 back drove into his right side to enable Manger to weave by. Meantime the No. 3 back tangled up the legs of the defensive full, while right guard (6) swung around and blocked the opposing right half. The defensive quarter, coming over, was felled by the short-side end (7), who ran straight down-field.

Through a lane so formed ran Manger, elusively weaving a course that carried him on and over for the tying touchdown.

Perfect execution of fundamentals also wins in football, as Dartmouth will try to demonstrate against Harvard, just as the Big Green eleven did a year ago in this game, the turning point of which will be explained in the next issue of Collier's.

Choose a WILLARD

. . for dependability as well as long life

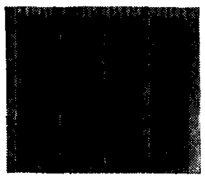
WILLARD SERVICE MEN EVERYWHERE SAFEGUARD THESE BUILT-IN QUALITIES

Twenty-three million storage batteries made and sold by Willard testify to the marked public preference for this battery — a preference that grows stronger each year as more and more car owners choose Willards.

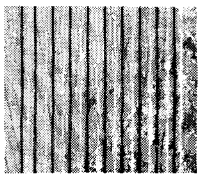
In the rigors of the proving ground, in the engineering laboratory — Willards have amply justified this public preference to the satisfaction of the car manufacturer. Today, seventy-six makers of cars, trucks, and busses choose Willards for battery equipment.

Wherever you see the red and white Willard sign, the Willard dealer's battery chart will guide you in choosing the right Willard battery for your needs — the battery already measured to the electrical requirements of the car you drive. And a service man, skilled in battery care, stands ready to take the new battery in hand — to safeguard the dependability and long life built-in by Willard at the factory.

Willard
THREAD-RUBBER
Willard



Thread-Rubber insulation unites the electrical insulating value and durability of rubber with the porosity of cotton threads. You can get it only in a Willard.



Willard wood-insulation is made from selected Port Orford cedar, chemically treated and dark-room inspected.

thread-rubber or wood insulation..

In its Thread-Rubber insulated battery Willard offers you a battery in a genuine hard rubber case that is built to give extra months and miles of uninterrupted service, because its insulation will last the life of the battery's plates. You can get it only in a Willard.

In the Willard wood-insulated battery the insulation is of selected Port Orford cedar, chemically treated and dark-room inspected. This battery has the same full capacity plates, the same standard Willard battery design — the same scrupulous care in manufacture.

There is but one standard of quality in all Willard batteries.

Willard

CLEVELAND · OHIO
LOS ANGELES · CALIF. " TORONTO · ONT.

STORAGE BATTERIES
for

AIRCRAFT
AUTOMOBILES
BUS AND TRUCK
DIESEL ENGINES
DITCHING MACHINERY
EMERGENCY LIGHTING
LIGHTING PLANTS
MARINE EQUIPMENT
MOTOR AND PLEASURE BOATS
OIL CIRCUIT BREAKERS
RADIO
SOUND PICTURES
TAXICABS
TELEPHONE AND COMMUNICATIONS
ALL INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora
Glostora

One Slip Too Many

Continued from page 11

grinned. "I've got an engagement with the Trans-Continent people tomorrow."

"Only an engagement?" Doreen's tone was flat with disappointment and the small mouth tightened shrewishly. "Just another one of your crazy hopes."

"It's on solid rock this time," Morel insisted. "I tell you I've got it! Not a chance of failure. You ought to have seen the way she met every test this morning. Why, it will revolutionize the whole aircraft industry," he declared, flaming with the enthusiasm of a true inventor.

"And millions in it, too, I suppose," she interrupted sarcastically.

"A FORTUNE anyway," he answered stoutly. "Come on, Doreen darling, and be happy about it. Think of never having to smell cauliflower again as long as you live! Why, in our new home the kitchen will be so far from the dining-room that you'll have to buy the butler a bicycle. A château in France or a place on Long Island. Take your choice, Mrs. Morel," he bowed grandly. "I insist on keeping Minnie just as a souvenir, a sort of pressed flower, but you can pick the other nine hundred and ninety-nine servants to suit yourself."

"Oh, quit!" she exclaimed impatiently. "I've heard it all so often that I can't stand it any more."

"Why, sweetheart!" Catching her by the elbows he turned her to him. "What on earth's the matter?"

"Everything." Angry tears filled her eyes. "I'm fed up on all this big talk that never gets anywhere. Five years of it!"

"But when you married me, dear," he reminded her very gently, "I told you that it might be ten years, or even longer. And you said it didn't matter in the least as long as we had each other and enough to live on."

"But I didn't know how horrible it was going to be," she retorted. "This hole of a place and this incessant scrimping. It's gotten on my nerves. And it isn't as if we *had* to do it. That's what makes it so unendurable. Jas Merford has offered you all sorts of chances to make money. Time and again. Why don't you take them?"

"I've told you why, Doreen," he answered, and while his face darkened the voice kept its pleasant level. "In the first place, I don't like Merford, and have no wish to accept favors from him. For another thing, I happen to have a prejudice against gambling. Especially on another man's money."

"Gambling?" Her voice rose shrilly. "How can you call it that?"

"Because that's just what it is. And a peculiarly stupid kind of gambling. If I went in for betting, I'd much prefer the race track. At least you *see* the horses."

"It's just your conceit," she cried furiously. "You'd keep me poor to the end of our days rather than admit that Jas Merford's a bigger man."

"Doreen!"

"Well," she amended sullenly, "he's not ashamed to make money. Oh, I know it's beastly for me to be whining this way, but I'm sick of penny-pinching. After all, Jim, we've only got one life to live."

"That's why we've got to be mighty careful how we live it," Morel answered.

DOREEN'S rebellion grew acute in the week that followed, for while Jim returned at night with enthusiasm undimmed, each evening he was compelled to admit that no contract had been signed. What an idiot she was to waste time on him. Jas was right. Just a dreamer, doping around over a lot of inventions that weren't worth a hill of beans. If Jim had the goods, certainly five years was ample time for him to have delivered them. A plain case of being hypnotized, that's all it was.

As for her days, they were all alike. With Jim out of the house, and the bedroom door locked against any interruption from the prowling Minnie, she took Merford's jewels from their hiding place, and decked herself for hours at a time. Not half of what she could have had but for her fears. And no chance to wear even these few as long as she stuck to Jim. Not a chance in the world. Nor was it as if she was getting any younger.

Raising the blind to let in the afternoon sun, she put her face close up to the mirror. No question about her beauty. The mouth a bit too small, but all right if she kept her lips parted. And still girlish-looking, too. Why, Jas thought her only twenty-three. Thank the Lord, she'd never been fool enough to listen to Jim's silly twaddle about children. But skin like hers had a way of going quick once it started. Two years more without scalp treatment and expert massage, and who could tell?

A panicky rage swept over her at the thought. To get to looking like these frumps that ran around Lakedale, concerned only with their homes and husbands. High time to quit playing the simpleton. She'd go into town tomorrow and tell Jas he'd made a sale. On the instant, however, the old nausea crept into her throat at thought of Merford's quivering jowls and fat, hairy hands.

"Rubbish!" She sprang to her feet and shook herself violently. "Lots of women put up with worse. And with a million"—she sighed luxuriously and caressed her long slim throat with loving hands.

"ATTA girl!" Merford beamed his approval across the luncheon table. "Now you're talking sense. Let's see." He thought for a moment, tapping his square teeth with a big square finger. "How will Monday suit you?"

"But this is Friday," she protested, again in the grip of her aversion. "How can you be ready by Monday?"

"Don't worry about me," he replied. "I'll be ready all right. Monday's the pay-off, baby. That million of mine is in the bag."

"But I thought the market had gone all to pieces, Jas? I heard the man next door talking to Jim last night, and he said the day was the worst in the history of Wall Street. And Jim said the bottom hadn't been reached by any means."

"He did, did he?" Merford smiled tolerantly. "Been gettin' an earful from some jay he met on the train, I guess. Listen, girlie, and try to get this, will you? It's good." Leaning back in his largest manner, and rolling a huge cigar between his thick lips, he gave himself over to the joy of boasting: "I saw these breaks coming a month ago, and dumped everything I had. Then I sold short. Know what that is, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Well," he resumed enjoyably, "when the first drop came, all my gang was hell bent on covering, but I said no. Yessir! Not a covering order until late in the afternoon, when prices were twenty and thirty points under Wednesday's. Then when the second crash came Wednesday, they damn' near went crazy. But did I let them cover? I did *not*. Some battle, girlie, but I held 'em in line, and kept 'em right there until yesterday. And what did I drag down but the little old million."

"Wonderful!" As far as Doreen was concerned, Merford might have been talking Choctaw, but she saw that he expected some expression of admiration.

"It wasn't so bad." Taking her applause in his stride, he continued with increasing unction: "And what did I do then? I jumped right in and *bought*. Right and left. All the blue-chip stocks."

"But, Jas," she interrupted, faintly apprehensive. "You said you were going to quit when you got your million?"

"Say, you don't want me to overlook money that's just waiting to be picked up, do you?" He grinned relishingly at her concern. "Why, it's like finding it. Y'see, Doreen, that first break was engineered. After getting the prices as high as they'd go, the big boys dumped. That's the way they work. Shoot 'em up and sell. Knock 'em down and buy. But the suckers didn't let go on the first drop, so the big boys let 'em have another barrel. But the second break got out of hand. The thousands of pikers who've been riding the bull market went raving crazy all of a sudden, and threw everything over whether they had to or not.

"Bad business. A drop's one thing but a panic's something different. Just as certain as though I'd been sitting in with 'em, I knew the big boys would have to jump in and stop the stampede. Banks and investment trusts and all the wise money that's been laying back for bargains. Big buying orders. Public confidence restored and the old pulmotor working away at top speed. That's why I bought yesterday afternoon, kiddo.

"And was I right?" A vast self-satisfaction oozed from every wide-open pore. "Only about one thousand per cent. Look what happened this morning. Prices opened higher and went up steadily all day. The big boys buying their heads off. On Monday I'll unload and clean up two millions. Kind of got a smart sweetie, haven't you?"

"Jas!" Doreen's hands clasped ecstatically. "It's marvelous."

"Had to do it," he smirked. "With an expensive wife on my hands, I'll need every cent. Good Lord!" Looking at the watch strapped on his beefy wrist, he gave a start. "After five and I've got an engagement downtown at five-thirty. Here!" Pulling a roll from his pocket, he peeled off several bills of large denomination. "Take this and buy yourself what you need. Just traveling things. You've got all day tomorrow and can finish up Monday."

"And where will I meet you, Jas?" For a moment Doreen had hesitated, but sight of the money decided her.

"I don't exactly know. Monday's going to be a mighty busy day for me. I tell you: Take the train that gets in about nine-thirty, and call me up from the station."

JIM MOREL, leaving home to catch the 7:58 on Monday morning, was more than usually tender, and turned back from the gate for another kiss.

"Haven't got a smile for a poor man, have you, lady?" he asked somewhat wistfully.

"Not much to smile about, is there?" snapped Doreen.

"That's the time to smile. At least, so I've heard. Oh, I know it's been pretty tough sledding, honey bunch," he said, "but it's all over now. Honest

(*Continued on page 51*)

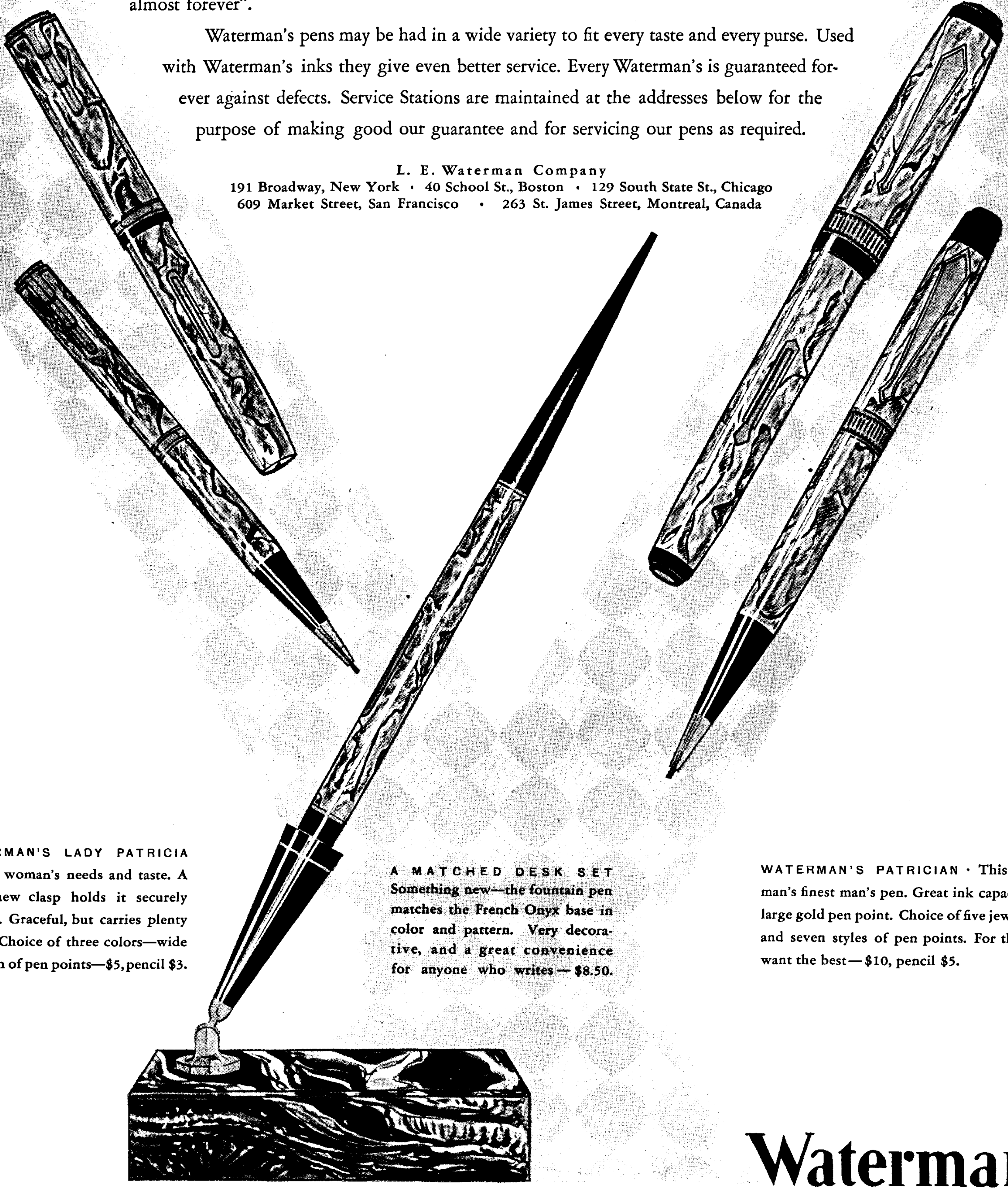
Why do many more millions of men and women all over the world use Waterman's fountain pens than use any other make? Ask some of them—their answers will mean more to you than anything we may say.

Perhaps they will first mention the unquestioned advantages of fountain pens in general—the convenience of having your personal pen-and-ink ready at hand the instant you want it. Then they will move on to those features that are peculiarly Waterman's—the ink capacity which, size for size, outranks other pens—Waterman's exceptionally wide selection of pen points—the smoother finish of the writing point—the flexibility which Waterman's alone has seemed able to work into a gold pen—the beautiful new colors and smart modern designs—the jeweler's finish of the trim—the Waterman's patented spoon-feed that flows the ink so evenly without skimping or blotting.

And they are likely to sum it all up by saying: "Waterman's pens write better. They last almost forever".

Waterman's pens may be had in a wide variety to fit every taste and every purse. Used with Waterman's inks they give even better service. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • 40 School St., Boston • 129 South State St., Chicago
609 Market Street, San Francisco • 263 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada



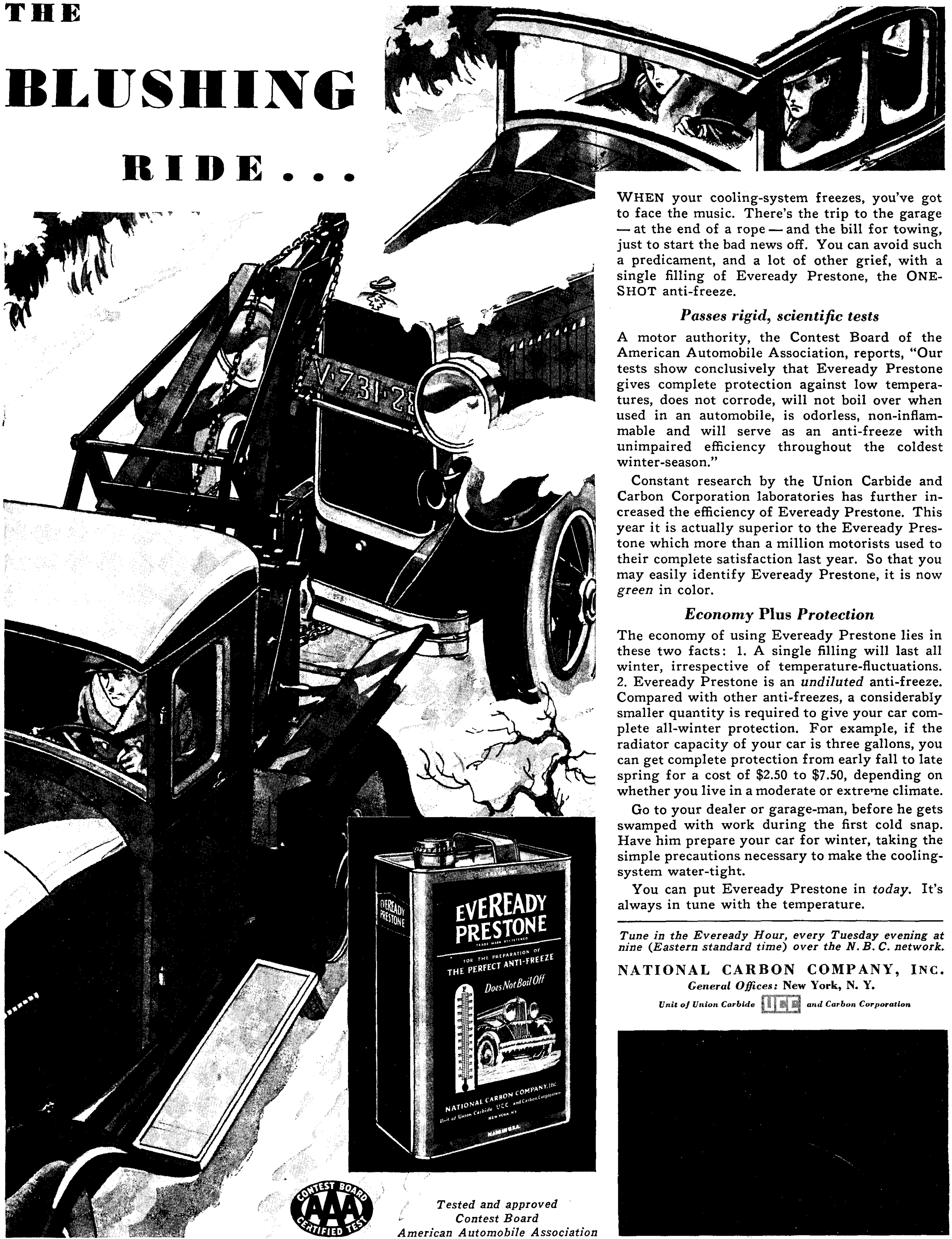
WATERMAN'S LADY PATRICIA
Meets a woman's needs and taste. A smart new clasp holds it securely in place. Graceful, but carries plenty of ink. Choice of three colors—wide selection of pen points—$5, pencil $3.

A MATCHED DESK SET
Something new—the fountain pen matches the French Onyx base in color and pattern. Very decorative, and a great convenience for anyone who writes—$8.50.

WATERMAN'S PATRICIAN • This is Waterman's finest man's pen. Great ink capacity. Very large gold pen point. Choice of five jewel colors, and seven styles of pen points. For those who want the best—$10, pencil $5.

Waterman's

THE BLUSHING RIDE . . .



WHEN your cooling-system freezes, you've got to face the music. There's the trip to the garage — at the end of a rope — and the bill for towing, just to start the bad news off. You can avoid such a predicament, and a lot of other grief, with a single filling of Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

Passes rigid, scientific tests

A motor authority, the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, reports, "Our tests show conclusively that Eveready Prestone gives complete protection against low temperatures, does not corrode, will not boil over when used in an automobile, is odorless, non-inflammable and will serve as an anti-freeze with unimpaired efficiency throughout the coldest winter-season."

Constant research by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation laboratories has further increased the efficiency of Eveready Prestone. This year it is actually superior to the Eveready Prestone which more than a million motorists used to their complete satisfaction last year. So that you may easily identify Eveready Prestone, it is now *green* in color.

Economy Plus *Protection*

The economy of using Eveready Prestone lies in these two facts: 1. A single filling will last all winter, irrespective of temperature-fluctuations. 2. Eveready Prestone is an *undiluted* anti-freeze. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required to give your car complete all-winter protection. For example, if the radiator capacity of your car is three gallons, you can get complete protection from early fall to late spring for a cost of $2.50 to $7.50, depending on whether you live in a moderate or extreme climate.

Go to your dealer or garage-man, before he gets swamped with work during the first cold snap. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight.

You can put Eveready Prestone in *today.* It's always in tune with the temperature.

Tune in the Eveready Hour, every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) over the N. B. C. network.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED TEST

Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

One Slip Too Many

Continued from page 48

Injun! Today ought to see the finish, and then there'll be no more scrimping. And we'll go where you say, even if you have to put me on a leash."

"Hokum!" she sneered the word at his retreating figure. The same old line. Hurrying to her desk, she pulled out paper, and then sat nibbling at her pen abstractedly. What would she say? Framing a farewell note was more difficult than she had imagined. Sheet after sheet was torn up, and then, glancing at the clock, she saw that it was dangerously close to her own train time. Shrugging impatiently, she scratched off the single line, "Dear Jim: I can't stand it any longer. Doreen."

She called Merford's office from the station and the girl put him on the wire at once. Doreen could tell by his tone that he was lolling in his swivel chair, mouthing the usual cigar.

"On the mark, all set and ready to go," he boomed jovially. "Ought to clean up by noon at latest. But I've got a lot of things to do, baby. Suppose you meet me at five at the Pennsy information counter. We get out at five-forty. And say. Stop by the ticket offices on Forty-second Street and pick up the transportation, will you? It's in my name."

Drunk with the joy of buying, Doreen raced from shop to shop, not even stopping for a bite of luncheon, and it was well after four o'clock when she taxied over to the Pennsylvania station, collecting the transportation en route. Only when she had handed her assortment of brand-new luggage to a redcap did she take time to breathe. The sight of a news-stand suggested purchase of a paper, and she walked leisurely across the sun-filled rotunda, fumbling in her purse for pennies.

While still ten feet away the headlines leaped out and struck her in the face. Every front page screaming a message of ruin and disaster. Worst Crash in History of Wall Street! Stock Prices Slump Fourteen Billion! Torrent of Liquidation! Nation-Wide Stampede to Unload!

"Good God!" For a moment she thought that she was going to faint. But maybe Jas had sold out in time. Hurrying to a telephone, she finally secured Merford's office after repeated efforts, only to be curtly informed that he could not talk to anyone.

"But this is Mrs. Morel," she explained frantically.

"Sorry, Miz' Morel, but there's nothing I can do about it."

"Then let me have his secretary."

Another heartbreaking delay, but finally the secretary answered, curt to the point of rudeness.

"This is Mrs. Morel," she explained again. "It is very important for me to speak to Mr. Merford. I must speak to him."

"I'm afraid—wait a minute, I'll see."

AFTER what seemed years, Merford's voice came over the wire, but gone were the usual loud, braggart tones.

"Jas!" The painful constriction of her throat made utterance difficult. "It isn't—you aren't—"

"Every damned cent!" he croaked. "Cleaned out. That what you wanted to know?"

"Then we're not going to Mexico?"

"Mexico." The croak rose to a hysterical screech. "What on, you poor fool? What on?"

A click told her that he had hung up the telephone, and when she secured his office again the operator curtly informed her that Mr. Merford could not be disturbed. Staggering out of the booth, Doreen stood shaking like a leaf. What to do now? The hands of the great station clock pointed to five-fifteen, and suddenly her mind cleared of its daze. She could catch the five-forty-five by hurrying and maybe get home before Jim. The only chance! Moving swiftly, she checked the new luggage at the parcel stand, and raced for a taxi.

The train, as usual, was packed and jammed, but now she found herself without loathing for the simple, common souls that wedged her in, only envying the security that gave them the heart for happy chatter. One lone taxi still remained as she walked out in the wake of the crowd, and this impressed her as a favorable portent, but even so her knees buckled as she opened the gate, and mounting the steps, she stumbled like a drunken woman. Throwing down her hand bag on a small table in the hall, she stood still for a moment, holding to the newel post, unable to move her stiff, dry lips.

"Jim," she called at last. "Jim."

"He ain't come yet, Miz' Morel," answered Minnie from the kitchen.

"Thank God!" Running upstairs to the bedroom, she snatched the note and tore it into tiny pieces. Tears drenched her face, but when she had bathed her eyes in cold water some degree of self-possession returned. Looking in the mirror, she was surprised to find that she showed no ravage from the exhausting emotions of the afternoon, and slipped into her prettiest gown with feverish haste.

NOT until seven o'clock did she hear the rattle of the station taxi, and as she rushed to the door Jim sprang out and raced up the walk, hat in hand and his hair more unruly than ever.

"Three thousand cheers," he shouted. "It's all over, darling. Signed on the dotted line, witnessed, sealed and duly delivered." Snatching her up like an infant, he held her high and then drew her close. "I'm ashamed to tell you how much money I got outright, and from what they tell me the royalties will be an international scandal. We've got to keep 'em quiet or the whole country'll go Bolshevik."

"Jim! Jim!" She tugged back until she could see his face. "Is it true?"

"There's the proof!" Laughing like a boy, he took a check from his pocket and waved it before her eyes. Tears blinded her so that she couldn't see the figures. What an escape. Dear God! What an escape.

"But I'm forgetting all about John." He gestured to the waiting taxi man. "Me a millionaire and not enough in my pockets to pay for a cab. Have you a half—ah, here we are." Catching sight of Doreen's bag on the hall table, he stepped over and picked it up.

"A new one," he exclaimed. "And a beauty, too."

"Don't, Jim! Don't." A flash of memory stabbed through her daze. "Let *me!*"

"Nonsense," he grinned. "You women think that a man can't be trusted to—Say, what's this?" Pulling out the lump of railroad tickets, he looked at it with wondering eye. "Mexico City?"

"Give it to me!" Galvanized into action, she sprang forward and snatched wildly. "I can explain."

"Wait!" With one hand he held her off, and, following his anguished glance, she saw a white memorandum slip pinned to the slate-gray ticket. As one in a nightmare she heard him read, "Hold for J. Merford."

8 MILLION CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

On January 1, 1930, there were outstanding

884,000 CORPORATE TRUST SHARES.

On September 3, 1930, there were outstanding more than

8,000,000 CORPORATE TRUST SHARES.

The sale of more than

★7,000,000 SHARES IN EIGHT MONTHS

is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that selling in the eastern states was actively under way for less than six months of this period.

» «

On June 30, 1930, there was distributed against the

79,437 CERTIFICATES

outstanding on that date, the sum of

$7,537,945.78.

Notwithstanding the distribution of this sum, the Trustee now holds in the Cash Reserve Fund for stabilizing future distributions

MORE THAN $4,000,000.

Holders of Corporate Trust Shares receive all interest earnings allowed on this huge sum.

★ *This figure does not include duplication resulting from repurchases and resales, but refers only to shares actually outstanding.*

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

represent an ownership interest in these 28 companies. The Chase National Bank of the City of New York, *Trustee*

RAILROADS

Atchison Top. & Santa Fe
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

OILS

Standard Oil of California
Standard Oil of Indiana
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Standard Oil of New York
Texas Corporation

UTILITIES and QUASI-UTILITIES

American Tel. & Tel.
Consolidated Gas of N. Y.
General Electric
Westinghouse Electric
Western Union Telegraph

INDUSTRIALS

American Tobacco
Amer. Rad. & Stand. San.
du Pont
Eastman Kodak
Ingersoll Rand
International Harvester
National Biscuit
Otis Elevator
United Fruit
United States Steel
Woolworth

MOODY'S COMPOSITE PORTFOLIO RATING "A"

853 INVESTMENT HOUSES AND BANKS OFFER AND RECOMMEND CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

ASK YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE OR BANK
about Corporate Trust Shares

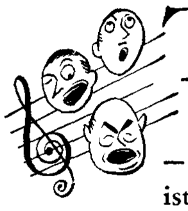
ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION

This is one of a group of investment trusts sponsored by

ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
120 WALL STREET • NEW YORK
John Y. Robbins, President

The Singing Shave

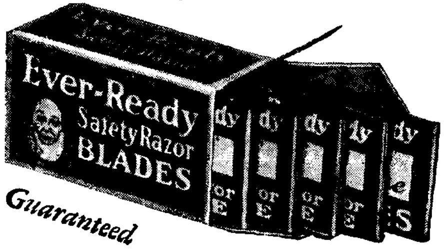
© A. S. R. C., 1930



Tenors, baritones, basses — a new crop of soloists is springing up in American homes. These gentlemen are Singing Shavers. They learned to sing by using a remarkable blade. It is so keen that whiskers fairly float off before it. It is so durable that it doesn't know when to stop giving perfect shaves . . . Come close and we'll whisper the name. "Ever-Ready Blades!" Sure, your dealer carries them. Join the Singing Shavers. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.
Brooklyn, New York
Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready BLADES



Big Money

Continued from page 26

doing any hoof-shaking till they had stoked up. Having deposited Ann at a table for two, he had gone off to forage. And now she was sitting waiting for him to come back. And, as she watched the crowd, she wished that she could achieve something of the hearty party spirit which so obviously animated Sir Herbert's and Lady Bassinger's other guests. She was conscious of a feeling of flatness ill-attuned to the rollicking note of the festivities.

It was strange, she reflected. Her conscience assured her that the most sensible thing she had ever done in her life was to drive off in her car and leave that attractive young man to catch his Sniffers for himself. She was engaged, conscience pointed out, and girls who have plighted their troth must not hobnob with handsome secret service men. And yet, so far from experiencing the glow of satisfaction which good girls are entitled to expect, she was feeling as if she had deliberately thrown away something wonderful and precious.

IN TORTURING himself with the thought that this girl had forgotten him, Berry Conway had tortured himself unnecessarily.

"Bollinger, one bot.," said Toddy Malling, appearing suddenly at her side. "I snaffled it off another table. Stick to it like glue and guard it with your life."

The supper-room was looking now like a popular store during a bargain sale. The idea of taking refreshment before dancing had not occurred to Toddy alone. On every side thrustful cavaliers, like knights jousting for their ladies, were hurling themselves into the dense throng that masked the table where food and drink were being doled out. Supper at a Bassinger ball was always a test of manhood, and the lucky ones were those who had played Rugby football at school.

"Somewhere in the heart of that mob," said Toddy, laying his precious burden on the table, "there is provender of sorts. I'll try to get you something. I can't guarantee what it will be, but are you more or less prepared for whatever I can snitch?"

"Anything," said Ann. She came out of her thoughts with a little jump. "I'm not hungry."

"You're not?" said her escort incredulously. "Gosh! I could eat old Bassinger in person, if a spot of chutney went with him. I'll try to hook a chicken. Amuse yourself somehow while I'm gone. And if I don't come back, you'll know I died game."

He disappeared again, and Ann returned to her thoughts.

Yes, something wonderful and precious. And she had thrown it away. And its going had left life flat and monotonous.

The crowd was surging to and fro. Sharp, anguished cries rang through the room, as men balancing plates of salmon mayonnaise perceived men with plates of chicken salad backing into them. The heat and the noise combined to induce in Ann a distant dreaminess. Dimly she became aware that somebody was sitting down in the chair opposite her, and she roused herself to protect the rights of the absent Toddy.

"I'm sorry. That chair is . . ."

She broke off. She was not dreaming now. Her whole body was tingling as though fire had touched it.

"Oh!" said Ann breathlessly.

And that, for a while, was all she was able to say. Her heart was racing, and already conscience was beginning to comment on the deplorable way in which her lips had begun to tremble.

"All wrong!" said conscience rebukingly. "This man is nothing but a casual acquaintance. Treat him as such. Bow stiffly."

Ann did not bow stiffly. She went on staring. And across the table the intruder went on staring.

A young man in spectacles, bearing treasure trove on a plate, tripped over somebody's foot and bumped heavily into the table. Something fell squashily between them.

"My cutlet, I think," said the young man, retrieving it. "Awfully sorry."

He passed on, and Ann found herself able to smile a tremulous smile.

"Good evening!" she said.

"Good evening."

"You do keep popping up, don't you!" said Ann. "You always seem to appear from nowhere, out of a trap."

Her companion did not smile. There was something forceful and urgent about him. He conveyed the impression of one who is in a hurry and in no mood for light conversation.

"Where did you get to that day?" he asked abruptly, and frowned, as if at an unpleasant memory.

Ann braced herself to be cool and quelling. She told herself that she resented his tone. He had spoken as if he supposed that he had some claim on her, regarded her as something belonging to him. This, she told herself, offended her, and rightly.

"I went home," she said.

"Why?"

"Isn't a woman's place the home?"

"It was an awful shock when I came out and found you gone."

"I'm sorry."

"I couldn't think where you had got to."

"Really?"

("The right tone?" asked Ann of her conscience. "Quite right," replied conscience. "Admirable. Keep it up.")

"By the way," said Ann, "was that man The Sniffer?"

Her companion started. For the first time, the forcefulness of his manner was tempered by something that seemed almost embarrassment. A flush had come into his face, and his eyes, instead of gazing piercingly into hers, wandered away to one side.

"Look here," he said awkwardly, "I want to tell you something. You see . . ."

He paused.

"Yes?" said Ann.

"I feel I ought to . . ."

He appeared to be hovering on the brink of a revelation of some kind.

"Well?" said Ann.

ANOTHER young man, this time without spectacles, charged breezily into the table, rocking it to its foundations.

"Frightfully sorry," he said. "There's an awful storm going on out there. Heaven help the poor sailors."

He paused to scoop up a portion of chicken salad, and went out of their lives forever.

"What were you saying?" asked Ann.

Her companion seemed to have been reflecting during the recent diversion. It had sounded to Ann as though he were about to make some sort of confession, but now he appeared to have thought better of it.

"Nothing," he said.

"You began to say something about telling me—?"

"No, it was nothing. I was going to say something, but I think I won't."

"You must have your secrets, I suppose. Well, *was* it The Sniffer?"

"No. It wasn't."

"I'm glad."

"Why?"

A sudden and startling change came over Ann's manner. Until now she had won her conscience's complete approval by the distant coolness of her attitude. At this question she slipped lamentably. From distant coolness she lapsed into a deplorable sincerity.

"I thought you were going into the most terrible danger," she said breathlessly. "I thought he might kill you."

"You were worried about—*me?*"

"Well, it's not very nice for a respectable young girl," said Ann, recovering, "to be mixed up in shooting affrays. Think of the papers!"

The eager light died out of her companion's eyes.

"Was that all you cared about?" he asked, hollowly.

"What else would there be?"

"Nothing personal in your alarm, eh?"

"Personal?" said Ann, raising her eyebrows.

"Well, I'm glad you did the prudent, sensible thing," said her companion, speaking, however, without noticeable elation, "and got away before there was trouble."

"But there wasn't," Ann pointed out.

"No," said her companion. And there was another silence.

BETWEEN Ann and her conscience there now existed a wide cleavage of opinion. Her conscience kept telling her that she had borne herself under trying conditions in an exemplary manner. She told herself that she was behaving like an idiot. A little more of this sort of thing, and this man would get up and go away forever.

"Of course I was worried about you," said Ann impulsively. "I only said that about the papers because. . . . Of course I was worried about you!"

A gleam like sunshine through cloudwrack illuminated the brooding face opposite her.

"You were?"

"Of course."

"You mean, you were?"

"*Certainly.*"

"You really were?"

"Of course I was."

He leaned forward.

"Shall I tell you something?"

"What?"

"Just this," said her companion. "I've . . ."

He broke off with a sharp exclamation. Something warm and wet had fallen on the back of his head.

"The fault," said a cheerful voice behind him, "is entirely mine. I ought never to have attempted to carry soup through a mob like this. Well, all I can say is, I'm sorry. There's just one bright spot—it's jolly good soup."

Berry turned savagely. A man in love can stand just so much.

"Let's get out of this," he said between his teeth. "There's something I want to tell you. We can't talk here."

"But Mr. Malling will be back in a moment," said Ann. She had a sense of slipping, of struggling for a foothold.

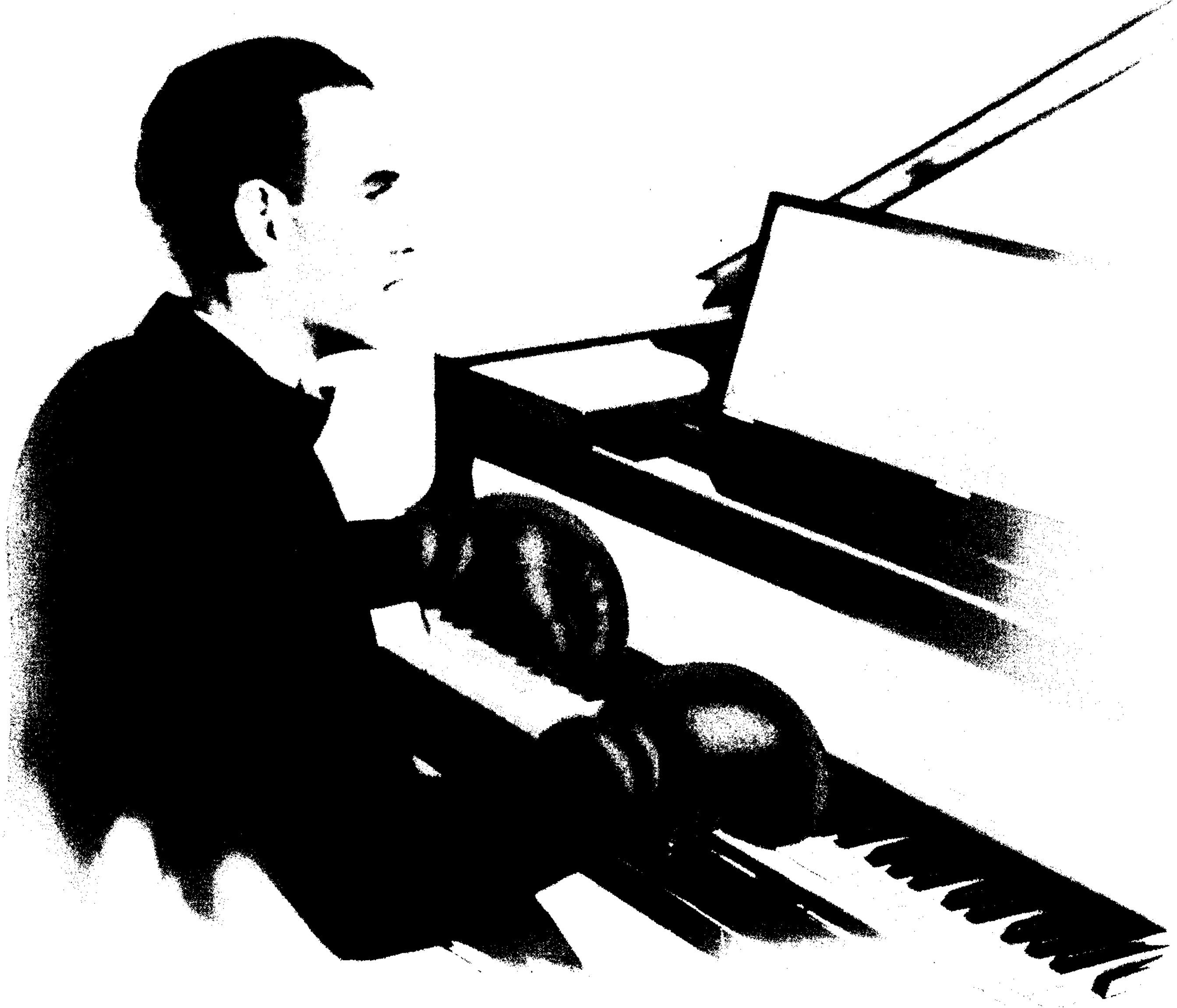
"Who's he?"

"The man I'm with. He's gone to get me something to eat. If I go away, what will he think?"

"If he's anything like the rest of the men here," said Berry, "I don't suppose he's capable of thinking."

(*Continued on page 54*)

The *Music* is *there*...



.. *But it takes* Unhampered Hands *to bring it out*

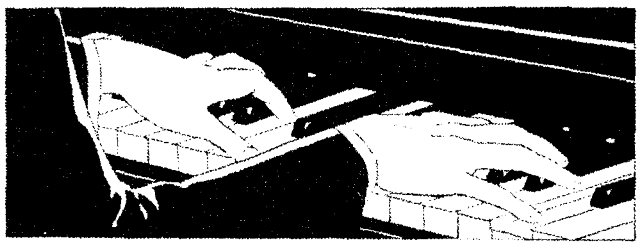
HIGH-PRICED TALENT in the greatest variety the world has ever known is today being sent into every home by *radio.*

Inspiring bands; great theatre, symphony and dance orchestras playing to thrilled audiences thousands of miles away; famous explorers like *Byrd, Stefansson* and *Eckener;* great dramatists; famous humorists; the big games, sports, national events—just an inkling of what now goes "on the air," to *amuse, entertain, and broaden one's outlook.*

The music is *there.* And to hear it from a free seat in your home, all you need is a radio receiver. But remember! No pianist ever played in a set of boxing gloves! His fingers must be free and unhampered, to bring from the instrument its melodies. And likewise must your radio receiver be free from usual limitations to reproduce faithfully those melodies put on the air.

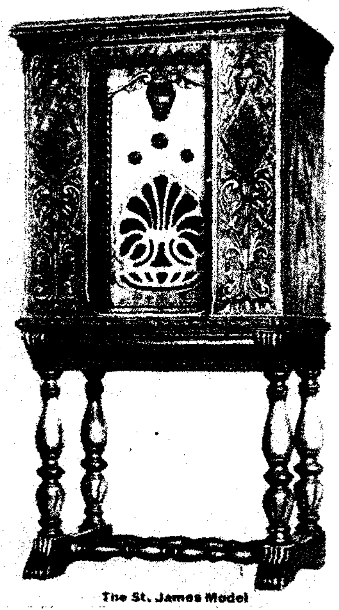
This is why you'll want a *Stewart-Warner* Radio. For the vivid and lifelike tone characterizing these splendid sets is not limited to just a few stations. So precisely are these sets balanced, so complete is their equipment, that they give Championship Performance clear across the dial.

Stewart-Warner Radios incorporate every advanced, proved worthwhile feature known to the radio industry. Behind them is an institution whose 25 years of preeminence in the manufacture of fine electrical precision instruments, is *in itself an assurance of quality.*



Any authorized dealer will gladly demonstrate these sets, without obligation. Offered in four exquisite Period design models, with hardwood fronts set off with genuine wood carving, each a jewel of furniture craftsmanship. Yet priced most moderately and with easy terms.

The music is *there.* But to bring it in *right,* bring it in with a *Stewart-Warner.* Hear one—and be convinced. Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Ill., and Bellville, Ont., Canada.

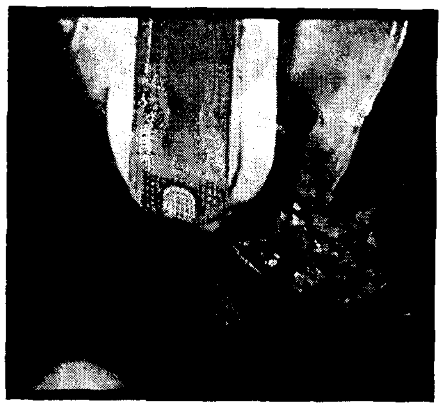


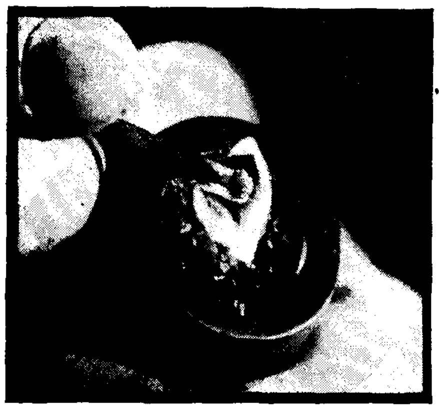
The St. James Model

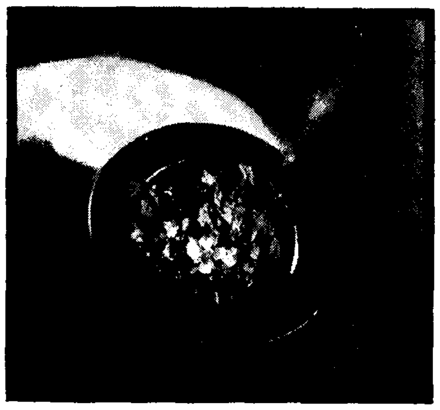
Reproduction of Elizabethan design. Top and sides are of American ply walnut, the front of solid walnut, embellished with real wood carving. One of four Period models priced from $99.75 to $197.50 (less tubes).

STEWART-WARNER *Radio*

A Great Radio Backed By A Great Name







Nothing tells the whole truth about tobacco like a good pipe

IN a pipe, tobacco gets its real chance to let you know what sturdy, robust comfort smoking *can* mean. In a pipe, tobacco can breathe and live. It can smolder down evenly and slowly, as it should. Only thus can you get the true relish of good tobacco, the joy of rich, cool smoke.

And another thing, you know probably that the choicest leaves and the choicest blends are selected for pipe tobacco. That's because tobacco *is itself* in a pipe. It can't fool you. Your pipe tells you the full truth about the tobacco you burn.

Get a good pipe and pack some Edgeworth in it — that fine old burley blend whose flavor never changes. After a few pipefuls you'll understand why men throughout the world are Edgeworth's lifelong friends, once they get acquainted. And we'll introduce you. Send us that coupon at the bottom of the page. We'll send you a generous, glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine Edgeworth, free. That's how sure we are you'll like each other.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

Dixie Spiritual Singers every Monday evening, 10:30 to 11, Eastern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos —selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin—Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name__________

My street address__________

And the town and state__________

Now let the Edgeworth come! H 41

Big Money

Continued from page 52

He urged her toward the door. They passed out and were in a small anteroom. From somewhere beyond came the sound of music.

Berry slammed the door behind him and turned to her.

"I've something I want to tell you," he said.

He seemed to Ann to be swelling before her eyes. He looked huge and intimidating. She became conscious of feeling very small and fragile.

"You'll think me mad, of course."

He was very close to her now, and conscience, clucking like a hen, was urging her to draw back. She did not draw back.

He took her hand, and as he did so she saw him start, like one who has observed a snake in his path. It was her left hand that he had taken, and what he was staring at was the ring on the third finger. It was a nice ring, of diamonds and platinum, and Lord Biskerton owed a considerable sum for it, but there was no admiration in the young man's gaze.

"You're engaged!" he said.

THE words were hardly a question. They resembled more nearly an accusation. Ann had a fleeting, but none the less disintegrating, sensation of having been detected in some act unspeakably low and base. She felt that she wanted to explain, and it seemed so impossible to explain.

"Yes," she said, in a small, meek, penitent voice.

"My God!" said the young man.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Engaged!"

"Yes."

The young man breathed heavily.

"I don't care!" he said. "I just want to tell you . . ."

The lobby between the supper-room and the Crystal ballroom of the Hotel Mazarin on the night of a Bassinger dance is perhaps, with the exception of the supper-room, the least suitable spot in the whole of London for the conduct of a *tête-à-tête*. Even as he spoke the young man became aware of something male and intrusive at his elbow. This person seemed to be desirous of speech with him. He was tapping him on the arm.

"Excuse me," he was saying.

And almost at the same instant the door of the supper-room flew open, and Ann, in her turn, found herself forced to recognize that there were more than two people in the world. The whole place had begun to take on a congested air.

"Oh, there you are!" said Toddy Malling.

Toddy was flushed and disheveled. He seemed at some point in his recent activities to have run his right eye up against something hard, for it was watery and half closed. In his left eye, which was working under its normal power, there was the light of reproach.

"Oh, *there* you are!" said Toddy Malling. "I couldn't think where you had got to. I've been looking for you everywhere."

A sense of being torn in half came upon Ann. She felt as she had sometimes felt when wrenched from some beautiful dream by the ringing of the telephone at her bedside. She looked over her shoulder. The young man who had something which he just wanted to tell her was standing with a dazed expression on his face, gazing down absently at someone whom she recognized as her host, Sir Herbert Bassinger. Sir Herbert appeared to be asking him some question, and the young man was plainly having a little difficulty in giving his mind to it.

"I've snaffled an excellent chicken," proceeded Toddy, with the modest pride of a Crusader who has done big things among the paynim. "Also some salad of sorts. Come along."

Ann was a kind-hearted girl, and one who hated hurting people's feelings. Well aware of the perils to which Toddy had exposed himself in order that she might sup, she appreciated the justice of his claim on her society. For her sake he had fought and, practically, bled. She could not rebuff him now, in the very hour of his triumph. To do so would be to destroy all young Mr. Malling's faith in woman.

"All right, Toddy," she said. "You're a hero. Lead on."

"You don't mind if young Bertie Winch puts on the nosebag with us, do you?" said Toddy anxiously, as they passed through the door. "I had to rope him in as an ally. It was imperative. I stationed him by the table and told him to look after that chicken like a baby sister. Otherwise, some of these bally pirates would infallibly have pinched it."

Berry, meanwhile, had at last had it forced upon his senses that this voice which was babbling in his immediate neighborhood was addressing its remarks to him, and, though still distrait, he answered civilly.

"Quite," he said. "Absolutely. No doubt."

The voice appeared dissatisfied. And, more than dissatisfied, indignant. It rose querulously.

"I'm asking you," it said, now undisguisedly peevish, "who the devil you are and where the devil you came from and what the devil you think you're doing here. I don't know you from Adam, and I'd like to see your card of invitation, if you please."

Berry came out of his reverie. There is a time for dreaming and a time for facing the issues of life in a practical spirit. This seemed to be one of the latter occasions. Peering through the golden mists which float about a lover, he perceived a rubicund little man of middle age with a walrus mustache and two chins. The mustache was twitching, and both chins waggled in an unpleasant and hostile manner.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"Never mind about begging my pardon," replied his new acquaintance. "Show me your invitation-card."

IN GAZING at Berry as if he were an escape of sewer-gas and addressing him in a tone which a bilious warder in a prison might have used toward a convict whom he did not like very much, Sir Herbert Bassinger, Bart., undoubtedly had justice on his side. There had been this season at society functions quite an epidemic of what is technically known as gate-crashing. At a great number of balls, that is to say, a great number of London's bright young men had put in an appearance, drunk as much champagne as they could hold without spilling over the brim, and danced till their ankles gave out, all without the formality of an invitation.

Hosts had come to dislike this practice, and Sir Herbert Bassinger, who had suffered much from it at his last big affair, given earlier in the year, had sworn a dark oath that there was going to be none of that this time. It had, accordingly, been enjoined upon the guests at the dance in the Crystal ballroom of

(*Continued on page 56*)

WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE
(DISCOVERY)
MAY SAVE YOU A 10-MILE TOW INTO TOWN

Whiz Gold Band is the unique and perfect formula for anti-freeze!

No boiling away
No evaporation
No high cost
Perfect protection

WHILE MANY anti-freeze solutions evaporate or foam away, Whiz Gold Band Discovery stays right on the job all winter long to protect you from the trouble pictured above—trouble which threatens every car when cold weather comes. *And Whiz gives this complete and care free protection on 1 economical filling!*

For the unique formula of this new Whiz Anti-Freeze prevents it from vanishing in air, steam or foam. It won't overheat in warm weather. *So you can safely fill up with Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze right now—earlier than you would dare to with any less stable brand.*

Whiz
GOLD BAND
C2361

Whiz Gold Band is odorless, gives off no noisome fumes. It is non-inflammable, costs less per season than any other anti-freeze, and *is as powerless as pure water itself to harm anything about a car.*

Whiz Gold Band brings you another advantage you can get in no other type of anti-freeze. Because of the low "specific heat" of its special ingredients, Gold Band takes less heat from your motor in cold weather, and lets it get more quickly to a smooth-running temperature. *You spare the choke—save your motor—on dangerous metal-chilling days!*

Play safe. Protect your car with Whiz Gold Band, the anti-freeze with *the best known name in the world to those who are careful of their cars.* Drive to your nearest dealer now. Buy with equal confidence from the drum or from the can. Get the plus protection that Whiz Gold Band gives!

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO., CAMDEN, N. J.
AND TORONTO, CANADA

Whiz
GOLD BAND

$3.25 PER GALLON
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Whiz Gold Band (Discovery) Anti-Freeze is Certified by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory

IF SHE SAID WHAT SHE THOUGHT

"I'm leaving

I won't let him give me a cough"

HOW often have you thought that very same thing when someone carelessly coughed his way through a bridge game — or dinner. Yet convention says you must put up with it for the sake of courtesy and politeness, even though it does endanger your health.

If every cougher would realize the menace of infecting others with his cold, he would at least have the decency to protect their health, even if he doesn't consider his own comfort.

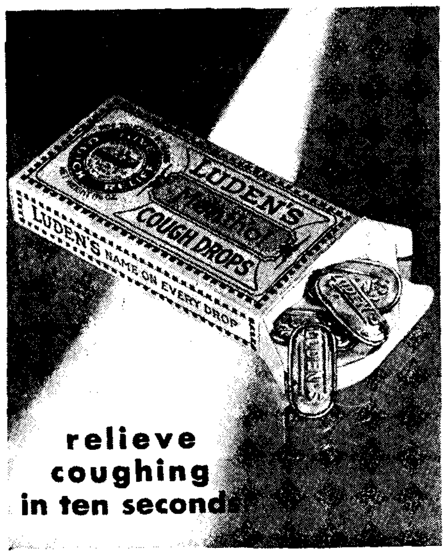
And it is so easy, with Luden's always ready to give Quick Relief.

In ten seconds, Luden's relieve the irritation that causes the cough. The exclusive Menthol Action in Luden's quiets the troubled nerves — cools the throat and nose — clears the head and gently soothes the tender tissues.

The safe way — for yourself and for others—is to keep a package of Luden's always near.

Everywhere — in the familiar yellow package—5¢. (In Canada 10¢.)

LUDEN'S



Big Money

Continued from page 54

the Mazarin Hotel that they should bring their invitation-cards with them and be prepared to show them on demand.

"Invitation-card?" said Berry musingly, as if the word was new to him.

"Invitation-card."

"Well, the fact is . . ." said Berry.

It was a conversational gambit which told Sir Herbert all he wanted to know. Only the sinful and black of heart, he was aware, begin their remarks with that phrase. Comfortably sure now that he was not ejecting from his dance some scion of a noble house whose face he had chanced to forget—or, worse, a gossip-writer from one of the daily papers—he unmasked his batteries.

"I must request you to leave immediately."

"But . . ."

"Get out!" said Sir Herbert, becoming terser.

"But I must speak to . . ."

The walrus mustache quivered like a cornfield in the evening breeze.

"Are you going, or shall I call a policeman?"

Berry perceived that he must be polite and winning. He was still unaware of the name and address of his goddess of the car, and this man could supply them. He forced an ingratiating smile.

It did not go well.

"Don't grin at me!" thundered Sir Herbert Bassinger.

Even filtered through the mustache, his voice made Berry leap a couple of inches. He removed the ingratiating smile. His companion's wish was law. Besides, it was hurting his face.

"I'll go," he said reassuringly. "Oh, I'll *go*. Of course I'll go. I quite understand that I have no business here. I'll go all right. I only came because I saw somebody I wanted to speak to going up in the lift. If you will just let me go into the supper-room and have a word with . . ."

Sir Herbert Bassinger was a man who, when stirred, was accustomed to fall back on a vocabulary of his own invention. He employed it now:

"Stop this tish-tosh!"

Berry continued to be polite and winning:

"Perhaps if you would just tell me her name?"

"Enough of this bubble-and-squeak!"

"Her name?" said Berry urgently. "I must know her name. If you'll be kind enough to tell me her name . . ."

"Will you kindly cease this tingle-tangle and get out of here?" said Sir Herbert Bassinger.

Several attendants in gay uniform had manifested themselves by now and were dotted about the room, eying Berry in that cold, severe way in which barmen eye the obstreperous in bars. Reluctantly, he realized that he could do no more. He had shot his bolt. A brawl, agreeable though it would have been to his ruffled feelings, was out of the question.

"Very well," he said.

With no more tingle-tangle or tish-tosh, he turned and walked in silence to the stairs. His bearing was not exactly dignified, but it was as dignified as a man's can be who is undergoing a spiritual frog's march.

A LIGHT in the sitting-room of Peacehaven informed Berry on his return to Mulberry Grove that Lord Biskerton was still up and, no doubt, eager for a chat. He rapped on the window. It was opened hospitably, and he climbed through.

"Well?" said the Biscuit, "what sort of a time did you have?"

He eyed Berry narrowly. There seemed to him in his friend's demeanor something strange—an unwonted sparkle in the eye, a suppressed elation as of one who on honey-dew has fed and drunk the milk of Paradise. This, the Biscuit felt, was scarcely to be accounted for by attendance at an Old Boys dinner, and he sought elsewhere for the cause.

"What's the matter with you, reptile?" he asked. "You're fizzing visibly. Come into money, or something?"

BERRY sat down, got up, sat down, got up, sat down again, and got up once more. His manner was feverish, and his host disapproved of it.

"Roost!" commanded the Biscuit. "Park yourself, confound you. You're making me giddy."

Berry balanced himself on the edge of the horsehair sofa. He did it as one not committing himself definitely to a sitting position but holding himself in readiness at any moment, should he see fit, to soar up to the ceiling.

"Now then," said the Biscuit, "tell me all."

"Biscuit," said Berry, "the most extraordinary thing has happened. There's a girl . . ."

"A girl, eh?" said the Biscuit, interested. He began to see daylight. "Who is she?"

"What?" asked Berry, whose attention had wandered.

"I said, who is she?"

"I don't know."

"What's her name?"

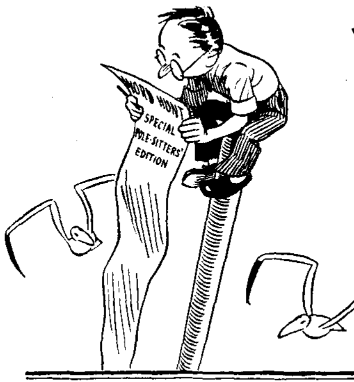
"I don't know."

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know."

"You aren't an encyclopedia, old boy, are you?" said the Biscuit. "Where did you meet her?"

(*Continued on page 59*)



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are only eleven words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters C·L·E·A. One of them is CLEARLY. You supply the others.

1	C	L	E	A	R	L	Y	In a clear manner.
2	C	L	E	A				One who, or that which, cleaves.
3	C	L	E	A				(Wool trade) A scrap of dirty wool.
4	C	L	E	A				To render clean. To rid of impurities.
5	C	L	E	A				Habitually clean or kept clean. Neatly.
6	C	L	E	A				More clean. Also, one who, or that which, cleans.
7	C	L	E	A				Made clear; also, clarified; enlightened. (Other meanings.)
8	C	L	E	A				Secured to, or by, a cleat. Provided with a cleat, or cleats.
9	C	L	E	A				Freer from all that dims, blurs, or obscures. (Other meanings.)
10	C	L	E	A				Freed from whatever is foul, offensive, or extraneous; purified; cleansed.
11	C	L	E	A				Parted, divided, or pierced by force; split or rived; cut. Also, adhered closely; united closely.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for October 18th

1. Accorder
2. Accosted
3. Accouple
4. Accouter
5. Accolled
6. Accolade
7. Accorded

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1930, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.

Values beyond compare—Philco Balanced-Unit QUALITY THROUGHOUT—Console is genuine Walnut and Bird's-Eye Maple trimmed with African Zebra wood—7-tube Screen Grid Receiver (3 screen grid tubes)—Electro-Dynamic Speaker—No "Cross-Talk" in tuning—All-Electric, plugs into any AC light socket ready to play—33¾ inches high, 19 inches wide—Full-sized radio PERFORMANCE.

(Tubes extra; all Baby Grands sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes)

Baby Grand Console

$69.50 *less tubes*

Big news, big performance...

PHILCO BABY GRAND CONSOLE $69.50

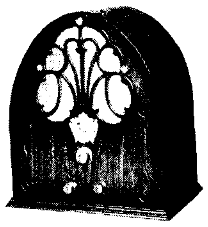
THE Philco Baby Grand Console is the FIRST full-fledged, fine-toned, big-performing Screen Grid Radio ever produced in a handsome cabinet at this price. It has the QUALITY which has made "Philco" mean the *best that can be made.*

It is produced in response to tremendous public acceptance of the Philco Baby Grand—announced only a few weeks ago and already the largest-selling radio in the world.

Here, in this new Baby Grand Console is the same marvelously engineered receiver with exclusive Philco circuit; good distance ability to bring you the programs you want; high sensitivity to separate the programs, and NO CROSS-TALK.

Philco Baby Grands have a wealth of fine tone because their electrical units are *exactly balanced* just as in the larger Philcos. The reception is true to life; clear; never blurred, *never distorted.*

The beautiful fine tone, high selectivity and power, exclusive 7-tube screen grid circuit with genuine electro-dynamic speaker is almost unbelievable in such cabinets and at such prices.



PHILCO BABY GRAND

Same wonderful chassis; Walnut Cabinet. . $49.50

And as an EXTRA Radio Set

With a lively family party in the parlor dancing to the jazz programs, how wonderful if Mother, perhaps, can enjoy some fine music upstairs with a Philco Baby Grand as the EXTRA radio set. For the guest room, it is hospitality supreme. For that boy or girl at college; for the "den"; for the children's room; and as the gift for all occasions, Philco Baby Grands step in to fill a long-felt want.

See Nearest Philco Dealer For FREE Trial Today

Don't wait. The demand for these sets is already tremendous—and growing. If YOU want a Baby Grand see your dealer at once. Arrange with him for a free demonstration in your home. The complete Philco line of Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys, and Radio-Phonographs is priced from $49.50 to $350. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

Greatest Musical Event of the Air

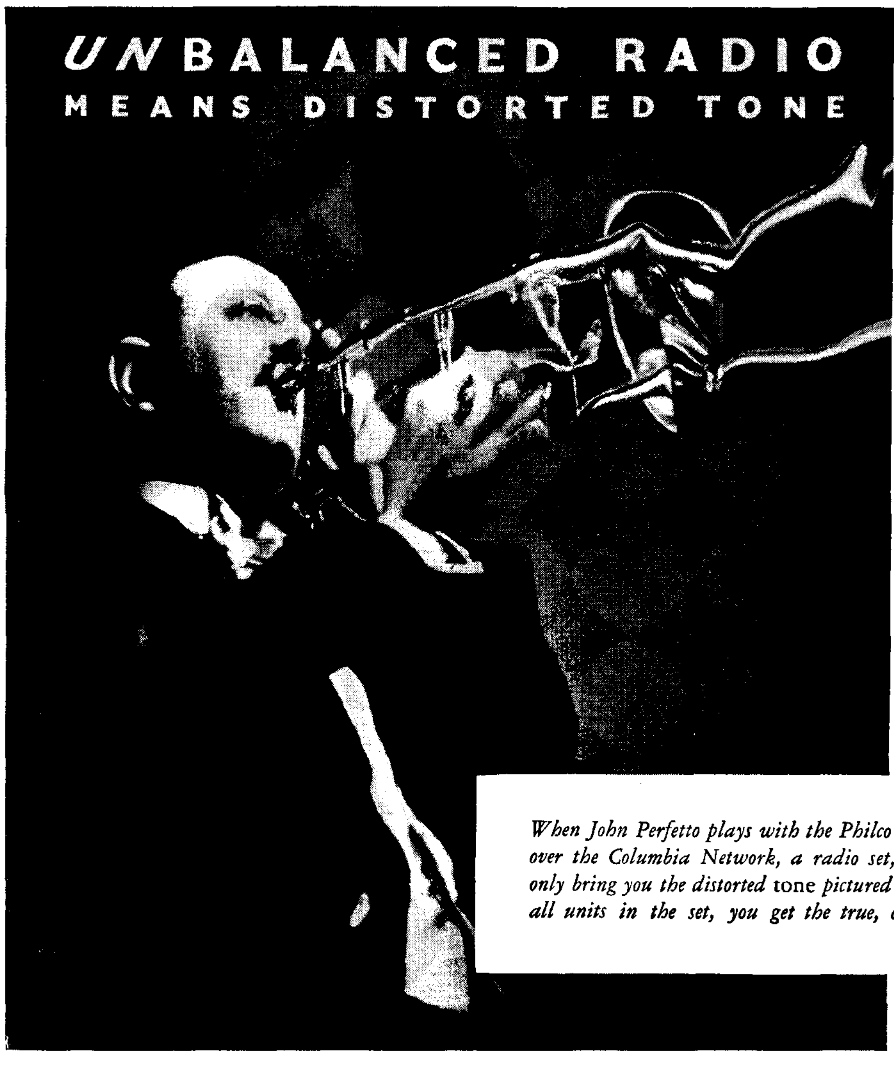
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and* PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

in three more Philco Radio Concerts

Nov. 16—Christmas Day—Easter Sunday

Stokowski, outstanding genius of the conductor's baton, has created a new broadcasting method which in his words "makes the broadcast of the modern orchestra even more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall." Tune in for Record-Breaking Coast-to-Coast Hookup, from 5 to 6 *p.m., Eastern Standard Time, over NBC network*

Watch radio page of your newspaper for further announcements



BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

When John Perfetto plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, Tuesday evenings over the Columbia Network, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the distorted* tone *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

NASH

PRESENTS

Three New Eights and a Low Priced Six

Never was such motor car quality offered at prices so sensationally low. The literally startling difference becomes at once apparent when you contrast the prices of the new and finer Nash series, with prices of corresponding models a year ago.

Its low non-productive overhead, its elimination of borrowed capital, and remarkably foresighted manufacturing alone enable Nash to offer so much for so little.

The unique example in value-giving thus provided the industry was planned last November. At that time, C. W. Nash and the strong group of executives surrounding him, clearly foresaw present conditions. They at once began to design cars affording value so great, so unmistakable, as to overcome all buying reluctance.

The result is instantly apparent. Even casual inspection of the four new Nash cars establishes the fact *that nothing even remotely approaching them in downright dollar value has ever been available in their respective price fields.*

A NEW DEAL FOR TODAY'S DOLLAR

STUDY THESE SENSATIONAL PRICES!

Compare what is probably the most remarkable achievement of Nash in greater value-giving —the New Six— with the Single Six it succeeds. The New Six offers a multitude of superiorities—at prices which range from $160 to $140 below the prices of the Single Six.

Body Style	The New Six W. B. 114¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$845	~~$1005~~	—$160
Coupe	$795	~~$940~~	—$145
Coupe (rumble seat)	$825	~~$980~~	—$155
Sedan (2-door)	$795	~~$935~~	—$140

Compare the New Eight-70 with its two additional cylinders, its longer wheelbase, its larger, more luxurious body, with the six-cylinder car it replaces. Then consider the remarkable fact that there is actually a basic price differential in favor of the new Eight!

Body Style	The New Eight-70 W. B. 116¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$995	~~$1005~~	—$10
Coupe	$945	~~$940~~	+$5
Coupe (rumble seat)	$975	~~$980~~	—$5
Special Sedan (4-door)	$955		

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 Series with the 6-cylinder car it replaces. The Eight-80 is larger, longer. Design, appointments, upholstery are finer—prices are radically lower.

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 W. B. 121"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Six W. B. 118"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1295	~~$1415~~	—$120
Coupe	$1245	~~$1345~~	—$100
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1285	~~$1395~~	—$110
Town Sedan (4-door)	$1375		

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 Series, now with a 115 H. P. Engine, with the last year's 100 H. P. Eight. Body appointments are finer, upholstery more luxurious, and prices are far lower!

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 W. B. 124"-133"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Eight W. B. 124"-133"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1565	~~$1795~~	—$230
Cabriolet	$1695	~~$1875~~	—$180
Coupe	$1695	~~$1915~~	—$220
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1745	~~$1975~~	—$230
Sedan (7-pass.)	$1925	~~$2195~~	—$270
Limousine (7-Pass.)	$2025	~~$2385~~	—$360
Ambassador	$1825	~~$2095~~	—$270
Victoria	$1765	~~$2045~~	—$280

(All prices f. o. b. factories)

2310

Big Money

Continued from page 56

"I saw her first across a restaurant."

"Well?"

"We looked at each other a good deal."

"And then?"

"Then we went on looking at each other. It was that day you were wearing that beard, Biscuit. You remember?"

"I remember."

"I felt absolutely desperate. I knew, just by looking at her, that I had found the only girl I should ever love. . . ."

"You boys!" interjected the Biscuit tolerantly.

"And how on earth was I to get to know her? That was the problem."

"It always is. I wish I had a quid for every time . . ."

"WHEN I came out into the street, I saw her getting into her car. And suddenly I had an inspiration. I jumped in after her, and told her to follow you."

"Follow me? How do you mean, me? How do I come into it?"

"You were in your car just ahead."

The Biscuit's interest deepened.

"Do you mean all this happened the day you lunched at the Berkeley, when I was giving the old fungus a trial trip?"

"Of course. I'm telling you."

"Then who was the girl, I wonder?" mused the Biscuit. "I don't remember seeing anything very special in the way of girls that time. However, don't let's wander from the point. You jumped into her car. What happened then?"

"You drove off, and we drove after you."

"You mean she just said, 'Yes, sir!' and trod on the self-starter? I should have thought she would have called a cop and two loony-doctors and had you put where you belonged."

Berry hesitated. They had reached the only point in this romance of his on which he did not like to let his mind dwell. No lover enjoys feeling that he is deceiving the girl he loves. There had been an instant during that scene in the supper-room at the Mazarin when he had braced himself for a full confession. He had thought better of it, but, none the less, his conscience irked him.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Biscuit," he said, "I lied to her."

"Starting early, what?"

"I told her I was a secret service man," said Berry.

The Biscuit gaped.

"You—what?"

"I said I was a secret service man. You see, that explained why I wanted her to follow you."

"Why? Who did you say I was?"

"I told her you were the head of a great cocaine ring."

The Biscuit thanked him.

"I had to give some reason for jumping into her car like that."

"And what happened when you told her that you had been fooling her?"

"I didn't."

"You let her go on thinking you were a secret service man?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, laddie! This is the best bedtime story I've heard for months and months. So she still thinks you're a secret service man? You didn't explain later?"

"No. What happened was this, you see: When I came out of the inn, she had gone. Her car wasn't there. She had driven off. But tonight I met her again. There was a dance going on at the Mazarin, and I had come out from the dinner, and I saw her going up in the lift. So I went up after her, and found her in the supper-room. And we were just starting to talk when the man who was giving the dance came along and chucked me out."

The Biscuit uttered appreciative cries.

"But before that happened I had had time to see . . . I mean," said Berry, becoming incoherent, "there was something in her eyes. . . . The way she looked. . . . I believe if only I had had a minute longer . . . It was the way she looked, if you understand what I mean."

"You clicked?" said the Biscuit, who liked his bedtime stories crisp.

Berry shuddered. The hideous phrase revolted him.

"I wish you wouldn't . . ."

"Either a man clicks or he does not click," said the Biscuit firmly. "There are no half-measures. You did?"

"I think she was—pleased to see me."

"Ah! Well, then, of course, you proceeded to ask her name?"

"No."

"You didn't?"

"I hadn't time."

"Did you ask her where she lived?"

"No."

"Did she ask you your name?"

"No."

"Did she ask you where you lived?"

"No."

"What the dickens *did* you talk about?" asked the Biscuit, curiously. "The situation in Russia?"

Berry clenched his hand emotionally. Then a black recollection came to him and his face clouded.

"I found out one thing about her," he said. "She's engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes. I'm not worrying about finding her again. I know I shall find her. But if she's engaged . . ."

He broke off dejectedly, staring at the carpet.

"You feel that a Conway should refrain from butting in and coming between this girl and some bloke unknown, who no doubt loves her devotedly?" said the Biscuit.

"Yes. All the same . . ."

"ALL the same, you jolly well mean to do it?"

"Yes."

"Quite right, too."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly," said the Biscuit firmly. "All's fair in love and war, isn't it? I seem to see this other bloke. A weedy bird with a receding chin and an eyeglass. I shouldn't give him another thought. Good heavens! One can't stop to consider the feelings of some unknown wart at a time like this. He's probably someone like Merwyn Flock."

"Who's Merwyn Flock?"

"Oh, just a fellow," said the Biscuit. "Just a blister who happens to be a sort of acquaintance of a friend of mine. From all accounts, one of the less attractive types of human gumboil. Don't you worry, old boy. You take my tip and charge right ahead. There are enough difficulties confronting you already without your having to bother about any vague lizard in the background."

Berry bestowed upon his friend a look of the utmost gratitude and esteem. He had drawn much comfort from his words.

"I'm glad you feel that about it," he said.

"I'm glad you're glad," said the Biscuit courteously.

(*To be continued next week*)

Film

is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders.

Eat the Right Foods

See Your Dentist

Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

EACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. On this page is shown a list of foods to be included in the daily diet.

Remove film from teeth

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed each day.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... Yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

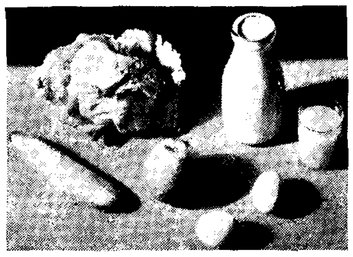
* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent

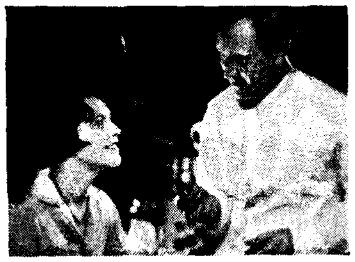
the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program

DO THESE THREE THINGS
to have strong, healthy teeth



1 *Follow this diet daily: one to three eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.*

2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*



3 *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

HOME SWEET Home
Enter AT YOUR OWN RISK

BE it ever so palatial, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home for walloping one's thumb with a hammer—and who hasn't! Not all of us, however, will get off that easy.

Slipping in the bathtub, tumbling downstairs, stumbling over the children's playthings— such everyday incidents account for two out of every five non-fatal home accidents— while one out of every four *fatal* injuries occurs under the domestic roof.

But why all the gloom? You *can't* help what you can't help! But *you can* Ætna-ize—and make home, *sweet* home.

An Ætna Accident Policy will help keep you on your feet financially—and, of course, provide for the family should the accident prove fatal.

Why not see or phone the Ætna Agent in your community for details? He's a man worth knowing. Tear this out as a reminder.

ÆTNA

Ætna Casualty and Surety Company
Ætna Life Insurance Company
Automobile Insurance Company
Standard Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA·IZE

Five Bluebells

Continued from page 15

moment in which she had been altogether his.

Yet still her brain could give her no picture—except this present one of these five thin green stalks.

She tried to look up from the bell flowers, but could not. She tried, again and again, to brush them away, but could not. And now, suddenly, she knew that their car neared the church.

"I'll have to get up," she thought then. "And when I do, they'll fall; they'll be trampled on."

Better, perhaps, that they should be trampled on. But somehow she could not bear the thought.

THE big car, with the wedding ribbons festooned from its radiator cap, slowed; and automatically, as the brakes went on, Deirdre's free hand clutched for the bluebell stems; thrust them, somehow or other, among the white roses and the lilies-of-the-valley of Valentine's offering.

Then she forgot them in the sheer blind panic of this terror which had haunted her, as it seemed now, all her conscious life.

She was being handed out of a car, on to a red carpet. And either side of that carpet were two rows of faces. And above it stretched an awning. And past those faces, under that awning, she must go . . . she must go . . . to Derek . . . no, not Derek . . . to . . . to Valentine.

Her mind blurred again. Where was she? In church? Why in church? What . . . what right had shé to be in church? And who were these girls, in the queer hats, in the queer frocks? Was this Alys? Her friend Alys. And where had Mother gone? On. Through that other door that led to . . . to Derek . . . no, not to Derek . . . to Valentine.

And Valentine—somebody had just whispered—was waiting, waiting.

"I should take her in now," whispered another voice; and suddenly—suddenly there was music—and that other door had opened—and she was through it—and here were more people—hundreds upon hundreds of gaping, staring people—and her icy feet carrying her past those people, towards that low railing, towards those three steps.

And even as Deirdre's white-shod feet mounted those steps, even as she looked up into the gray eyes of the tall man who stood waiting for her, that secret shutter in her brain which had so long hidden its elusive memories flashed wide open; and even as it did so the present scene—this man whom she was just about to marry, and the faces of the two clergymen, and the flower-decked altar and the high stained-glass window above it—went out like a candle blown by the wind.

For a while she stood in a great darkness; and vaguely through that darkness she was conscious of words—"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together . . . to join together in . . . an honorable estate . . . not by any to be enterprised, nor taken in hand, unadvisedly, lightly."

Then even sound went out; and abruptly—as darkness gave place to sunshine—she was in the wood.

A curving road led into the wood, to the triangular patch of grass, flower-blue in the sunlight, beyond which rose the trees. And away under those trees—all away and away to where the up-sloping fields showed green through their just leafing branches—stretched the purpling carpet of the bluebells over which, picking their way ever so carefully lest they should trample on the precious blossoms, she and Derek had gone, long, long ago in another spring.

"First, it was ordained," read the clergyman.

But Deirdre Summers, standing there veiled and white-robed before him, did not hear those words. For now Derek too was in the wood, his arm about her waist, his cheek pressed against her cheek, whispering, "My dear, my dear, I'm so happy with you."

And she, too, was happy, so quietly, yet so wonderfully happy—here, where they had stolen away from the world; here, where only the wild eyes, eyes of wood bird and wood beast, might watch them as they picked their way, carefully, oh, so carefully, among the blue-purple bell flowers between the gray-boled trees.

"Kiss me," whispered Derek. But she had been too happy even for kisses; and he, knowing that mood of hers, had refrained.

"Such persons as have not the gift," read the clergyman.

But still Deirdre could hear no word of all that he was saying. For now she and Derek were nearing the very heart of the bluebell wood. And now suddenly she heard the man's voice, and the woman's, and the laughter of the child.

Stockstill they had stood when first they heard the child laughing. And for a moment, resentful that any should share this heavenly privacy, their impulse had been to turn off from the narrow path they had been following through the flowers.

"But it would be such a shame to trample on them," she had said; and Derek, "Let's go back the same way then?" and she, "But I don't want to go back."

So they had gone on, his arm no longer round her but her hand still clasped in his hand, till they made the very heart of the wood. And there, still hidden by the gray tree trunks, they had stood stockstill again, feeling as though they trespassed into Paradise.

For there, in the very heart of the wood, was a little semicircular clearing; and at the far edge of that clearing a tall fair-haired man played, as only a man can play with his own son, with a little boy. And while they played together a woman watched them, as only a mother can watch such playing.

BUT that woman wore no wedding ring; and even as one looked on her, even as she spoke in her soft country burr, and the man answered her, in that quiet educated voice of his, one had known the truth.

"Thirdly, it was ordained," read the clergyman.

Yet still no word of any that he was saying penetrated to the conscious mind of the woman before him. For now she and Derek were tiptoeing away, by the path which had brought them, from this secret love upon which they, who must also love in secret because of her whose frail body still stood between them, had stumbled in the wood.

Then, abruptly, all was darkness again: and out of that darkness Deirdre heard a voice crying, "Therefore, if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

And after that, awfully, as darkness cleared and the present scene took shape before her, there flashed into the brain, into the heart, into the very soul of her who was still Deirdre Summers, the certainty that the face of this tall, fair-haired man with whom she stood before the clergyman was the very face of that man upon whose secret she and Derek had stumbled in the wood.

And, "I require and charge you both," began the clergyman. And, "Wilt thou have this woman?" went on the clergyman. But even as the man beside her answered him, "I will," it seemed to Deirdre Summers that surely—surely this was that very voice, quiet and educated, which she had overheard answering the soft country burr of the ringless woman.

And as she, too, said "I will;" as that man's hand took hers; as their hands unloosed; as her left hand lifted to receive the ring, she heard yet another voice say, "But not this, not this clandestine intrigue with one of our own people."

And as those words came back out of the past her mind blurred again; neither did any word or any sight or any movement register there, till she found herself standing before the book.

The colonel was telling her to sign "Deirdre Summers" in that book. But her name was no longer Deirdre Summers. It was Deirdre Hardcastle. Only—only she had no right to be Deirdre Hardcastle. Another woman—a woman with a soft country burr—had that right, and doubly, not only for herself but for her child.

"And I only married him because I wanted a child," thought Deirdre Hardcastle. "And now I can never have one. Never. Because it wouldn't be fair—to that other—to the little boy with whom I saw him playing."

THE register signed, he made to kiss her. And somehow she suffered his kiss. Somehow she let others—her mother, her uncle, Alys—kiss her. Somehow, when he offered his arm, her ringed hand accepted his arm. Somehow, while the organ pealed out its mockery of a wedding march, her feet carried her back to the chancel, and down the chancel steps, along the aisle, past all those staring faces, out of thé church.

Outside the church, either side of the awning, more faces stared at her. And now her hand had left his arm; now he was helping her—while the faces still stared, and the cameras clicked, and one shouted "Good luck" to them—back into the car.

"You're my wife!" he said, as the car started. "Really my wife, Deirdre. And six weeks ago we never even knew each other."

And somehow she managed to answer him; somehow she suffered it when his hand fondled her arm.

"I love you so," he said then. "I've loved you since the first moment I set eyes on you. You don't love me yet, Deirdre. I know that. But you will, one day—when you've, when you've forgotten Derek Haughton."

For she—she had told him a little of her love for Derek Haughton. But he—he had told her nothing of his love for that other woman, for the ringless woman with whose child she had seen him at play.

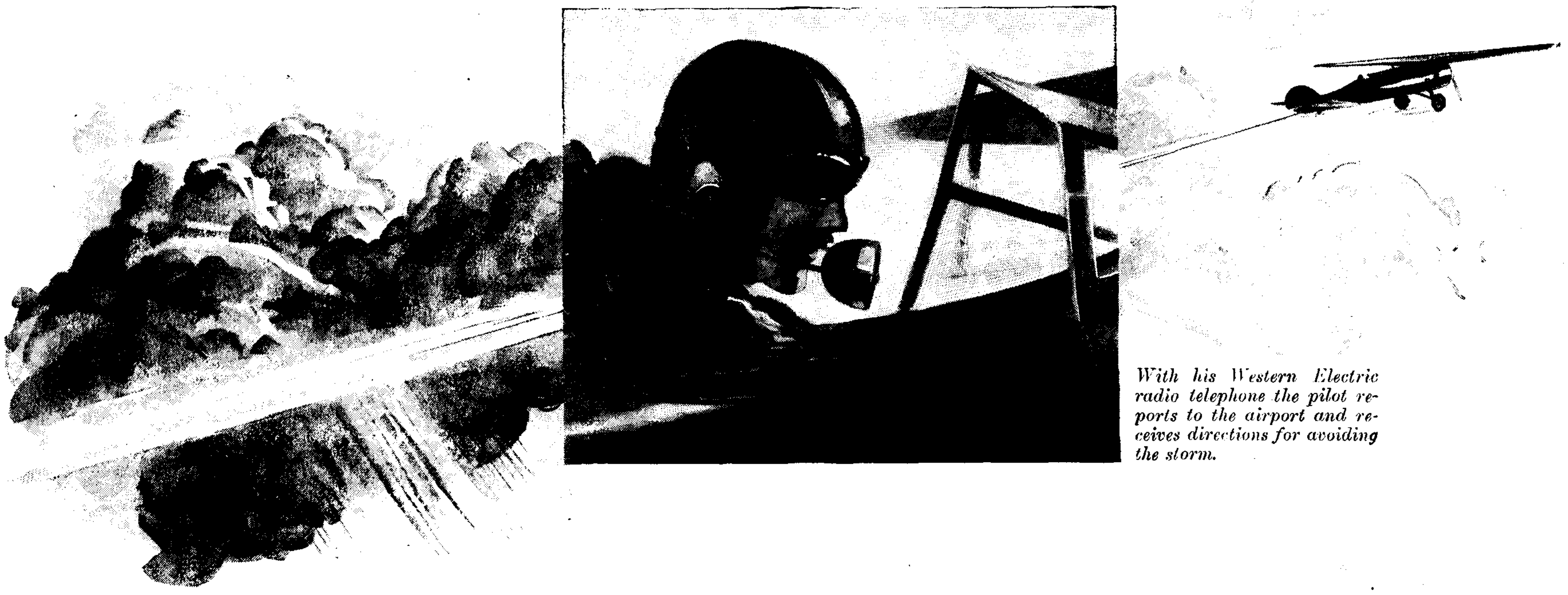
"I'll make you love me," he went on.

He was still fondling her arm. But her hands, clasped tightly round the white roses and the lilies-of-the-valley of his giving, were free. And staring down at those white roses, at those lilies-of-the-valley, she saw the five bluebells which she had thrust among them.

"Dying," she thought. "Dying. Why didn't I die—with Derek?"

For surely—surely it was better to die than to live out one's life, childless, with this man who, even at this very

(*Continued on page 62*)



With his Western Electric radio telephone the pilot reports to the airport and receives directions for avoiding the storm.

AIRPLANE TELEPHONE MARKS GREAT STEP AHEAD IN FLYING

TODAY the Western Electric radio telephone between plane and ground is doing for air transportation what telegraph, telephone and wireless have done for the railroads and steamship lines. It helps to put this new mode of travel on a dependable, efficient basis.

* * *

Overhead, great passenger liners drone along their regular routes. Through the night roaring planes carry mail, express, freight. And the men who guide them through *know* at all times what conditions lie ahead, for the Western Electric airplane telephone flies with them!

* * *

The airplane telephone—like the telephone on your desk—is backed by more than 50 years' experience with problems of voice transmission. It was designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and has been tested under actual flying conditions in the Laboratories' own planes. It is made with the same care and skill as all the Western Electric apparatus used by the Bell System.

* * *

Easy and reliable telephone communication between plane and airport makes possible more efficient routing of planes. It adds materially to the comfort of passengers and helps in maintaining time schedules with clock-like accuracy.

* * *

With the airplane telephone, the pilot always has full and accurate information on which to base decisions of vital importance. As easily as you talk from your home to that of a friend he talks with dispatchers and weather observers on the ground. Or with pilots of other planes in flight. He receives up-to-the-minute data on ever changing weather and steers his course accordingly. He reports his position and progress to those in authority at fields along his route.

Government radio beacons along the airways of the nation constantly send out directional signals. The Western Electric receiving set brings in these guiding signals to aid the pilot in holding his true course when darkness, fog or low-hanging clouds obscure his view of the ground.

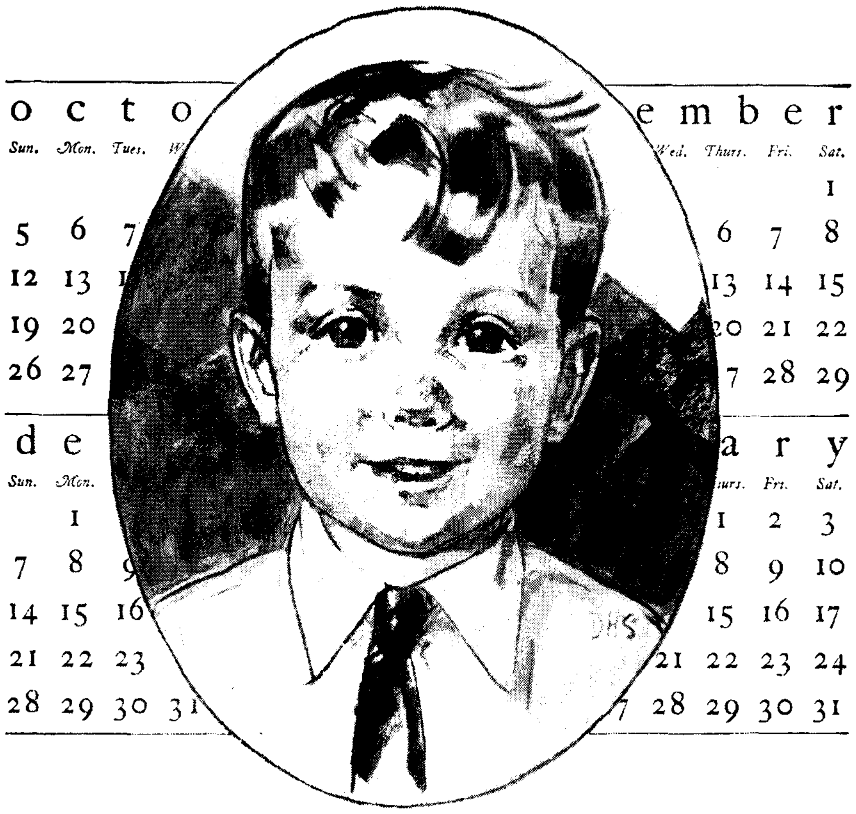
* * *

Commercial aviation today has graduated from the pioneering era where everything depended upon the unaided judgment, initiative and skill of one man—the pilot. Close cooperation between flyers, ground organizations and government agencies—via airplane telephone—has made flying an efficient, dependable means of transportation.

When you travel or ship goods by air, ask whether the plane is equipped with Western Electric Airplane Telephone.

MADE BY
THE MAKERS OF
BELL TELEPHONES

Western Electric
Aviation Communication Systems


octo
ember
Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.
de
ary

He can't fight winter *alone!*

Don't let him waste his precious strength fighting preventable winter ills when cod-liver oil, regularly taken, can do so much toward keeping up his resistance.

But there's a world of difference in cod-liver oils. How can you tell whether a certain cod-liver oil actually contains *enough* Vitamins A and D to help your child grow straight and strong?

Not by looking at it. Not by tasting it. No—not even by a chemical analysis of it! The only way you can be *sure* is to choose cod-liver oil that bears the label of a firm in whose scientific skill you have complete confidence.

Carefully-controlled tests in the Parke-Davis laboratories, which take 35 days to complete, are your assurance that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains *definitely measured* amounts of both Vitamins A and D.

This pure, golden oil comes in 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles, or in convenient, easy-to-take capsules. At drug stores everywhere.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products
DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil contains as much

VITAMIN "D" the "sunshine" rickets-preventing vitamin, as 2 lbs. of butter, or 7½ eggs.

and as much

VITAMIN "A" the disease-resisting vitamin, as 11 pints of milk, or 9 eggs, or 1 lb. of butter.

Parke-Davis
STANDARDIZED
Cod-liver Oil

(Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.)

Five Bluebells

Continued from page 60

moment—said one's imagination—must be thinking of that other, of the woman who had already borne him, in secrecy, his son.

"My wife," he said. But surely, in the sight of that God whose minister had just blessed them, that other, the nameless country woman, must be his wife?

"And I?" thought Deirdre. "What am I?"

Side by side they came to her uncle's house. Side by side they entered that house. The butler, standing by the open door, wished them "many years of happiness." Valentine thanked him. Valentine thought she was "looking a bit strung up." Valentine made her drink half a glass of champagne at the long buffet in her uncle's dining-room. Valentine led her upstairs, to the big empty drawing-room with the wedding bell of white flowers suspended in the far corner of it.

"Why not put your bouquet down on that chair?" suggested Valentine.

She put it down; and as she did so the bluebells fell from it. "Dead," she thought. "Dead." And again he kissed her. Again, somehow, she suffered his kiss.

SOON her mother joined them; her aunt; her uncle—drifted away again as the band in the conservatory started playing, as the cars began crowding to the door.

And after that came Alys and the other bridesmaids; and after the bridesmaids, the guests—a constant stream of them, one following the other, each with a hand outstretched, with a smile, with some foolish, well-mannered conventional word.

"Congratulations." "My warmest congratulations." "My very heartiest congratulations." And all the time Valentine, now introducing this man, now introducing that woman to her, smiled back at them. Till, watching him, Deirdre could have screamed.

She wanted to scream, to cry out aloud against this mockery of a wedding, to fly from this mockery of a wedding. But the room filled and filled; and there could be no escape from this room—as there could be no escape from this secretive man who must be even as her father had been.

"I'm his now," Deirdre kept thinking. "His!"

The thought seared her—seared all her body, as with secret irons, under the wedding frock. And secretly, to that searing, her imagination took fire. She would never be this man's. Never. He must go back—back to that other woman—to the woman who must be "one of his own people"—some farmer's daughter on his estate, perhaps.

Decent she had seemed—that woman. And loving. Loving the child anyway. And Valentine, too—had she not seen it with her own eyes?—loved that child. Why then—dear God, why—had he forced her, Deirdre, into choosing him?

A sentence he had once spoken came back to her, "A man ought to stick to his own class, Deirdre." Was that why—was that the only reason why—he had forced her, stampeded her, into choosing him? But he had sworn, only a few minutes ago, that he loved her. Love, indeed! He, with his other woman, with his son by that other woman. Had he imagined—could he really have imagined—that she would never know about his child, about that other woman?

And at that, suddenly, anger took Deirdre by the breast.

She had been cheated—cheated. And not, as her mother, after marriage. But before it. She was being cheated now—now. And yesterday. Why, only yesterday Valentine had motored down, alone, to that country house of his, "just to see that everything's all right for the first week of our honeymoon, darling."

A lie, that. He must have been to see his woman—to see his son—to kiss, to play with his son.

"And what of my son!" thought Deirdre. "My son—whom I've always wanted so. More than anything. More even than Derek. He'll never be born now. Never."

And at that, suddenly as it had come, the rage left her; and all she could feel was sorrow for the poor little mite whom she had heard laughing, laughing so happily in the wood.

The space about the wedding bell under which they stood was clearing now; and the room was emptier.

"That's about the last of them, I think," said Valentine.

But even as she spoke Deirdre saw his jaw set and his eyes harden as he looked towards the door. And following the direction of his eyes—thinking, just for one crazy moment, that the woman upon whom her subconscious thoughts had been concentrating must be coming through that door—Deirdre visualized, above the be-jeweled hats and the sleek heads of the other wedding guests, a man as tall as Valentine, clean-shaven, with the same fair hair.

That man's clothes, though they had been neatly brushed, were not wedding clothes. And vaguely—it seemed to Deirdre—that he was conscious of their incongruity; conscious, too, that he might not be altogether welcome.

After one second's hesitation, however, he had squared his shoulders and was coming over to them—and as he came Deirdre's heart thumped and thumped; and Deirdre's blue eyes stared and stared; and the very soul of Deirdre seemed as though it were no longer her own but some other's; till at last she heard the voice—and the voice, like the face of the newcomer, was almost the voice of the man she had just married—saying, "I didn't expect that invitation. It was pretty decent of you to send it, old chap. That's why I couldn't help just running up to town to wish you and your wife every happiness," and Valentine's stiffish, "Oh, that's all right. Let me introduce you to my wife. My dear, this is Raymond—my cousin, Raymond Hardcastle, the artist. He sent us that picture, you remember?"

BUT all that Deirdre Hardcastle could remember—with the sorrow, and the rage, and the terror in her all melted away in one great gush of overwhelming thankfulness—was that this man, and not Valentine, had been the one she and Derek had seen playing with his son, while his son's mother watched them, in the heart of the bluebell wood he had painted, and sent them for a wedding present, under its mantle of snow.

Nor does Valentine Hardcastle yet understand why, when he said, just after Raymond had left them, in that stiff secretive way of his, "Oh, he's not a bad fellow—and of course his wife's a chronic invalid—still, he's rather let the family down, don't you know—I'll tell you how one of these days," his wife, her hand clutching his arm, should have answered, "Valentine, don't—don't let's start our life together by judging other people's."

Nor why she should have added, "He seemed awfully glad you invited him. And so am I, darling. So am I."

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 23

of Wyomin'. . . . Jim, meet the boss."

"How do you do, Mr. Wall," returned Herrick, extending his hand, which Jim took with a bow and a word of acknowledgment. "Hays has been singing your praises. I understand you've had wide experience on ranches?"

"Yes, sir. I've been riding the range since I was a boy," replied Jim, aware of being taken in by intelligent blue eyes.

"Hays has suggested making you his foreman."

"That is satisfactory to me."

"You are better educated than these other men. It will be part of your duties to keep my books. I'm in a bloody mess as to figures."

"MR. HERRICK, if you haven't kept track of purchases, cattle, supplies, wages—all that sort of thing—it won't be easy to straighten it all out. I've tackled that job before."

"So I was tellin' the boss," interposed Hays. "But I'm shore, Jim, you're equal to thet."

"As I understand ranching," went on Herrick, "a foreman handles the riders. Now as this ranching game is strange to me I'm glad to have a foreman of experience. I was advised in Salt Lake City and at Grand Junction not to go in for cattle raising out in this section. The claim was that the Henry Mountains were a rendezvous for several bands of steer thieves. That fact has been verified here by the ranchers from whom I bought land and cattle.

"My idea then was to hire some gunmen along with the cowboys. Hays' name was given me at Grand Junction as the hardest nut in eastern Utah. Not so flattering to Mr. Hays, by Jove, but eminently satisfactory to me. So eventually my offer reached Hays and he consented to work for me, in the capacity, you understand, of buffer between me and these cow stealers. It got noised about, I presume, for other men with reputations calculated to intimidate thieves applied to me. I took on Heeseman and his friends. . . . Would you be good enough to give me your opinion, Wall?"

"It's not an original idea at all, Mr. Herrick," responded Jim, frankly, seeing the impression he was making on the Englishman. "That has been done before, in some cases, even to the setting of a thief to catch a thief. Its value lies in the fact that it works. But you really did not need to go to the expense—and risk, I might add—of hiring Heeseman's outfit."

"Expense is no object. Risk, however—what do you mean by risk?"

"Between ourselves, I strongly suspect that Heeseman is a rustler and head of the biggest Henry Mountain gang."

"By Jove! You don't say? This is ripping. Heeseman said the identical thing about Hays."

Jim was on the lookout for that very thing.

"Hays will kill Heeseman for that," retorted Jim, curtly. "But of course not while he's in your employ. . . . If you go over to Green River, to Moab, and towns to the east you will hear that Hays is absolutely not a rustler."

"I took Hays at his word," replied the Englishman. "Heeseman did not impress me. It's rather a muddle."

"Wal, Mr. Herrick, don't you worry none," interposed Hays, suavely. "Shore I don't take kind to what Heeseman called me to your face, but I can overlook it for the present. Just let Heeseman ride on till he piles up. Then it won't be our fault, an' whatever bloodspillin' comes of it can't be laid to you. Besides so long as you hire his outfit you'll be savin' money. Jim had it figgered wrong about expense. You see, if Heeseman is workin' for you he can't rustle as many cattle as if he wasn't."

"Meanwhile we will be learning the ropes," put in Jim. "Such a big outfit as this needs adjustment. You oughtn't to sell a steer this summer."

"Sell? I'm buying cattle now."

"Thet makes our job easier," returned Hays, with veracity. "Anythin' come of that deal you had on with thet Grand Junction outfit?"

"Yes. I received their reply the other day," rejoined Herrick. "We'll have to send a letter to Grand Junction to close the transaction. . . . By Jove, that reminds me. I had word from my sister, Helen. It came from St. Louis. She is coming through Denver and will arrive at Grand Junction about the fifteenth."

"Aw, yes, I recollect—a sister comin' out," replied Hays, constrainedly.

"Young girl—if I may ask?" added Jim, haltingly.

"Young woman. Helen is twenty-two."

"Comin' for a little visit?" asked Hays.

"By Jove, it bids fair to be a lifelong one," declared Herrick, as if pleased. "She wants to make Star Ranch her home. Friends of ours ranching it in Colorado were instrumental in my traveling out here. Helen and I are alone—except for distant relatives. We are devoted to each other. If she can stick it out in this bush I'll be jolly glad."

"Ahuh," replied Hays, without his former radiance. "Utah ain't so good a place for a young woman."

"How so? By Jove, she will love it. And it's conceivable she'll turn Star Ranch on end."

"I reckon any good-lookin' girl would do thet, Mr. Herrick," said Hays, resignedly. "But Jim an' me here—we only guarantee to handle rustlers."

"By Jove, you'll have to handle these Mormon cowboys, too," laughed Herrick. "Can you drive from Grand Junction in one day?"

"Shore. Easy with a buckboard an' a good team," replied Hays.

Jim Wall sustained his first slight reaction of dismay.

Their colloquy was interrupted by cowboys driving a string of heifers through the yard before the stable. And when they had passed, Herrick resumed his walk with Hays, leaving Jim to his own devices.

JIM strolled around the corrals, the sheds, down the lane between the pastures, out to the open range, where for miles the gray was spotted with cattle, and back to the blacksmith shop. Here he scraped acquaintance with the smith, who proved to be a genial fellow named Crocker. He was another of the homesteaders Herrick had bought out, but he was not a Mormon. Manifestly he and his farming associates had been bewildered by the onslaught of the Englishman upon their peaceful valley, and were frankly far the richer for it.

From the smithy Jim gravitated up the winding road to the top of the bench, where the rambling, yellow ranch-house, so new he smelled the rosin from the peeled logs, and the stately pines, and especially the view down the valley, wrought in him a feeling he sel-

(*Continued on page 64*)

Will you risk a Stamp to gain new shaving ease?

We wager this 7-day test against a postage stamp. Will you take us up? 86 times out of 100, we win!

Note the coupon, please

GENTLEMEN: We have a product that you will want to know about. But we find difficulty in advertising it, for the truth would sound extravagant to many.

Yet we are confident of its many superiorities. For we find that 86% of those who try it use it and discard all other ways. They have made it the largest selling shaving cream in the world.

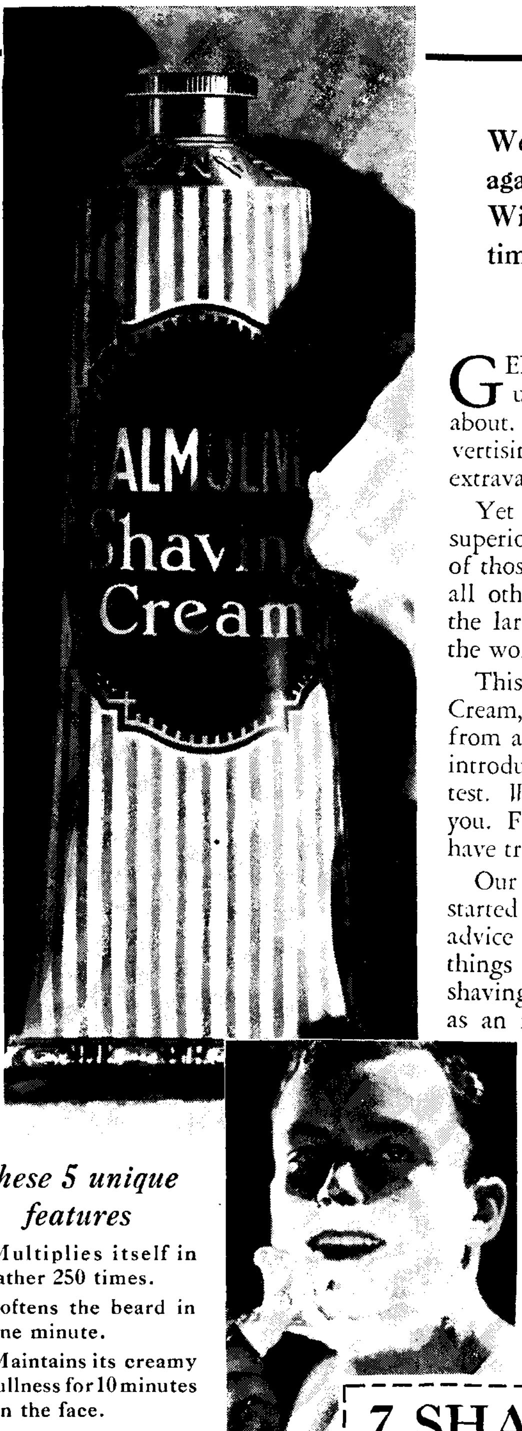
This product is Palmolive Shaving Cream, different in action and effect from any you have ever known. To introduce it, we offer a free 7-day test. *We* take the risk of convincing you. Fair-minded men by the million have tried it at our invitation.

Our great laboratories, before they started to work, asked 1,000 men's advice on shaving preparations. Five things stood out. They believed a shaving cream containing olive oil as an ingredient would solve those difficulties.

Time and again formulas were abandoned—129 in all. Then came success, and in one outstanding shaving cream we had 5 superiorities.

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. You risk nothing but a stamp. Please mail the coupon below.

5811



These 5 unique features

1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2. **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3. **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
4. **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.**
5. **Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.**

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. **M-895,** P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

....

....

....

(Please print your name and address)

2 for 25¢ perfecto

Once two for a quarter. Now two for twenty. Once wrapped in foil. Now sealed in Cellophane.

That's the *outside* story of MURIEL. Inside . . . better tobaccos . . . a record buy at money-saving prices. New high speed electric machines that clip costs close.

And you get the benefit. In a finer, mellower, better-made MURIEL . . . at a 20% lower price.

Individually Cased in CELLOPHANE
MURIEL
The 1930 MURIEL Cigar
MADE BY MACHINE 100% CLEAN

© P. Lorillard Co.
If dealer can't supply you, send $2.25 for trial package of 25 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

(*Continued from page 63*)

dom experienced—envy. How inconceivably good to own such a place—to have a home—to be able to gaze down the trails without keen eyes alert for riders inimical to life, and to revel in the far-flung curves and spurs and deeps of the desert! It was something Jim Wall could never know. His lot did not lie in the pleasant lanes of life.

This Englishman's sister—this Helen Herrick—she would be coming to a remote, wild and beautiful valley that any healthy-minded girl would love. But whatever the joy of reunion with her brother and the thrill of such unfettered life in the West, such a visit could only end in tragedy. Jim did not like the idea. A woman, especially a handsome one, always made trouble for men, though on the moment Jim was thinking only of her. What queer people the English! He remembered a gambler at Abilene, an immaculate, black-frocked, white-vested Englishman who frequented the dives of that frontier cattle town. He had been the coldest, nerviest proposition Jim had stacked up against. This Herrick had something of the same look, only one of pride and position instead of disgrace and ruin. What would the girl be like? Twenty-two years old, strong, a horsewoman, and handsome—very likely blond, as was her brother! And Jim made a mental calculation of the ruffians in Herrick's employ. Eighteen! More, for including himself there were nineteen.

HE SEEMED to feel disgust at the prospect of his being party to the misfortune of a young woman. But here, as in so many instances of recent years, he found discontent in the very things he might have avoided. Why rail at circumstance? Hank Hays had befriended him, even if his aim was selfish. Beggars could not be choosers. A robber should not be squeamish, and he, for one, could not be treacherous. Still—

He strode on and let action change the current of his thought. Avoiding another long gaze at the vast expanse, exquisitely clear in the rarefied atmosphere, he found a precipitous path down to the level, whence he made his way back to Hays' cabin, satisfied yet dissatisfied with the morning.

JIM passed the afternoon astride his horse, familiarizing himself with the valley adjacent to the ranch-house.

Riding through the sage was a pleasure to which he had not treated himself for a long while. It added to his growing conception of Star Ranch.

On the way in he passed Heeseman's camp, a group of soiled tents and a chuck-wagon, situated on the opposite side of the bench from that of Hays', and farther back. The bench was stony there and unscalable. A road passed the camp, heading straight for the notch in the valley, and the pass between these two spurs of the Henrys. This was the main road to Grand Junction, a long fifty miles distant.

Jim halted to pass the time of day with the cook, a burly fellow busy at the shelf end of his wagon.

"Howdy. Is this Heeseman's outfit?" asked Jim, civilly.

"Howdy yourself. Git down an' come in," replied the man, taking stock of Jim. "The boss hasn't rid in yet."

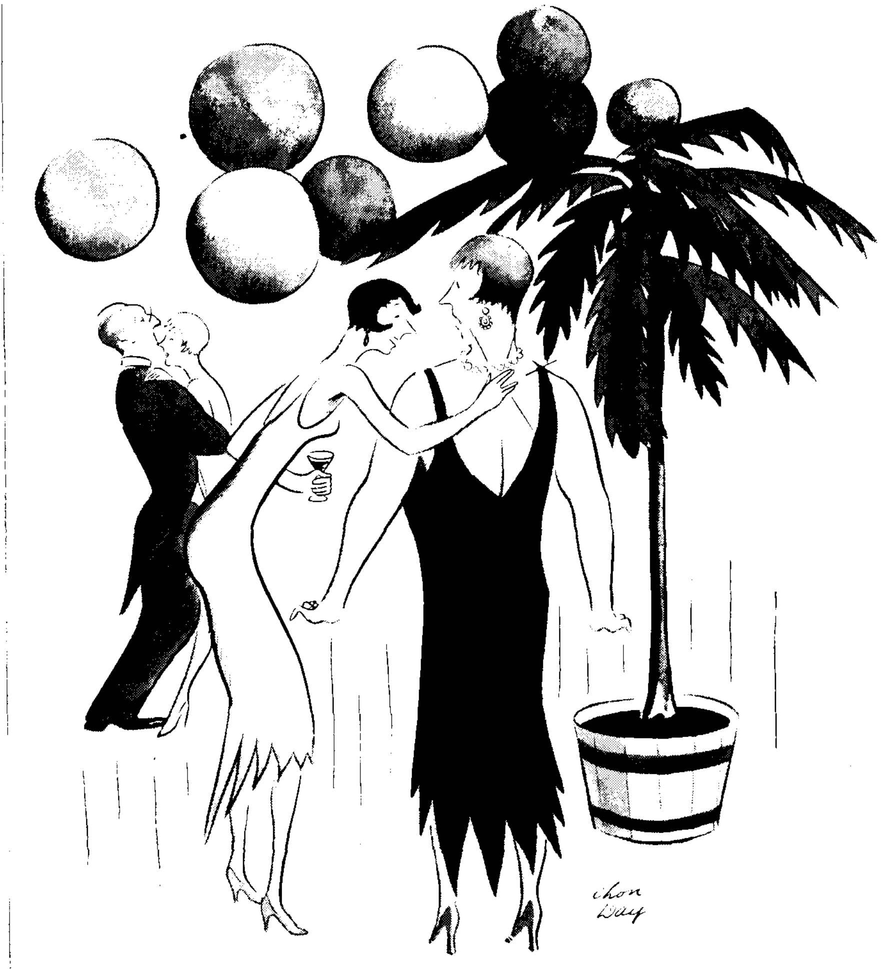
"Then I won't wait. About grub time over at Hays' cabin. Will you tell Heeseman I left my respects? Jim Wall, late of Wyoming."

"Jim Wall, huh? Sure, I'll tell him. It's more'n any other of Hays' outfit has done," replied the cook, gruffly.

"They're an unsociable bunch. We're not that way in Wyoming."

Jim rode on back through the barnyards, meeting lean-faced riders, mere boys in years, who eyed him askance and whispered among themselves. Upon arriving at the corral near Hays' cabin he unsaddled and turned Bay loose with the other horses there. He left his saddle, too, but took his rifle.

Hays greeted him from the porch bench, where he sat among several of his men.



"He's a scream—he whistles such outrageous songs!"

Air Note:

Collier's NEW Radio Hour Every Sunday Evening Broadcast to all America over a Coast-to-Coast Hook-up

All Star-
All Action-
All America

TUNING TABLE

Every Sunday Evening

East . . . 8:15 P. M.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW WJR

West . . . 7:15 P. M. Central Time
6:15 P. M. Mountain Time
KYW WREN KWK KOA
KSL

Pacific Coast . . . 5:15 P.M.
KPO KFI KGW KOMO
KHQ

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

Who's your tailor?

BE particular about that new Fall suit, topcoat or overcoat.

Be as particular as you like about the color, shade, pattern and weave. Ed. V. Price & Co. offer you America's greatest stock of fine fabrics for your selection.

Be particular about the quality of the woolens—and the workmanship. This house buys only from the best mills and imports woolens direct. Ed. V. Price & Co. tailors produce no suits not individually tailored.

Be particular about the price—and what you get for the price. For as little as $30 you can get a really good suit—better ones for $35, $40, $50 and up—each in its class a standard of all that good clothes should be.

Be particular in seeing our local dealer for your Autumn and Winter clothes requirements. It will pay you in certain satisfaction and money saved.

E. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

If you do not know our dealer in your town or locality, please write us for his name.

"Where you been, Jim? Gettin' the lay of the land?"

"Just taking 'heap look' round, as an Indian would say. Stopped to say hello to Heeseman, but he wasn't in camp."

"Wal, there's nothing wrong with your nerve, Jim. I've just been tellin' Brad an' Sparrowhawk here how favorable you hit the boss."

"Come an' get it before I throw it out for the other hawgs!" yelled Happy Jack cheerfully from within.

After supper Hays leaned back and surveyed the company. "Fellers, we've a pow-wow on hand. Clear the table. Fetch another lamp. We'll lay out the cards an' some coin, so we can pretend to be settin' in a little game if anybody happens along. But the game we're really settin' in is the biggest ever dealt in Utah."

SO IT came to pass that Jim Wall sat down with a crew of robbers to plot the ruin of a rich and eccentric rancher.

"Talk low, everybody," instructed Hays. "An' one of you step out on the porch now an' then. Heeseman might be slick enough to send a scout over here. 'Cause we're goin' to do thet little thing to him. . . . Happy, dig up thet box of cigars I've been savin'."

"Cigars!" ejaculated Smoky Slocum.

"Hank, trot out some champagne," jeered Brad Lincoln.

"Nothin' to drink, fellers," returned Hays. "We're a sober outfit. No gamblin' for real money. No arguin' or fightin'. . . . Any of you who doesn't like thet can walk out now."

They were impressed by his cool force, as well as by the potency of the future. Certainly not one of them moved.

"All right. Wal an' good. We're set," he went on. "Today I changed my mind about goin' slow with this job. Never mind why."

Jim Wall had a flash of divination as to this sudden right-about-face. Hays was deeper than he had appeared at first.

"Herrick reckons there are upwards of ten thousand head of stock on the range. Some of these Mormons he bought out sold without a count. I bought half a dozen herds for Herrick. An' I underestimated say, rough calculatin', around two thousand head. So there's twelve thousand good. Thet's a herd, fellers. Can it be drove?"

"Are we a lot of cowboys?" queried Lincoln, scornfully.

"No, an' neither air we a lot of rustlers," resumed Hays, just as sarcastically. "If you can't help me figger, why, just keep still. . . . Air there any of you who wouldn't care to play a game for twelve thousand head of cattle at forty dollars per?"

There did not appear to be a single one.

"Ahuh. Wal, thet's okay. Now can we drive such a big herd?" Hays this time directed his query at Jim.

"How far?" asked Jim.

"Fifty miles. Fair-to-middlin' road. We can meet buyers there who'll pay an' no questions asked. No stiff count."

"Yes. With eight riders well mounted it can be done in three days—provided they don't have to fight."

"Aha!" said Smoky, puffing a cloud of smoke.

"Wal, we'd have to fight shore as hell. An' Heeseman's outfit is bigger than ours."

"No sense in stealin' stock for some other outfit," added Brad Lincoln.

"Agree with you," returned Hays, promptly. "I didn't like the idee. But it's so damn' easy!"

"Boss, listen to this idee," spoke up Smoky. "Most of these Star cattle range down the valley twenty miles below here. How'd it do for, say, five of us to quit Herrick an' hide below somewhere? Meanwhile you go to Grand Junction an' arrange to have your buyers expect a bunch of cattle every week. A thousand to two thousand head. We'd make the drives an' keep it up as long as it worked. You're boss, an' Wall here is foreman. You could keep the cowboys close to the ranch."

"Smoky, it's shore a big idee," declared Hays, enthusiastically. "But what about Heeseman?"

"Wal, we couldn't keep it from him."

"Not very long, anyway."

"Heeseman's the rub. We gotta do away with him."

"Let's clean out his bunch."

Hays shook his shaggy head over these various replies.

"Fellers, if we pick a fight with thet outfit some of us will get killed an' others crippled. Then we couldn't pull the deal. A better idee is for one of us to kill Heeseman."

"Reckon it would be. Thet'd bust the outfit."

"Who'd you pick on to do thet, Hank?"

Jeff Bridges boomed out: "Why, Smoky, of course, or Brad."

"Nope," said Hays, shaking his head. "With all thet's due Smoky an' Brad I wouldn't choose either. Jim, here, is the man for thet job."

"An' why?" demanded Smoky, in the queerest of tones.

Whether he was insulted or jealous would have been difficult to say.

"Wal, for two reasons: Jim has it on any of us handlin' a gun, an' second—"

"How do you know thet?" interposed Lincoln, acidly.

"Hell's fire!" burst out Hays, suddenly ablaze. "There you go, you——! I suppose you think I ought to let you try Jim out? Wal, you can gamble on this: If I did we'd be two men out."

His fiery intensity silenced them. Jim personally was relieved to see this little byplay. It showed Hays was a strong leader and it gave a line on the testy Slocum and the taciturn Lincoln.

"Go on, boss. I'm shore we figger you have the best for all of us at heart," spoke up Mac for the first time. "You never played no favorites."

"Jim, it'd be murder for you to throw a gun on Heeseman," said Hays, spreading wide his hands.

"I'm like Brad. How do you know that?" rejoined Jim coolly.

"WAL, Heeseman's gifts don't lie thet way. He's killed a couple of men thet I know of. But I'll bet I can go pick a quarrel with him an' do it myself. To be dead certain though, we'd better sick Jim on him. Besides, Heeseman doesn't know Jim."

"If you ask me, I say the better plan is to waylay Heeseman an' his outfit," said Lincoln. "Do for him sure an' all or most of his men. There's a couple of rattlesnakes among them."

"Waylay them, huh?" mused Hays, scratching his unshaven chin. "Sort of low-down for *us*."

"We're playin' for big stakes."

"Mebbe we could drive off six or eight thousand head of stock before Heeseman ever found out," put in Smoky. "What's the sense of fightin' it out till we have to? Let's don't cross any dirty devils till we come to them."

The suggestion found instant favor on all sides.

"But we don't want Heeseman trailin' us," expostulated Hays.

"You mean after we pull the deal?" queried Brad, incredulously.

"Shore I mean after."

"Wal, what in thunderation do we give a damn for him, when we've got the coin an' are on our way to thet roost we're due to find?"

"I don't just like the idee, fellers," replied Hays, evasively.

(*Continued on page 66*)

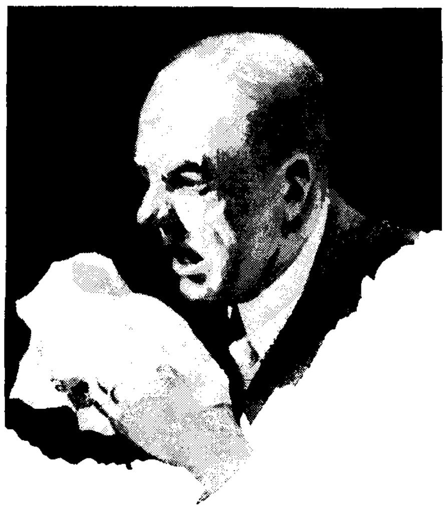
Smith Smart Shoes
$10

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

What Comfort!

THERE'S a sad, neglected pair of house slippers in this man's closet. His Smith Smart Shoes have replaced them. Soft and sleek inside, with no fretting, ridgy wrinkles. Trim of fit, with the easy give-and-take of elegant leather. Distinguished looking—a comfort in itself! . . . These are shoes for men who like to pay a little more for adept craftsmanship, high-bred style, and economically longer wear . . . Below, a new model, for about town this season. The SPEED. Keen; correct. In black or deep brown Hickory Calf to match your *ensemble*. Ten dollars.

Write for new Dress Guide C and your Dealer's Name, to J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Sangamon and Huron Sts., Chicago . . . Smith Smart Shoes for men and women; Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for men.



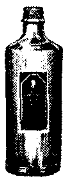
Water on your hair breeds BALDNESS *and* COLDS

SLOSHING water on your hair in summer isn't so bad—it is only apt to make you bald! But in cool weather it is one of the easiest ways to acquire a chronic cold in the head. If you doubt the effect of water on your *scalp*, just go out every morning with wet hands—and see how they chap!

The safe way to start the day

To protect your hair, and your health, use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water for that morning slick-up. You'll quickly discover that you have a healthier head of hair—no dandruff, no itching, no unnatural dryness—and a lot less sniffling and sneezing!

For very dry scalps



If your scalp is inclined to be very dry, use a little Wildroot Hair Dress several times a week. Massage Wildroot Hair Tonic well into the scalp, then smooth on a little Wildroot Hair Dress and brush your hair as usual. Daily kneading and massaging of the scalp is very important. Don't neglect it. Loosen up the scalp so that you can feel it move. Get Wildroot products at any druggist, department store, barber shop or hair-dresser.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. Try Wildroot Shampoo.
You get more for your money.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic
SHAMPOO ... WAVE SET ... HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time, N. B. C. Red Network.

(*Continued from page 65*)

Jim Wall, studying the robber leader closely, imagined that Hays was not exposing all the details of his plot.

"Aw, to hell with Heeseman, before or after!" exclaimed Smoky. "Let's put my idee to a vote."

When this suggestion was solemnly complied with, making use of the deck of cards, it was found that Slocum had won.

"So far so good," said Hays, as if relieved. "Now let's see . . . Smoky, tomorrow you take your gang, includin' Brad, an' quit. Pack a slew of grub an' grain, an' hide out below. Cache what you don't need. I'll go to Grand Junction for new hands. See? But all I'll come back with will be instructions for you to follow. Then you can go drivin'."

"Good. An' how about the cash?"

"Wal, them buyers won't pay me in advance, you can gamble on thet. But they'll pay you. Just divide with your outfit an' save our share."

"Short an' sweet. I like it more all the time," declared Smoky. The trust imposed upon him sat lightly. Jim had no doubt of his honesty with his leader and comrades. Herein lay another reason for the loyalty to Hays. The robber began to loom to Jim.

"We'll want to know where your camp is," went on Hays. "Reckon I'd better ride out with you tomorrow."

"No. You rustle for Grand Junction. We'll see thet Happy an' Jim know where to find our camp."

JIM thought of something: "Men, has it occurred to you that you can't drive cattle up this road and through the ranch?"

"Shore. No need. It'd be a seventy-mile drive if we came this way. But we'll drive round by Limestone, an' up the other valley road. About the same distance to Grand."

"Air we forgettin' anythin'?" muttered the leader, his big eyes staring into space.

"Nothin' but Heeseman," croaked Lincoln.

"Wal, there are a couple of more things, but we needn't go into them now," responded the leader. He slid several cigars into his vest pocket, and throwing the box upon the table he said: "Divide 'em even. An' I hope it won't be your last dollar smoke."

The conference ended. Hays turned to the open fire, and seeking a seat in the shadow by the chimney he pondered. It was Jim's opinion that the chief had vastly more on his mind than he had divulged. Lincoln gave him a suspicious stare. The others seemed eminently pleased with the outlook, though no more was said in Jim's hearing. They joked and smoked.

Jim bade them good night and went out. His last glimpse of Hays was thought-provoking. Lighting another cigar, which he vowed would be the last of his smoking for a while, Jim strolled up and down the porch, revolving in mind the conference.

It was a spring night, starry, with an edge on the mountain air that meant frost in the morning. Coyotes were barking. And there came another sound which never failed to rend—the peeping of spring frogs. Plaintive, sweet, they probed the deeps of memory. Jim did not like the night so well as the day. And although he had crossed the Rubicon, had involved his word and meant to see this deal through, he liked it less and less.

Was it possible that this lantern-eyed robber had evil intentions toward Herrick's sister? Jim scouted the suspicion. Certainly, if the man was susceptible to women, he would react normally under favorable conditions. But to plot more than he had expressed, to involve his men in something vastly worse than the mere stealing of a herd of cattle, to betray them with murder and abduction—No! this Hank Hays was too big a man for that. He had the loyalty of his band. And yet—

"Damn the girl part of it anyhow," he muttered, flinging his half-smoked cigar out into the noisy brook. Why did a woman have to come along to upset the best-laid plans of men?

THE next morning brought somber faces and action. Five of Hays' outfit rode away with six of the pack horses and most of the supplies. Hays watched them until they disappeared among the cedars.

"Wal, now I'll brace the boss," he said.

"What excuse will you give him?" asked Jim.

"Anythin' would do to tell Herrick. But Heeseman will see through me, I'm afeared."

"Very well. You tell Herrick that your outfit split over me."

"Over you? Dog-gone! Thet ain't so poor. But why?"

"Both Slocum and Lincoln are sort of touchy about gun-throwing, aren't they? Well, tell him how queer that brand of gunman is—how he instinctively hates the real gunman. And that Slocum and Lincoln made you choose between them and me. You chose me and they rode off with their pards."

"Ahuh. Sort of so the idea will get to Heeseman's ears that in a pinch with guns I'd rather have you backin' me than them?"

"Exactly. Only elaborate it. Herrick won't understand, so the more mysterious you make it the better."

Not long afterward Hays returned to the cabin jubilant. "You'd never guess, Jim. That Englisher laughed like the very devil. An' he ordered me to ride off after some desperadoes who're not afraid of Jim Wall."

"Ha! Ha! But Heeseman won't get a laugh out of it."

"See here. Don't fetch things to a ruction with him."

"I'll steer clear, Hays. But if Heeseman should happen to brace me—"

"Shoot the lights out of him," interrupted Hays, fiercely. "Wal, I'm off for Grand. Happy, pack me a snack of grub."

"How long will it take you to ride over?"

"Eight hours, I reckon. An' I'll be back tomorrow night."

"Won't take you long then to make connection with your buyers?"

"Wal, I should smile not."

"Excuse my curiosity, boss, but I can't help wondering how you can establish connections so quickly, since you claim you are not a rustler."

"Thet's my affair, Jim. But I'll tell you some day."

"Certainly these buyers will know you're selling stolen cattle?"

"Oh, shore."

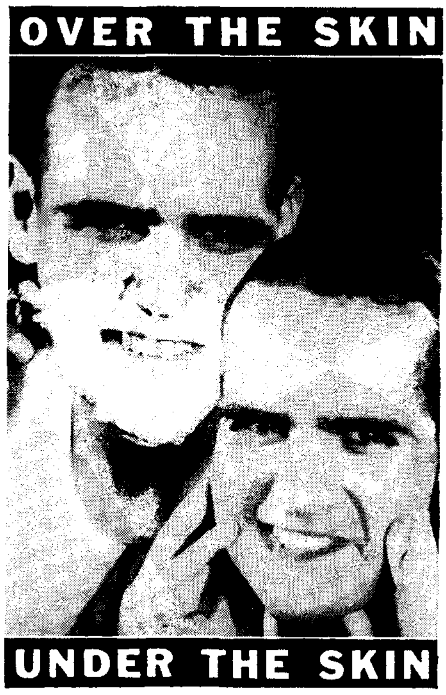
AFTER Hays had gone Jim settled himself to pass the hours away.

"Mebbe it won't be so tedious," observed Happy Jack, dryly. "We've got three rifles an' a sack of shells right handy. So let 'em come."

Jim half expected a visit from Herrick, but the morning dragged by without any sign of anyone. About mid-afternoon, however, six riders appeared coming down the lane along the bench. The sight made Jim start. How often had he seen the like—a compact little company of riders, dark-garbed, riding dark horses! It was tremendously suggestive to a man of his experience.

He reached inside the door and, drawing out his rifle, advanced to the front of the porch.

(*To be continued next week*)



The deep-down comfort of **double action**

OVER your skin the razor glides with a swift, easy stroke . . . a new feel of smooth action. For the first action of Squibb's Shaving Cream arms your face against the nicks and rasps of the blade with a protective balm. It makes your razor run on ball bearings.

And then you feel a brand-new shaving luxury. For Squibb's "gets under your skin" too. It contains a special ingredient that conserves the vital oils essential to the skin . . . restores *natural* comfort.

What a difference this second action makes! Here's the kind of shaving comfort you often hear about but seldom feel. And only Squibb's Shaving Cream will give it to you.

• • •

Use Squibb's Shaving Cream for shampooing. Double action makes it fine for the scalp and excellent for the hair.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM
RELIABILITY
PURITY
EFFICACY

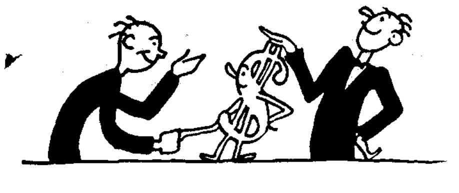
TO MEN WHO HAVE A DOLLAR

Some people say that there is no sense in having a dollar at all. It is too much for a lollypop or a cigar or a ripe apple. It is not enough for a baby carriage, an automobile

A DOLLAR—HUH!
HB

or a trip to Europe. Some people make fun of a dollar and say mean things about it—but not us.

The chief reason we never say anything against a dollar is because that is all you need to buy an Enders Razor. And when we think that all the rest of your life you can actually get a little fun out of shaving, we wonder that the government doesn't make a lot more dollars.



The morning after you exchange your dollar for an Enders Razor you have a new and pleasant experience. You pick up a razor which you can wield expertly in your finger-tips instead of your fist. Under its touch, your face neither smarts nor cries out. The derned thing shaves so slick as to be almost uncanny.

For your dollar, along with the Enders Razor come 6 of the keenest, hair-tested blades you ever touched whisker to. Have you a dollar? Good! Then take it to the nearest drug store and trade it in for an Enders. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders
RAZOR

The Hair Test
New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

Beginning at End

Continued from page 21

At the moment when I touched the ball life for me was complete. We proceeded to make it more than complete. The Army resisted. They charged with devastating power and drove through us for two touchdowns, score at half being Notre Dame 14, Army 13. In the second half Army changed its defense to meet our open game. It didn't work. Dorais, always alert, reversed our tactics sufficiently to take over the Army line-plunging game with Ray Eichenlaub as our spearhead. He ripped the Army line to pieces.

In the last quarter Army closed up to stop Eichenlaub. Dorais instantly switched tactics, opening up with a fresh barrage of passes that completely baffled the cadets.

Boxing a Tackle

Fitzgerald, a guard, took special interest in McEwen, Army's great center. Their contest grew personal as Army lost ground and we gained it. Superheated between scrimmages, wild words flew. Fitzgerald closed in on McEwen. He socked McEwen square on the jaw, then instantly yelled as he did so:

"Hey, referee!"

The referee turned round just in time to see McEwen crash home a right to Fitzgerald's nose. McEwen was promptly ordered from the game; but as captain of our team I had to stop and explain that both boys had been too boisterous and so the referee let both of them stay in the game. From then on their decorum was more proper.

Hard-fought to the end, this first Army game, with its score of 35 to 13 in favor of Notre Dame, does not quite represent the difference in playing quality between the two teams. The Army was much better than the score showed. It was, however, the first signal triumph of the new, open game over the old, battering-ram Army game. And the Army was quick to learn.

Press and football public hailed this new game, and Notre Dame received credit as the originator of a style of play that we had simply systematized. Our achievement was that we had demonstrated, by completing fourteen out of seventeen passes in this game against the Army, gaining some two hundred yards thereby, that the forward pass was an integral part of offense and not merely a threat.

Looking back over that match and its surprising revelation to Army players versed and skilled in the old-style game, it's no wonder that they could not solve the forward pass problem in a single hour. Indeed, after twenty years of making and directing forward pass attacks, I know of only one genuinely effective way of stopping it, beside the obvious precaution of covering the five eligible receivers—the ends and backs—and that is to rush the passer; a tactic at once crude and unrefinable.

Another new thing the Army learned was the Notre Dame experiment in boxing tackle. Philbrook, the gigantic Notre Dame tackle, who weighed 220 pounds, gave me very good reason to be resourceful when I was a scrub and he was a regular. Philbrook had terrific hands. He made my life miserable until I practiced for hours the head bob and shoulder drop that Young Griffo, the fighter, used so successfully in the ring. It was a feint followed by instantly applied power.

With this as a starting point I devised the Notre Dame style of "boxing" a tackle. Other systems invariably use two men to block the big boys. By employing the smarter strategy of feinting with head and shoulders we have made it practicable for one man to block one man, no matter what the discrepancy in weight.

In all my experience as a player the toughest game I ever survived—apart from a professional game in which Jim Thorpe participated and nearly parted me in two—was the Notre Dame-Texas game on Thanksgiving Day, 1913. The temperature in Austin was 86, while we had left South Bend freezing. It nearly ruined us, but the Texan boys seemed to like it.

Halfback Simmons is generally remembered as the terror of that team because of the astonishing and dangerous dives he made over the heads of the would-be tacklers. Nobody has ever done anything like it. He'd run rapidly with the ball after receiving it from center and dive head first, regardless of what, where or when he might hit. It ended in a complete somersault—unless somebody got him, which was not often. When caught he was lucky not to break his back.

Mr. Simmons, if he reads this, will learn that he caused me no end of trouble—and the Notre Dame players a grand laugh. Our team was dog-tired. Feeney, Dorais and the others stood about the field like wilted statues. I myself was on the verge of collapse. Finally, I grew so tired that when Simmons started on one end-run I faded out, stopping dead through weariness. Simmons cut back and ran right into me. I hung onto him, and as I got up I looked around and saw that not a single man on our secondary defense had moved to help me an inch. They all burst into an ironic cheer. "Attaboy, Rock!" What I thought need not be printed here.

But Mr. Simmons' somersaulting hurdle was solved in the second half. As he came thundering at Joe Pliska, Joe crouched, lifting his shoulders at the moment of impact, and just as Simmons went to dive, Eichenlaub, our fullback, and Al Feeney, our roving center, hit him. He was carried from the game, which we all regretted. Simmons was a great back without his foolish diving, which only left him open to injury.

Ten Minutes to Go

A giant hunchback tackle had been treating me rough when he was sent in as a sub towards the end of the first half. He left me with a limp so that in the rest between halves I dreaded returning, getting myself set mentally for thirty minutes of hell.

I've played against many strong linesmen; but never against one as strong. In that—to us—terrific heat, he smashed into me like a ton of animated ice. I was glad when the half ended. I might mention, in passing, that in the dressing-room a strange newspaper man regaled us with the tale of a Texan—a spectator, not a player—who saved a game once by actually shooting down a drop-kick before it could cross the bar.

I was happy when my friend—who apparently belonged to the wrong social set and so was not played as a regular—was not in the line-up for the second half.

Fate was with us. A cool norther, as they call them in Austin, blew up between halves, and we went out for the second half with the temperature comfortably reduced. Opening up with passes we scored two touchdowns. Everything was rosy. Another touchdown

(*Continued on page 68*)

That You May Shave in Greater Luxury—

RUBBERSET
Trade Mark
offers a new *modernized* shaving brush with

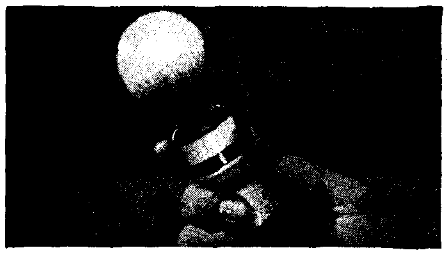
blended bristles

By a scientifically precise *blending* of imported Badger hair with the hair of Wild Boar, the new RUBBERSET bristles gives you exactly the proper balance of softness and firmness for a truly luxurious shave. These bristles are set, of course, in the *genuine*, original RUBBERSET way—clenched everlastingly in a never-give-up grip of hard rubber.

The new *modernized* RUBBERSET is a different-feeling brush — because of *blended* bristles — and finer looking, too, because it has been completely re-styled. A new collection of shapes in the modernized handles, and a wealth of new colors and color combinations is yours to choose from.

Get a new modernized RUBBERSET for yourself now. Or, better still, buy *several* —one for home, one for the office and another for your traveling kit. See how much more comfortable your shaving becomes. The wide range of styles is ticketed with a wide range of prices, from $1.00 up. Look for the name and trade mark RUBBERSET on the handle.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.
Sales Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., N. Y.



REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Thermo
KNITTED COATS

Good to look at

Thermo puts plenty of style into these knitted coats. Back of style is value, service and comfort such as only Thermo fabrics of virgin wool or camel's hair can give you.

Tailored sleeves with loose fitting cuffs that do not crush your shirt cuffs.

Retailers are now showing the latest Thermo patterns and colors. Look for the Thermo hanger in the neck.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write for illustrated folder.

We also make Mercury Coats—big value at lower prices

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
345 Broadway Dept. C New York

For Indoors or Outdoors

AMERICAN PRINTED STATIONERY

200 note sheets (size 6 x 7) and 100 envelopes—all neatly printed with your name and address (as described over Station WLW). All orders filled immediately. Your money returned if you are not thoroughly pleased. **$1.00 POSTPAID** Try a box of this world-famous, high quality stationery. "*You'll never be sorry.*"

LISTEN to the humorous and enlightening observations on "events of the day" by Frederick Landis in his amusing program, "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday at 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time over station **WLW**

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
100 Park Ave. PERU INDIANA

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1040-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

(*Continued from page 67*)

for us and the game seemed in the bag, with only ten minutes to go. But the Texas coach returned the hunchback to the line, and the hunchback returned to me. He knocked my poor, sweating, ill-treated carcass sideways, backways and all ways. Suddenly I had an idea. Elward, my substitute at end, was just ten minutes short of the sixty minutes' big-game play necessary to win a football monogram, emblem of team membership.

I called to the coach:

"Send Elward in: he needs ten minutes for his monogram."

"Darned nice of you," said the coach as I hurried out of the game.

"If that hunchback does to Elward what he's done to me, he won't think I'm so nice."

A Grandstand Play

If this seems to confirm a once prevalent impression that Western football was legalized rioting, that's far from the truth. Moguls of the game in the East seemed to think the football boundaries were limited by the Alleghenies on the west, the Berkshires on the north and the Philadelphia City Hall on the south. Likewise they thought the principal, indeed, the only, inhabitants of this kingdom of football were the Big Three—Yale, Harvard and Princeton—with Penn and possibly Cornell and Dartmouth as neophytes in the sacred circle. Only when Western teams had the audacity to invade the East and beat Eastern teams did football consciousness expand nationally.

There were scores of fine players in the West, and great games every week that received little but local publicity. Only when a Western team fought a big Eastern school did it stand a chance of headlines. Later, with the football public converted to the idea that while East is East and West is West the twain had met somewhat to the advantage of the West; a new sensation in football, such as Willie Heston, Eckersall, the Praying Colonels of Center College or the Galloping Ghost, Red Grange, could be front-paged and made famous overnight. I could name a dozen players who, had they the opportunity to do their stuff against schools with better known names but certainly with no better brand of football than the schools they played, would have been as celebrated as long-remembered stars.

Acquisition of fame stimulates individual and organization. Nation-wide discussion of Notre Dame by football followers after the first Army game had a tremendous effect on our own varsity spirit. Everybody in the school, save the older professors, wanted to be a football player.

This inspirational drive, resulting from recognition in the East, marked all Notre Dame's players. I know of only two instances where it didn't. Once against Penn State, Pliska, a fine player otherwise, had an off moment. A Penn State end went clattering by him while Pliska stood rooted to the ground, staring into the grandstand. The end caught a forward pass and scored.

We ragged Pliska in the dressing-room, and he took it. He had to. Later he confided to me:

"I was wondering about a girl in the grandstand. I heard her holler: 'Atta boy, Joe!' I looked for her and missed that end going by."

An expensive distraction for us, but excusable. Certainly more so than another case when the surge of college spirit missed its mark. And a colossal mark. His name was Milbauer, and hundreds of players who bumped into him will remember him painfully as Notre Dame's 280-pound tackle. Milbauer was a huge eater. Ordinary players would consider a hot dog a snack: Milbauer wanted nothing less than a porterhouse.

In a game our B team had with DePaul in Chicago he was sent in at a critical moment when the ball was on our three-foot line, with about thirty seconds to go, and a large crowd of DePaul rooters hysterical with excitement. Just as signals were called by the DePaul quarter for the final play, Milbauer said to the guard next to him:

"I hope they've got a big dinner tonight. I'm gettin' kind of hungry."

The play smashed through him for a score. No wonder.

Winning of our spurs had a heady effect; but in Notre Dame they had a pretty good tradition for what they called "knocking down the ears" of conceited players or students. Coach and professors supplied the balance between achievement and self-esteem when the ordinary vicissitudes of the game failed to do so. In my own case, when I felt cockiest, at a time that the Mid-West papers spoke glowingly of my chances to be named on the All-Western team, I heard that an impressive crowd of football writers had gathered to see Notre Dame play Marquette in Milwaukee. This seemed an opening to show them they were not far wrong in talking my name for All-Western honors. It happened to be a kicking game.

Quarterback Huegel of Marquette caught a long punt, and I chose the play to show my stuff. Laying my ears back I tore down the field to tackle him, putting on all the speed I had to impress the newspaper boys. Of course, on approaching the ball-carrier I should have slowed down and spread my feet for the tackle. I didn't. I kept running fast. The carrier just side-stepped and I went flying by—feeling foolish. Conceit of any kind is a handicap to an athlete.

Although I had been in a score of matches, my own mother had not seen me play the game until I felt quite sure she would not be disappointed in her son. This was, perhaps, a touch of vanity; but no boy wants his mother to see him try anything athletic unless or until he thinks he's pretty good at it.

So as captain of the team I brought my mother up from Chicago to see me play. It was a comparatively easy game for us, and I had plenty of openings to make individual plays—long runs and so on. All of which I did. When the game was over—we had beaten our opponents by about 60 to 0—I sought out Mother. She was pleased to the point of enthusiasm, but not with me.

"That player," she said, "isn't he wonderful? I mean the one who does the pinwheels."

He was the cheer-leader.

Saving the Game

There were others, too, who did not think football the be-all and end-all of existence. Discovery of at least one of these, a person of great importance to us of the Notre Dame football squad, was surprising—almost startling.

At training table the football players were forbidden to eat pastry. None the less, pies were served to stimulate strength of will in abstaining from them. Non-players, knowing the pies were present and would not be used, invaded the training-table room to steal the pies. Objecting to this intrusion, we'd beat them off with a barrage of buns.

Especially luscious pies—strawberry pies—were served one day and thrust aside. Envious eyes lighted on them, and hungry hands reached out. The bun barrage was violent, and at its highest moment the door opened and

Don't Suffer from throat and chest colds use

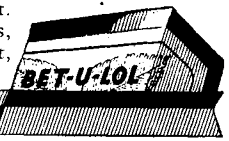
WHEN PAIN STRIKES

BET-U-LOL

HERE is a new form of quick and safe relief from throat and chest colds, bronchial congestion and inflammation. Medical authorities now prescribe this external treatment and warn against the promiscuous taking of internal medicines except on the advice of a physician. Bet-U-Lol penetrates through the pores of your skin, right down to the pain center. It quiets the pain, promotes circulation, breaks up congestion, and normal health quickly follows.

Also recommended by medical and osteopathic physicians everywhere for all forms of muscular pains—as well as the periodic pains of womanhood. Ask your druggist.

The Huxley Laboratories, Inc., 175 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.



BET-U-LOL

Take a Walk Any Time You Feel Like It!

The Oftener the Better —for Your Health's Sake!

With a Wood Walking Machine in your home you can enjoy a walk any time without changing to street clothes. More real exercise in 5 minutes than in an hour's walk outdoors. Develops every muscle and organ in body. Helps fat people reduce—helps thin people put on flesh.

Makes Walking Safe!

A necessity in every home since traffic dangers and hold-up men have destroyed the pleasure of outdoor walking. Fine for children too. A unique device—an endless carpet over steel-bearing rollers. Pedometer measures distance walked. Takes up little room. Lasts a lifetime.

Send today for SPECIAL OFFER in effect for a limited time! No obligation!

A. J. WOOD MFG. CO.
801 N. W. Ionia Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send for TRIAL OFFER

ACCOUNTING LESSON FREE

New Revised Course Now Ready!

Find out about it by trying it free

Send for our new book, "The Accountant—Who he is, What he does, How to become one," and the first lesson free of charge.

In reply please state age and position

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, INC.
A Division of the
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 152, 3411 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

In good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

CHRISTMAS FUNDS *for* YOU!

DO YOU want extra money for your Christmas shopping?

THEN let us show you how you may make $1.50 or more an hour by securing new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. *Write today!* There is no obligation.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-114
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
How can I earn Christmas money?

Name..........................
Address..........................
Town..........................
State..........................

there entered a dignified gentleman in black, who received a bun squarely in the right eye from me. He was President Cavanaugh of the university.

Instantly he demanded that the football squad be disbanded and the football schedule for that season canceled.

We formed an impromptu committee to explain matters to the prexy. He was very kind.

"I couldn't reconcile," he said, tapping a damaged eye gently, "men like you who are good in your classes, with ruffians who throw only footballs and buns."

We made more explanations. They must have satisfied. Football remained and, later, it was the same President Cavanaugh who appointed me head coach.

But in the review of my playing career, one hard day stands out above all others—the day I tried to stop the greatest football player of all, the Indian Jim Thorpe.

My job was to tackle Thorpe, which I did, successfully and with much suffering, three times. After the third time Thorpe smiled genially at me.

"Be good boy," he said. "Let Jim run."

He took the ball again and I went at him. Never before have I received such a shock. It was as if a locomotive had hit me and been followed by a ten-ton truck rambling over the remains. I lay on the field of battle while Thorpe pounded out a forty-yard run for a touchdown.

He came back, helped me to my feet, patted me fraternally on the back and, smiling broadly, said:

"That's a good boy, Knute. You let Jim run."

"The Four Horsemen," another article by Knute K. Rockne, will appear in next week's Collier's

For Wearing on the Green

Continued from page 24

against pelts of rain in the face or sun in the eyes. But many sportswomen are embracing them, claiming they are light on the head while wearing, and nothing to pack when not in use. And they like them so well they are having them made to match their sports skirts and dresses.

One of the most useful things in golf apparel I saw first in England. This was a rain suit with short rubber coat and rubber skirt to match, worn right over one's other clothes. I found it could be had in red, blue or yellow, and along with its fireman's hat of rubber, also to match, it did turn an absolutely cold shoulder on rain, sleet or snow. Several American players now own these and find them indispensable.

Well Burnished Shoes

If I wear a muffler, I always hold it down with some kind of sport pin. Otherwise it gets in the way and sometimes ruins a perfectly good shot.

Sometimes I have found a three-piece suit very practical. One of my friends has one that is very attractive. The skirt is of solid-toned tweed, the sweater of blending stripes and the coat of plain double jersey to match the skirt, with facings of the sweater material. My friend can have a comfortable round of golf in the sweater and skirt. Then, when she finishes, she can go to lunch or informally to dinner, by merely slipping on her jacket.

Few women play golf in gloves. Among the top-notch players Diana Fishwick, the Englishwoman, is the only exception I know.

As to shoes, a comfortable fit above all else is necessary. If a shoe is too big, blisters may come—a real menace in tournament play. Too tight shoes prove a distraction from one's best game. I like white with tan trimmings, in summer, and a heavy tan brogue for bad weather.

One thing is true among real sports people: they look their parts. If they are riding horseback, their clothes are appropriate. If they are on boats, they are smart but protected against unexpected assaults of water. If they are dressed for tennis, they do not look as if they were about to play after-dinner ping-pong.

In England this year I sometimes felt that the brightness of our costumes made our English cousins think we might have come out of the zoo. Our bright yellow chamois coats, our scarlet windbreakers, our flaming berets, fairly blasted the dull gray of the English countryside. Undoubtedly, this very dull gray has had a great effect on Englishwomen's clothing. To wear brilliant colors in the face of it, year in and year out, would be like shouting out loud in prayer meeting or playing a ukulele in the public library. The longer a woman is in England, the more mouselike her apparel becomes. If she starts out to be gay in dress, the elements themselves will not allow that privilege. Instead, they beat and beat against beautiful materials, until these in self-defense slide from their first brightness into a permanent foggy inconspicuousness.

But if their clothes are not colorful, the details of their costumes are always perfect, particularly in the matter of their shoes. Nowhere in the world, I suppose, are shoes better kept than in England. The average woman golf player's feet are so varnished and so burnished that they are the envy of every other nation represented. The care of the shoe is a science, known really only to the English. It is worth learning, for no matter how expensive and well-cut our shoes, if they are carelessly kept they detract from the smartness of our costumes.

Comfort and Success

In France, with their soft blue skies and tender landscapes, the women seem to blend in with all the delicate colors in the rainbow—and a few not so delicate. Nowhere in the world to me are sportswomen so harmoniously chic. When I think of the appropriate costumes of the golf women seen on the great courses of France, I know we still have much to learn.

Although I have never been in Spain, one representative of the sports world from there whose appearance makes me green with envy is Señorita de Alvarez. Who could combine the practical and the beautiful more successfully than she? One forgets her tennis genius in the face of her smartness. Mlle. Lenglen of France also has this terrifying perfection of garb.

Perhaps this very state of being correctly dressed has something to do with success. When a woman is dressed comfortably and appropriately, with no flapping skirts and similar distractions, she is quite apt to keep her whole mind as well as her eye on the ball.

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1930. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas H. Beck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the P. F. Collier & Son Company, Publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y., consisting of—Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Anna Wright Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Dorothy Hazen Soest, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gertrude B. Lane, New York, N. Y.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; A. D. Mayo, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermeyer, New York, N.Y.; Alanson H. R. Wilson, New York, N.Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—— (This information is required from daily publications only.) Thomas H. Beck, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1930. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30th, 1931.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

Hoarseness

Bunte Cough Drops make the voice smooth and relieve the unpleasant sensation. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte World Famous Menthol Horehound Cough Drops 5¢

BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO

BUNTE
COUGH DROPS

"NEVER SPENT A MORE INTERESTING OR PLEASANT 14 DAYS"*

You'll say so, too, when you sail to or from California aboard a 33,000 ton electric liner via *Panama Pacific.* 5,500 ocean miles, with a 7-hour trip thru the Panama Canal, and sight-seeing in New York, Havana, Canal Zone, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco. Large, outside rooms—deck swimming pools—ocean luxury unsurpassed. Ask about Special Circle Tours by Water and Rail. Reduced Summer Rates still apply.

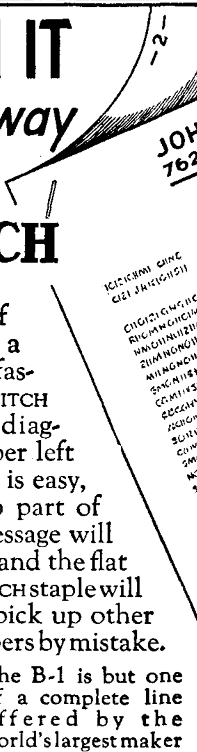
**Quoted from a passenger's letter to us*

Apply for the interesting booklet, "My Trip Through the Panama Canal." Address Panama Desk, No. 1 Broadway, New York; also 460 Market St., San Francisco: our offices elsewhere or authorized Steamship or Railroad Agents.

IMM

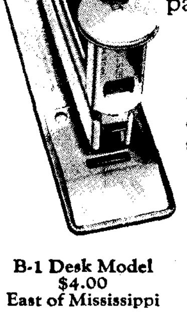
Panama Pacific Line
• ALL NEW STEAMERS •
International Mercantile Marine Company

FASTEN IT
the right way
with
BOSTITCH



EVERY LETTER of more than a page should be fastened with a BOSTITCH staple, placed diagonally in the upper left corner. Reading is easy, filing is easy; no part of your message will be lost and the flat BOSTITCH staple will not pick up other papers by mistake.

The B-1 is but one of a complete line offered by the world's largest maker of fasteners, tackers, stitchers, and staples.



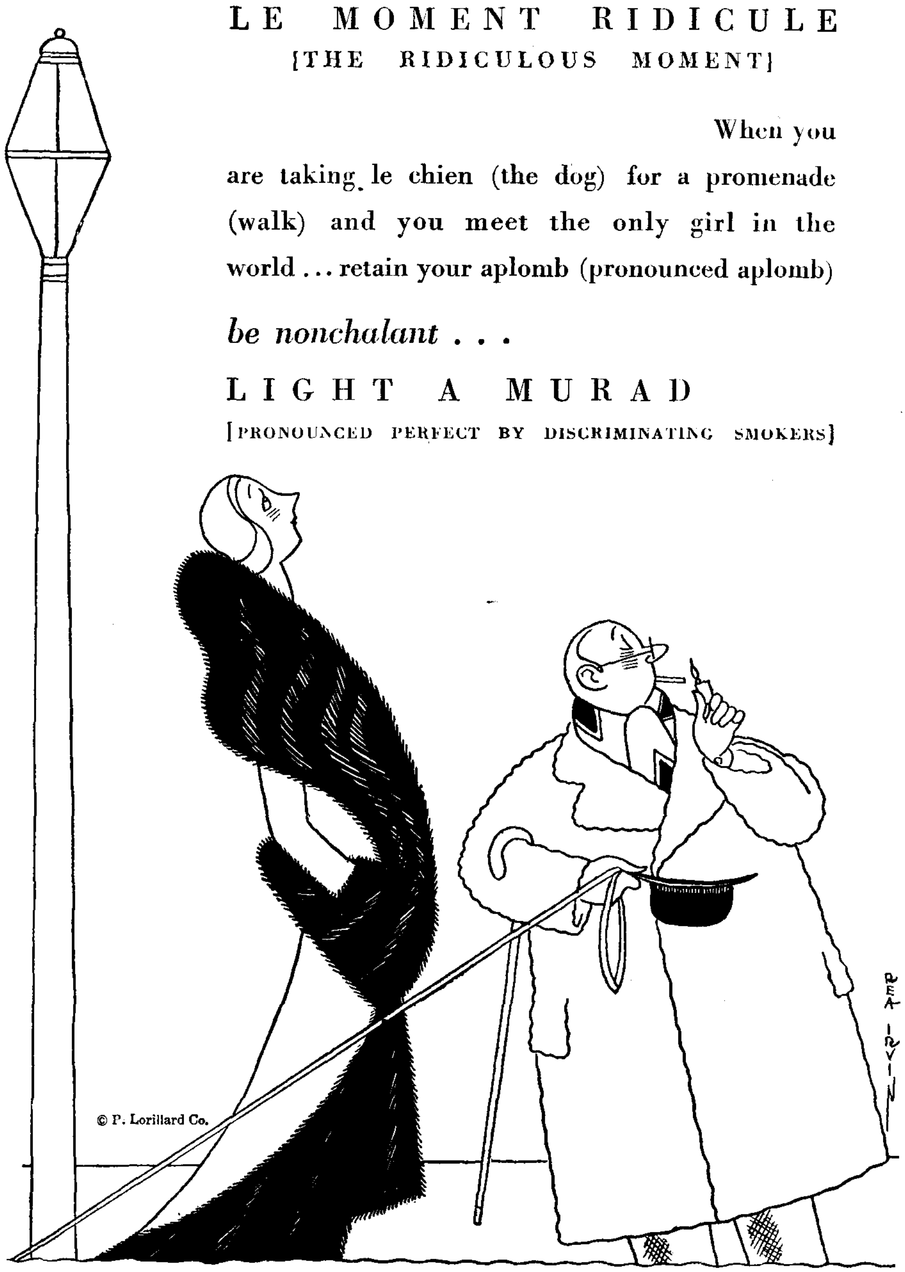
B-1 Desk Model
$4.00
East of Mississippi

BOSTITCH
SALES COMPANY
EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

Send free catalog listing over 100 models check here ☐

Send B-1 Bostitch machine and 5000 Bostitch staples for 10 days' trial for which I enclose {check / money order} for $6.00. The money will be promptly refunded if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name
Address
City State



LE MOMENT RIDICULE
[THE RIDICULOUS MOMENT]

When you are taking le chien (the dog) for a promenade (walk) and you meet the only girl in the world ... retain your aplomb (pronounced aplomb)

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

[PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS]

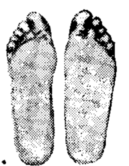
© P. Lorillard Co.

ITCHING FEET AND TOES

This skin infection—known as "Athlete's Foot," "Gym Foot," also "Golfer's Itch" and ringworm—is quickly relieved by this new treatment—SOLVEX—perfected by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority. At drug, shoe, dept. stores. $1.00 jar.

For booklet write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX



MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Collier's Offers Readers a Big REWARD!

HOW DO YOU like this issue? It's double-action entertainment, isn't it? It's easy to see why Collier's means action.

Don't you think you can show other folks in your town what an interesting and entertaining magazine it is? As your reward, you will make a liberal commission on each new and renewal subscription to COLLIER'S and the other Crowell magazines. Full details are yours, if you will just mail the coupon.

Chief of Subscription Staff. Desk C-111
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about your generous reward to readers of Collier's.

Name ....
Address ....
Town ....
State ....

Just a Couple of Lambs

Continued from page 19

"Much obliged," he said. "We won't keep you waiting but a minute, I guess. This gentleman here just won a free portrait from our company and all we've got to do now is fix up the details." He produced a pad of printed forms and a fountain pen, both of which he proffered earnestly to Clem. "Now if you'll just write your name on that line, brother—"

Clem's hand moved again in mechanical, hypnotized compliance; again, just in time, it returned hastily to the saw-handle.

"Guess not," Clem said.

The expostulations of rebuffed benevolence engulfed him. Standing a little back, Peter Finn looked on and listened. His small eyes became smaller than ever; it was often worth even Mr. Finn's valuable time to watch lesser members of his profession at their work, but he realized quickly that this petty crook knew only the time-honored routine of his calling.

FINN'S attention transferred itself to the Lebbeters, and here, presently, he learned something, something that brought to his plump face the pleased contentment of the tomcat who observes that the door of the bird cage is not securely fastened.

Most of the Glen people were familiar with the Lebbeter twins' trick of divided labors. Peter Finn had known for a long time that it was possible to distinguish between the brothers by waiting for one of them to speak. That would inevitably be Clem, just as it was always Bert who drove their team, just as the one who counted out the money for their thrifty purchases at the Canastego stores was certain to be Clem.

Although his habit of noting and remembering just such trivial things as these was one of the reasons why, in a land of leanness, Peter Finn had waxed softly fat, he had never attached much value to his private observations as to these Lebbeters. He was not especially pleased, now, by the discovery that the job of dealing with this sweating picture peddler had been evenly divided, like all other work, between the brothers. It gave him only a mildly pleasant sense of his acuteness to observe that while Clem, as always, did all the talking, it was Bert who attended to the thinking.

Time and again Finn saw Clem waver visibly under the glib persuasions of the peddler, saw his glance twist forlornly toward his brother, saw Bert's half-inch headshake answer that appeal, saw the instant stiffening, thus heartened, of Clem's flagging sales-resistance.

The peddler had no chance to discuss the little matter of a nice gilded frame for that gratuitous hand-painted portrait. The Lebbeters, between them, stopped him short at the preliminary question of accepting the picture itself.

"Guess not," repeated Clem, after a last, passionate peroration. Abruptly the peddler admitted defeat. His resolute good nature vanished. Scowling, he pocketed his envelopes and lifted his sample case. With a snarling reference to boneheads and hicks he left the field. Peter Finn stepped forward happily.

There was no insincerity, this time, in his professional cheerfulness. He was honestly in the best of spirits. It was going to be easy to handle the twins and it was going to be fun—the kind of fun that Peter Finn liked best, the fun of proving that he was smarter than the other fellow. He turned a shoulder toward Clem Lebbeter and spoke to Bert.

"Good work, Bert! You were too many for him!" He wagged his head admiringly. "That scheme fools a lot of smart ones, too. Lucky ticket in every envelope, of course. Makes most people feel so good to get a picture free that they don't notice they're paying ten-fifteen dollars for a fifty-cent gilt frame to put around it. Didn't fool you, though. You're pretty slick yourself, Bert."

Bert looked up. Finn saw the bewilderment in the glance that he sent toward Clem. It was going to be easy. These Lebbeters would eat right out of your hand if you could switch their jobs on them, get Bert to do the talking and leave the thinking, if any, to Clem's unpracticed wits.

"I just happened to be driving past," he went on carelessly, "and thought I might as well stop and talk to you about that place of Nellie Blaine's. Dorner and I want to help Nellie out if we can and there's a bare chance that we might be able to find a buyer for her."

The twins continued to say nothing and saw wood, but again Finn detected uneasiness in Bert's glance.

"What's your idea of a fair figure, Bert?" He spoke even more casually than before. "We might as well get that settled before Dorner and I start trying to find a customer. Of course it's no use trying to get any fancy price for the place. We'll be lucky if we can sell it at all. Got any notion what Nellie'd take?"

"A thousand dollars."

It was Clem who spoke. Finn laughed, without turning.

"I'll bet she would! You quit trying to kid me, Clem, and give me and Bert a chance to talk business."

A thousand! Why, that was almost all it would be worth to Finn & Dorner to own a short cut for hauling out the Treadway timber! The figure angered Finn a little. It was impudence for these two hill-billies to name any such price, even as an asking figure. Just for that he'd beat them down a little farther than he'd meant to!

"We're business men, Bert," he said. "Let's get this thing settled between us and see if we can't get Nellie some quick money. I guess that's what she wants. Fixed the way Nellie is, quick money's double money. Just give me a sensible asking price and Dorner and I'll try to—"

BERT hesitated. It was wholly evident to Peter Finn that he was wavering.

"Well, maybe—" Finn's eye followed the glance that twisted across the log to Clem. He saw Clem's head perform the half-inch movement of negation, precisely as Bert's had wagged during the endeavors of the picture peddler.

"A thousand dollars," said Bert.

Peter Finn's laugh cost him more of an effort this time.

"Are you trying to set up as a wisecracker too, Bert? Quit it and let's talk sense. Dorner and I want to do Nellie a good turn if we possibly can, but we haven't got time to waste on fool jokes. Suppose I thought you meant it—asking a thousand for a place like that? The only thing I could do would be to go back and tell George Dorner that it's no use trying to help Nellie out. And if George and I don't help her to get this place off her hands, who's going to?"

Concern gathered anxiously between Bert's eyebrows.

"Well, maybe—" He paused. Again

his eyes consulted Clem's above the rhythmic, dogged gliding of the saw. His face cleared; his voice found stubbornness. "A thousand dollars," he said.

Finn swallowed his wrath. Shifting his attack abruptly, he addressed argument and threat to Clem. At first he detected hopeful signs of vacillation here, but they came to nothing. The brothers' simple system, Finn perceived, worked as well in one direction as the other.

If you talked to Clem, Bert was left free to give his undivided effort to thought; if you put the burden of speech on Bert, his brother mechanically took up the task of cerebration. Collaborating thus they were more than a match for the single wit and tongue of even Peter Finn. This, after half an hour of vain endeavor, he was forced to admit.

"All right. I'm through. And I'll tell Nellie so!"

The twins pursued his wrathful waddle of retreat with duplicate glances of concern.

"Guess we got him good and mad at us, Bert."

It became Bert's turn to think. He took his time to it.

"Guess not," he said, after the saw had rasped back and forth a dozen times. "Guess there's only two things that'd make Pete Finn get mad enough to sweat, this weather. One of 'em's the notion he might have to pay a fair price for something he wants, and the other's getting outsmarted by somebody dumb, like you and me."

"Maybe we aren't so dumb," Clem suggested. "Got the best of that fellow, didn't we?"

"There was two of us," Bert pointed out. "Finn could handle either of us with one hand if he was to tackle us sep'rate."

PRECISELY this view of the affair presented itself suddenly to Peter Finn as he gave unhappy ear to George Dorner's comment upon his failure. Up to this point in the conversation Mr. Finn had felt no inclination whatever toward levity, but the beautiful simplicity of the idea that flashed upon him inspired him to laugh.

"Yeh! It's funny, isn't it?" Dorner snarled. "It's a big laugh—me kidding myself that you could be trusted to put across a tough proposition like picking up that land of Nellie Blaine's? Me thinking that you could go up against a couple of wise guys like the Lebbeter boys without me! Me figuring that here was one job I wouldn't have to do myself!"

The impulse to share his inspiration with his partner died painlessly in Peter Finn. The temptation to let Dorner take his turn at bumping across the frozen hills to try his hand at dealing with the Lebbeters was stronger, at the moment, than any generous impulse whatever could possibly seem to Mr. Finn.

"Maybe you'd better handle it," he said humbly. "Maybe you can buy the place—if you pay a thousand for it."

Dorner snorted. "If I can't buy it for five hundred I'll eat it! I'll go over there right now and—"

"Too soon," Finn objected. "You'll make the Lebbeters think—"

"Nobody could do that," snapped Dorner. "Not even you! And I'm due in New York tomorrow on the Clymer deal. Might have to be gone a week or ten days on that. I'll feel better if I sew up this thing first."

Finn watched him start on the doomed adventure. Left to himself he meditated industriously. It was altogether clear to him, as to Bert Lebbeter, that the way to deal with the twins was to separate them, but this, he realized, might not be easy to contrive.

IT HAD been tried before. The dogged inseparableness of the Lebbeters was a standing byword through the whole Glen country. Guile and craft had vainly sought to get the twins apart; Peter Finn had witnessed one attempt to achieve this end by force and weight of numbers. He had laughed about it at the time, when, after hard cider at the Canastego Fair, a dozen farmhands had undertaken to divide the Lebbeters. There had been two remarkably brief riots, converging swiftly as each twin fought his way quickly back toward the other.

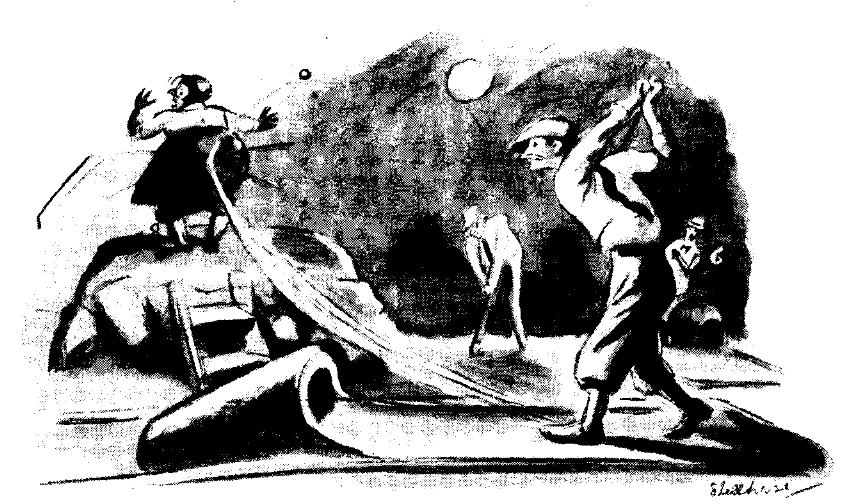
Mr. Finn thought it over. Presently, as usual when he set his wits resolutely to unsnarl a riddle, light broke upon him. He laughed, rose, waddled downstairs and across the square to the little brick courthouse. The commissioner of jurors was under certain obligations to the firm of Finn & Dorner. He was glad to do a little favor for the senior member of that flourishing partnership, and more than willing to agree to hold his tongue about it.

There were still white dents of wrath in Dorner's nose when he came back to the office. It was not necessary for Peter Finn to ask how he had fared, but he allowed himself the pleasure of that inquiry, nevertheless, and Dorner's pungent answer fell soothingly upon his ear.

"Too bad," said Finn. "Well, I suppose I'll have to handle it, after all. I was afraid I would."

"You lay off it! I'll attend to it when I get back. You've cost us enough as it is. I don't know how you did it but you've got both those boys sold solid on the notion that they're going to nick us for a thousand. It was your bright idea, too, that dragged those muleheaded dumb-bells into this deal. You

(*Continued on page 72*)



The Golfer Who Forgot

"... and Don't forget to fix the fire"

How can she forget?

How can she escape the slavery that makes every winter day one long, continuous round of drudgery?

How can she believe her home to be an ideal, modern place to live in when she can never forget her endless job as janitor to an exacting heating plant?

Just one word from you, just one simple, inexpensive addition to your heating system, and your wife *can* forget to fix the fire.

Merely put your heating plant in charge of the electric janitor—the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator—and your whole family almost forgets that you have a heating plant.

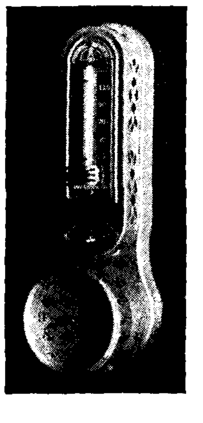
For this trim little instrument on your living room wall tames even the most unruly furnace or boiler. It is always on the job, working for you every minute of the day to keep the temperature uniform and comfortable.

Its clock—more than just an accurate time-piece—saves you work and worry twice a day. Every evening when you retire, the clock sends the temperature down ten degrees or so to save fuel. And every morning the clock gives you an extra hour of sleep. Before you wake up, it brings the temperature back to the same comfortable, healthful level you enjoy all day long. Simply wind the clock once a week and let the electric janitor tend the fire.

Are you one of the thousands of people who have decided to install a coal stoker, an oil burner or a gas heating plant this fall? If you are, pay special attention to the devices that make these types of heating automatic—the automatic heat controls.

You will be surprised to find how many of the most successful manufacturers equip their automatic heating plants with Minneapolis-Honeywell controls. To give you dependable automatic heat, they turn to the leading maker of automatic heat controls, the engineering organization which has pioneered and perfected automatic controls for nearly half a century—Minneapolis-Honeywell.

If you believe that woman's place is anywhere but in the basement, if you want your wife to forget the work and worry of fire-tending, write today for the interesting booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating".



MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., (Also manufacturers of industrial temperature, pressure and combustion safety controllers, industrial motor valves, automatic control for unit heaters, and Jewell Temperature Regulators.) 2720 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. In Canada: Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

* * *

Every Monday evening Minneapolis-Honeywell presents the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbrugghen, conductor. Columbia Broadcasting System, 9 to 9:30, Eastern Standard Time.

MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

YOUR OFFICE - make it a Joy Spot with ILG VENTILATION

. . . This is one of the many thousands of offices ventilated with an Ilg Electric Ventilator. The air is delightfully fresh and invigorating in any kind of weather, summer or winter.

. . . Every one feels better and works better where there is Ilg Ventilation—it's the making of a perfect day—a time proven prescription for good health.

. . . Make your office, store, or work shop a joy spot with an Ilg Electric Ventilator. Ask your electrical goods dealer for a demonstration or mail the coupon for 48-page illustrated Book.

ILG ELECTRIC VENTILATING CO.
Electric Ventilators—Blowers—Unit Heaters
2836 No. CRAWFORD AVE., CHICAGO

HIGH EFFICIENCY VENTILATING MACHINE
TRADE ILG MARK
Ventilation
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Ilg products include a full line of Electric Ventilators, Blowers, Unit Heaters.

ILG ELECTRIC VENTILATING CO.
2836 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Without obligation send me your 48-page illustrated book.
Name ____________________
Full Address ____________________
☐ Office ☐ Store ☐ Factory ☐ Home Kitchen
(Check this coupon for specific information)

(*Continued from page 71*)

might get another brainstorm as good as that one!"

Peter Finn, grinning, allowed him the consolation of having the last word.

"THIS is absolutely your last chance, Clem! The deal's got to be closed today or it's all off. And if you think Nellie Blaine'll ever get another chance to sell her place for five hundred dollars—"

"Got to wait till Bert gets back," said Clem. His head turned forlornly toward the hills beyond which lay Canastego and the courthouse. There was a lost-dog look in his eyes.

"But I tell you we can't! It'll be too late. Bert might have to be on that jury for the rest of the week and this thing's got to be closed today!"

Peter Finn, sweating and slightly hoarse, pushed his open fountain pen imperatively into Clem's calloused fingers and indicated with an urgent thumb the dotted line at the bottom of the document that lay between them on the red-checkered cloth of the kitchen table.

"And you don't have to wait for Bert, anyway—that power-of-attorney Nellie gave you is made out so that either of you can do business for her. Hurry up and sign, or it'll be too late."

It would be just that. The sure tip at the courthouse was that the case would go to the jury before noon today, and they certainly wouldn't need over an hour to reach a verdict. Bert Lebbeter might be on his way home right now. And Dorner, due on the eleven-eight, after his New York trip, would be waiting at the office when Peter Finn returned.

Peter Finn knew what would be said if he went back to that office empty-handed. He knew, also, what would be said if he could lay the sales-agreement, duly signed, on Dorner's desk. Decidedly, unless Clem signed at once, it would be too late for Peter Finn.

"Got to wait for Bert," said Clem.

Finn decided that the time had come for desperate measures. There remained one kind of talk more eloquent than even Peter Finn's. He pulled a wad of bills from his pocket and spread it out on the tablecloth.

He had been too smart to bring new, clean money. These hill-billies weren't used to bills that didn't look as if somebody had sweated for them, carried them a long time in a sweaty pocket. Peter Finn had taken pains to bring this kind of bills to talk to Clem Lebbeter.

"Here's a lot of money, Clem. Fifty dollars. You can earn it easier than you ever earned a dime. I'll pay it to you just for signing your name. Fifty dollars—"

"Got to wait for Bert."

FINN drew a deep breath. After ten minutes of fervent speech he put another lump of ragged bills beside the first.

"All right. Here's my last word: I'll give you a hundred. Think of it! A hundred dollars, all yours, just for—"

"All mine, eh?" For the first time Clem varied his answer. He rubbed his chin. Unmistakably Finn saw a brightening in the lost-dog eyes. "Don't mean it's for Bert and me both—just for me?"

Finn snickered delightedly.

"That's it. Every cent of it's yours, Clem. You don't have to give Bert a nickel of it."

Clem sighed. "All right, then," he said. "Gimme the other hundred and I'll do it."

"What other hundred?"

"Why, Bert's, of course! Said yourself this one was all mine. Gimme Bert's and I'll—"

Ten minutes more of ardent oratory supervened. Peter Finn surrendered. He counted out another hundred. Clem sighed profoundly and, his tongue collaborating painfully in the process, signed the document whereby he agreed, as attorney for Ellen Blaine, to sell a certain parcel of land in Glen Echo Township to the firm of Finn & Dorner for the sum of five hundred dollars.

He came out to the porch to speed the parting guest; he stood there, looking down the lane as Finn's car jounced over its frozen puddles and ruts, but he was not watching the car. It had hardly vanished when he saw what he was looking for. He met his brother exactly halfway between the doorstep and the turnpike.

Neither of the twins found it necessary to speak. Each inhaled deeply. In step and silence they moved toward the house.

"What's been happening between you and Pete Finn, Clem?" Bert found his tongue first. "Went past me looking like he didn't know whether he was mad or *tickled*."

"Might be a little of both," said Clem. "I expect Finn's kind of feeling tickled to get Nellie's place for five hundred dollars—"

"What?" Bert's jaw sagged.

"And I'm mighty sure he's mad clean through because he had to pay me two hundred extry to get me to sign the contract," Clem went on. "Hated to do business with him sep'rate, but as long as we got the seven hundred that Nellie had to have, I guess it's all right."

Bert said nothing. The upright line between his eyebrows indicated that he was taking his turn, still, at thinking.

"Just strikes me," he said, after a pause, "that maybe Pete Finn might have had something to do with me getting drawed for jury duty that way."

"What for?" demanded Clem.

"Wouldn't put it past him to figure he could get the best of us if he could make out to tackle us sep'rate. I don't see how he could work it, but—"

CLEM'S brow had puckered while Bert took a turn at talking. It cleared suddenly.

"Finn's sister married Joe Goundry, didn't she? And Joe's jury c'missioner, isn't he?" He slapped his leg. "We certainly figured that out pretty slick, Bert. Maybe we aren't so dumb."

"Took the two of us," said Bert. "Better not go getting any notion we could do things sep'rate. Sight too risky for you and me."

"We handled this deal sep'rate, didn't we?" Clem argued. "Made out all right, too. We got Nellie her whole seven hundred, so she can finish her schooling and—"

"We got her nine hundred," said Bert. He pulled a wad of crumpled, ragged paper money from his pocket. "George Dorner caught me on the courthouse steps and talked me pretty near deef before he paid me two hundred for signing the same kind of a contract you signed for Finn."

"But what did he want to do that for?" Clem's head wagged helplessly. "Pete Finn said it was all right if either of us signed. Dorner didn't need to—"

"I guess," said Bert, "that Finn and Dorner were trying to do business kind of—"

"Sep'rate!" Clem finished for him. "By gravy, Bert, we certainly figured that out pretty slick. Maybe we aren't so du—"

"Took the two of us," said Bert. He breathed deeply. "And when Finn and Dorner come up here and try to talk us into giving 'em back this extry two hundred we got for Nellie—"

"They'll be two of us," said Clem, cheerfully, "to tell 'em no!"

"For today's punishment you husbands and wives play partners at bridge"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. J-6-5
H. 9-4
D. K-4-3
C. K-Q-9-8-6

West
S. A-K-Q-7
H. 7-5
D. J-9-8-7
C. 7-3-2

East
S. 10-9-8-3
H. 8-6-3-2
D. Q-10
C. A-5-4

South (Dealer)
S. 4-2
H. A-K-Q-J-10
D. A-6-5-2
C. J-10

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Auction Bridge in a Western city. It is worthy of preservation as it shows more plots and counterplots than are uncovered in ordinary play.

South bid one Heart, West one Spade, North two Clubs, East two Spades, and South three Hearts; which ended the auction.

If it had been played at Contract, South would have bid two Hearts (showing six tricks), West would not have had the strength to bid two Spades, North would have bid three Clubs, East would have passed and South, with such powerful Hearts and the knowledge that North had some assistance although not in the Heart suit, would have chanced a call of four Hearts.

The Play

When the hand was played at Auction (it would have been the same at Contract) the original lead was the King of Spades. When East played an encouraging Spade, West followed with the Queen and then the Ace. South of course was obliged to ruff the Ace; because he knew he must lose to the Ace of Clubs, and game would be lost if he permitted the adversaries to take three Spade tricks. He ruffed with the Jack of Hearts, thinking that the false-card might possibly mislead the adversaries.

In spite of his desire to exhaust the adversaries, the Declarer could not safely lead even such high trumps immediately. With six adverse trumps, the probability was that one hand had four and the other two; so it would take all South's trumps to exhaust the long adverse hand. Then he would have to lead Clubs, and with one Spade remaining in each adverse hand the Ace of Clubs would win and be followed by a Spade lead, which would save game.

With the Nine of Hearts in the dummy hand, the adverse Spades would not be continued if the Ace took the first Club trick; so South led his Jack of Clubs to trick 4. East reasoned that South, having bid two Hearts, must have six tricks. It was evident to East that if he won either the first or second Club, it would be the last trick that he would take, because he could not then lead a Spade or North would ruff, and a Diamond would be equally futile because Declarer would win immediately with closed hand's Ace, draw all the trumps and make dummy's good Clubs.

East knew that dummy's Diamond King was a sure entry with the Diamond Ace in the closed hand, but reasoned that if South had only two Clubs and East held up his Ace until the third round, South might be induced to trump it, and in that event East would be left with a long trump and a good Spade. So East stubbornly refused to win the Jack of Clubs led by South or the Ten of Clubs, which followed the Jack and was overtaken by the Queen in dummy. With East's refusal to take the second Club, there was nothing for dummy to do but lead the suit a third time, and then of course East played the Ace. It was tempting for Declarer to trump that trick, but he was able to diagnose the situation quite accurately and refused to walk into the trap. He discarded the Deuce of Diamonds.

East now had to choose between leading a Diamond or a trump. A Spade was out of the question as South could discard and dummy could ruff; so the Diamond seemed the wiser selection. But, as he expected, Declarer won with the Ace, drew four rounds of trumps, and then dummy had the Diamond King left to get in and cash the good Club for game.

Three plays featured the hand: first, the refusal of the Declarer to lead trumps until he had established his Club suit; second, the refusal of East to play the Ace of Clubs until the third round; third, the refusal of Declarer to weaken his four trump honors.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

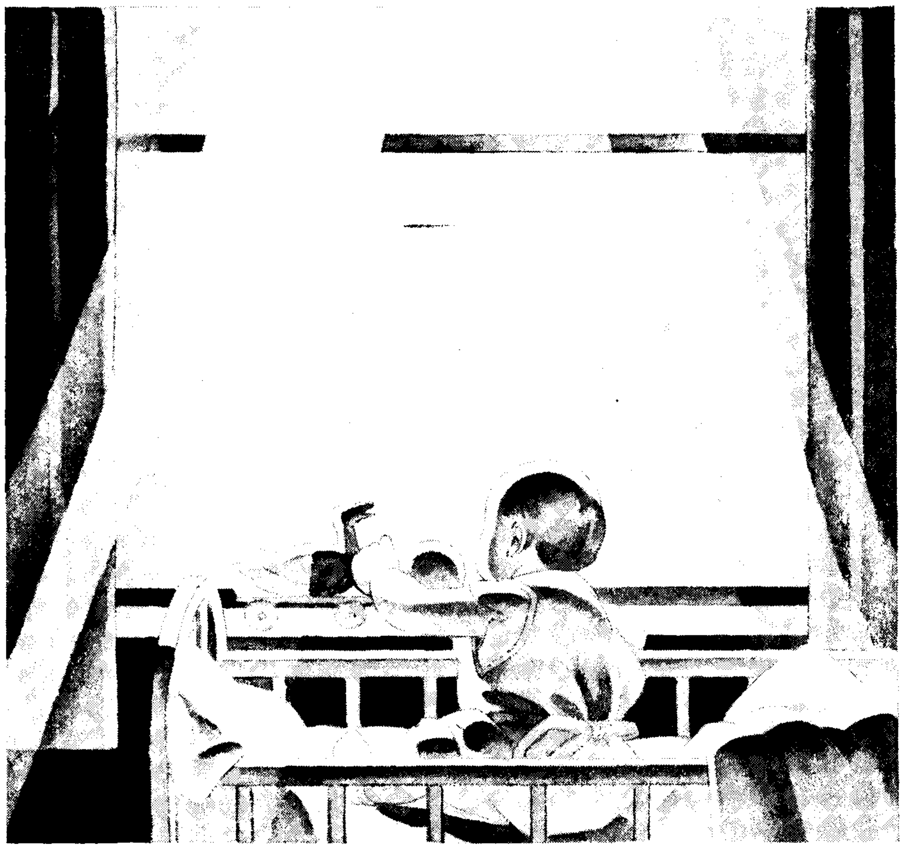
North
S. 8-3
H. J-9-4-3
D. Q-9-6-2
C. Q-8-2

East
S. A-7-6
H. A-K-7-5
D. A-K-7-5-3
C. K

West
S. Q-J-9
H. 10-6-2
D. 10
C. A-J-10-9-7-5

South
S. K-10-5-4-2
H. Q-8
D. J-8-4
C. 6-4-3

No
MORE LAZY
WINDOWS!



LUSTRAGLASS
FLAT—DRAWN

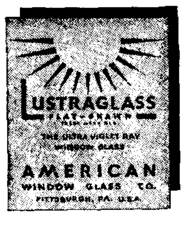
The wonderful new glass for windows transmits ultra-violet sun rays, yet costs no more

THERE is magic health in sunlight. But the source of this magic—the shorter invisible ultra-violet rays—is almost entirely shut out of our homes by ordinary window glass.

LUSTRAGLASS the new flat drawn glass brings indoors a substantial amount of the ultra-violet rays of a wave-length of 313 mu.* Yet LUSTRAGLASS costs no more than ordinary window glass. It is a better, whiter glass—perfectly flat, clearer, more lustrous and practically free from the greenish cast common to all glass used for windows.

Write today for the LUSTRAGLASS booklet. LUSTRAGLASS can be purchased from reliable dealers everywhere.

*See the LUSTRAGLASS Booklet for table of transmission.



Look for this label on every pane of genuine Lustraglass

AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS CO.

Also Makers of Armor-Lite Scatter-Proof and Bullet-Proof Glass, Tintaglass, Picture Glass, Photographic Dry Plate Glass, 3/16" and 7/32" Crystal Sheet, Ground and Chipped Glass, Improved Quartz-Lite and Bulb Edge Glass.

Farmer's Bank Building • • • Pittsburgh, Penna.

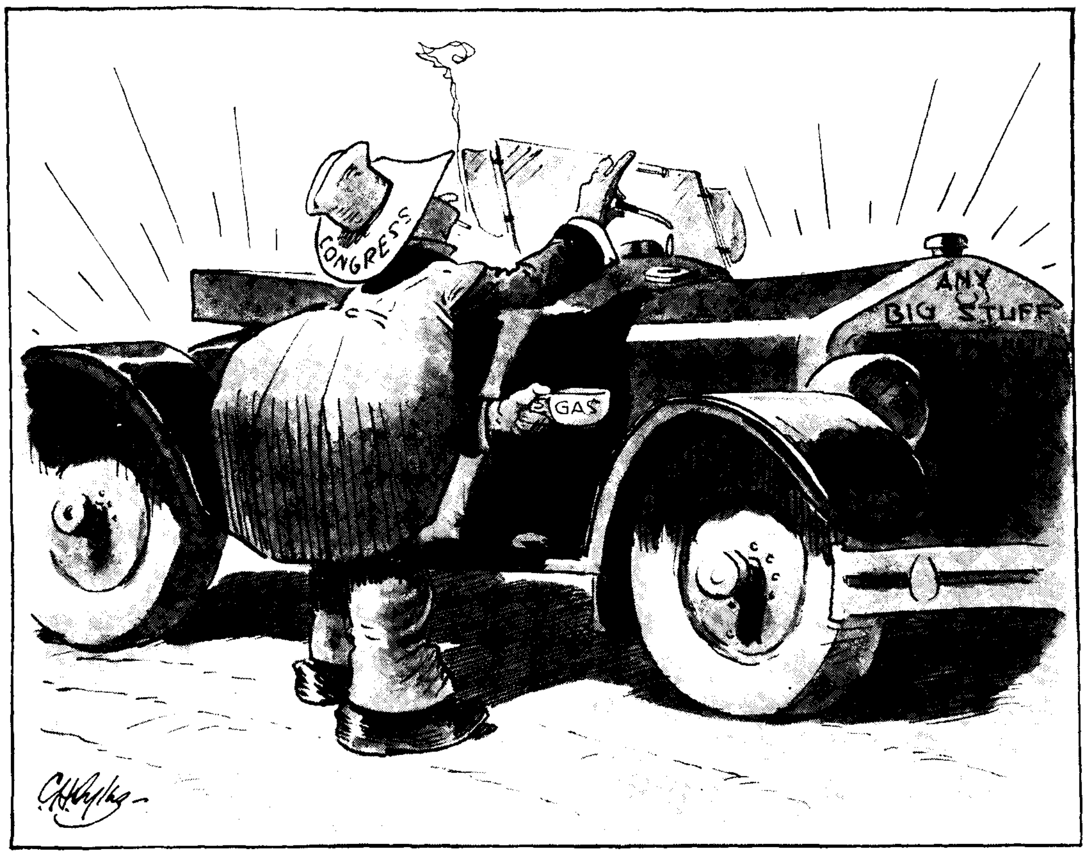
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

An Old American Custom



WE have a quaint idea in this country that by some hocus-pocus laws administer themselves. Once the statute is on the books, Congress and the legislatures seem to think the job is done. Unfortunately, however, new laws are not equipped with self-starters.

The new law passed by the last Congress, providing relief for war veterans disabled by sickness, illustrates our logical fallacy.

A disabled naval veteran in Cleveland wrote Collier's concerning his inability to get the relief authorized by Congress. His letter was sent to the United States Veterans' Bureau. Washington referred the letter to the Cleveland office. From Cleveland we received a courteous and intelligent reply stating that while the former seaman had produced evidence showing that he was suffering from tuberculosis, the bureau had not examined him and could not examine him for a long time.

The following quotation exemplifies the situation:

"This claim is one of several thousand filed in this district during the last few months. Physical examinations are being conducted as rapidly as possible, but due to the limited facilities of this office it will necessarily take several months before all the new claims now pending are adjudicated. This veteran will be called for examination at the earliest available opening in the examining schedule."

Obviously, examinations must be made. Public money cannot be given away without a careful and intelligent consideration of each case. The bureau is not culpable. Doctors need time for work. Not all claims are made in good faith.

The real guilt is that of Congress for passing a law giving promises which could not be performed. The law, like so many others, was decreed without any adequate provision for its enforcement. Yet the very failure of Congress to provide the personnel for the administration of the law inevitably has created a feeling of irritation and of injustice in the minds of tens of thousands who have been unable to obtain a hearing from their government.

The explanation of Congress' failure in this case is characteristic. The law was enacted in haste. Congressmen were in a hurry to get something on the books to pacify voters back home. They thought more veterans' relief would be good politics.

Congress was hurried and careless but, deeper still, Congress thought economy a good thing to talk about in the campaign for reëlection. So it appropriated as little as possible for administration.

We have, in consequence, the absurd spectacle of pledging hundreds of millions for distribution in pensions and awards and at the same time practicing parsimony upon the bureau charged with the honest and intelligent expenditure of the fund. Lavishness on one side and petty economy on the other, both dictated by politics, make poor law.

In the history and the working of this statute we get a clear picture of the historic shortcomings of our government.

The Show-Off

SOMEHOW, in the days before the World War proved that bravery is not peculiar to any race, a notion was strong among us that any one American could lick any ten foreigners. That colonial vanity has been snapped by expanding boundaries of modern thought, interest and sympathies. But it left us with a national characteristic which takes a greater toll than any of our wars. Our automobiles kill upwards of 30,000 a year; that's more Americans than British muskets killed in eight years of the Revolution. Assorted accidents slay almost 100,000 annually; more than the Union Army lost in the battles of the Civil War. This costly legacy is our tendency to confuse recklessness with courage.

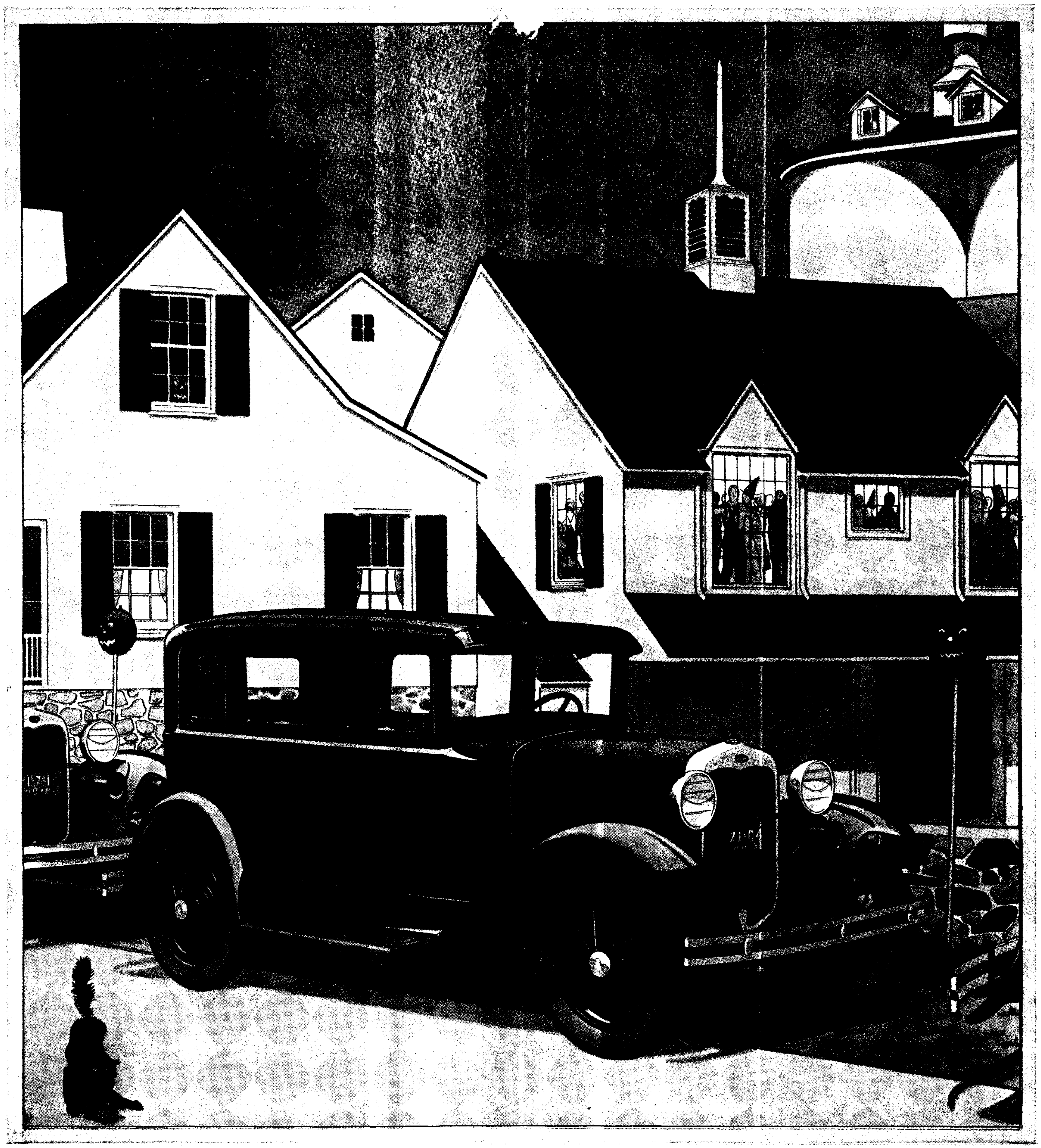
One or more lumberjacks are killed every day in the state of Washington alone. Timber executives will tell you most of these deaths are due to parading of courage. A logger will work on the downside of a pile of great sticks, each of which weighs from six to ten tons, and any or all of which may slip like lightning. Or he will stand directly beside the line of returning hook chains, though he knows that a slight obstruction may deflect one of the hooks and cause it to decapitate him. But his mates are watching.

You are wrong if you think that taking chances is the hallmark of the hero's breed. Most people, pinned down, will admit that what they love most about Lindbergh is the idea that here was a boy flying the air mail who said to himself one day, "I guess I'll fly to Paris," and forthwith did so, leaving overcareful rivals behind him.

The truth is that Lindbergh's real nobility and greatness lie in his genius for caution. At San Diego, when he was training for the flight, he had tested everything and was sure of everything except his ability to stave off sleep under the conditions the flight would impose. So he shut himself in a small sedan and sat at the wheel without rest or sleep for forty-eight hours, studying the effect upon himself of confinement, vibration and motor lullaby, while mechanics maintained his fuel supply.

We've heard a lot about how fine it is to be brave enough to say "no" when pleasant temptations beckon. But what this country needs is more of us with the courage to say "yes" when fools ask: "What's the matter, are you afraid?"

The Same Good Car T ough Many Seasons



The New Three-window Fordor Sedan

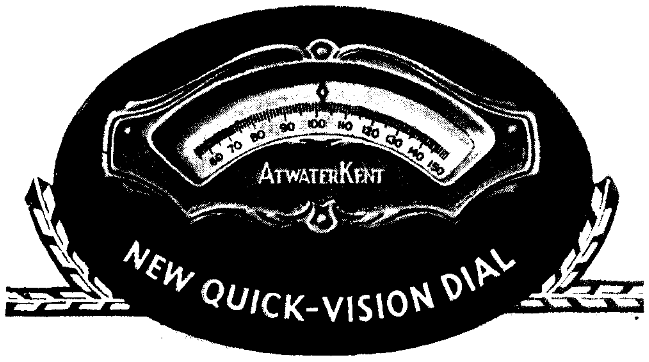
At this season of the year, as autumn prepares to bid adieu, it is good to know that the new Ford is fully prepared to meet the sterner needs of winter driving. . . . Cold weather emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and its trustworthy performance under all conditions. There is an enduring quality, too, in its exterior finish. « « « « « « « « « «

The pyroxylin lacquer is not affected by cold, or the usual hazards of snow or water. The Rustless Steel used for the radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, and other exterior metal parts is an additional assurance of permanent beauty. . . . With reasonable care the new Ford will maintain its original sheen and brilliance for a long period. Mechanically it has been made to give you many thousands of miles of comfortable, satisfactory motoring at a very low cost per mile. « « « « « « « «

Ford

ATWATER KENT RADIO

with the GOLDEN VOICE



Here's the new exclusive
QUICK-VISION DIAL

In all the world of radio there is nothing to match its speed and accuracy in getting programs. It actually attains uniform station separation—no more crowding, no confusion. Easy to read as a clock.

SOME day it had to come—a radio as beautiful and fine and satisfying as the new Atwater Kent with the Golden Voice. *That day is here.*

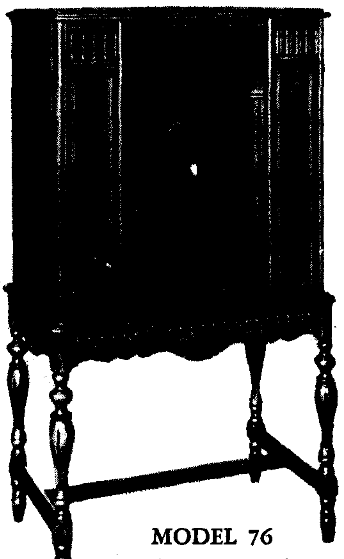
Rejoice in the pure, rich naturalness of the new Atwater Kent tone—the Golden Voice. Make yourself the master of every program by shading the bass or the treble to suit your own tastes and your own home with the perfected Atwater Kent Tone Control.

As you look over these new models you will find harmonious distinction in each—"the kind of radio you like to live with"—the result of months of consultation with foremost designers and interior decorators. See and hear it at any Atwater Kent dealer's—NOW! So easy to own, through attractive time payments.

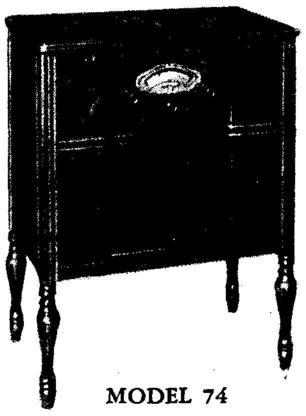
ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Standard Time) WEAF network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4752 WISSAHICKON AVENUE *A. Atwater Kent, President* PHILADELPHIA, PA.

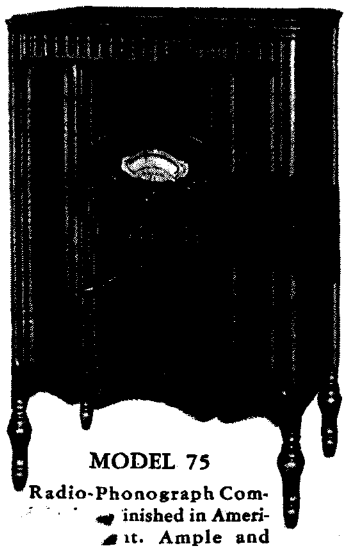
MODEL 70
Lowboy. Finished in American walnut, with matched butt walnut front panels and aprons



MODEL 76
Highboy with sliding doors. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut doors and front panels



MODEL 74
Table. Finished in American walnut. All four sides are finished. It may thus be placed anywhere in room



MODEL 75
Radio-Phonograph Com- [illegible] inished in Ameri- [illegible] it. Ample and record compartment